TRUE STORIES OF THE AMERICAN WEST

THE WEST

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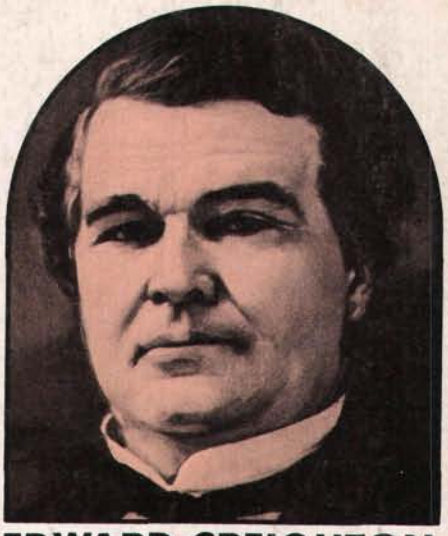

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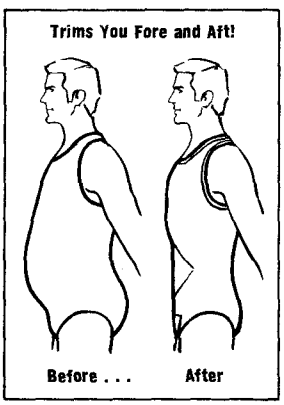

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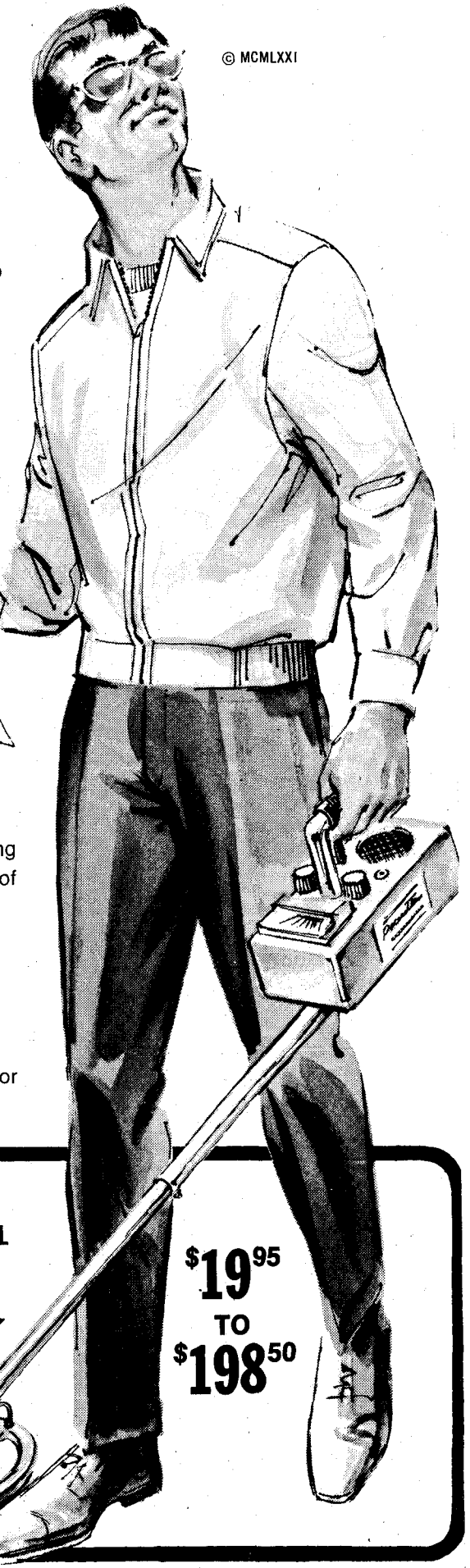

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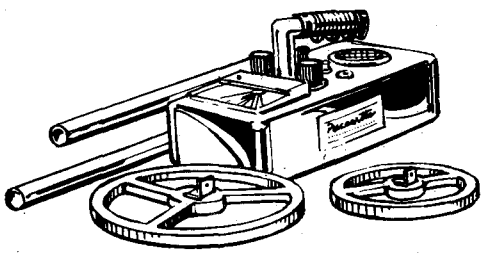

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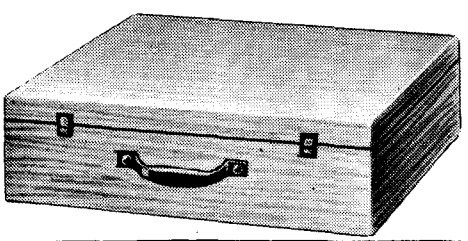

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TRUE STORIES OF THE GREAT AMERICAN WEST

THE WEST

FEBRUARY 1972 VOLUME 15, NUMBER 9

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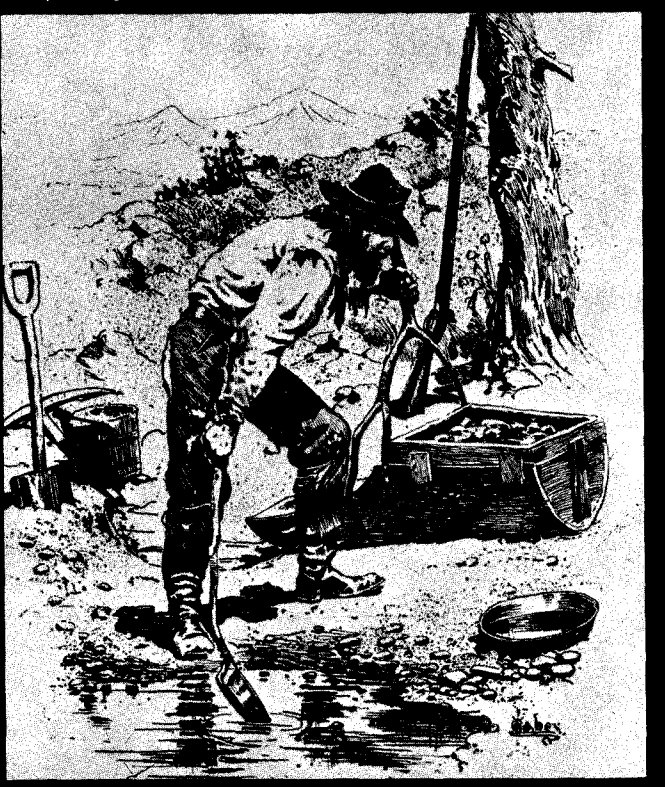
THE BILLION DOLLAR ANSWER

by Ralph Friedman

They had a fortune in gold in their hands but they didn't know how to profit by it until a young genius came up with the answer

Bancroft Library Photo



GEORGE McKNIGHT rubbed the stubble on his cheek and stared at the waters of Wolf Creek, a narrow stream curling and skipping through the heart of Boston Ravine, a crude settlement of dirty tents and red-flanneled miners.

It looks pretty rough here, too, he thought to himself. He lifted his eyes so he could see down the stream and took in a staggered line of sluice panners on the shore, some bent over the stream, others resting on rocks.

A year before, in 1849, when there were just a few fellows around, a man could make a living, might even get ahead some. But the miners had come on fast, swarming over the stream banks so thick, that you could send a message from one camp to another by having it relayed down the line, man to man, without any man having to holler.

He had tried the diggings at Rough and Ready, then Newtown, and had even put in a lick at Coyote Creek. They had all been good, until the crowds moved in. Now he was down to Wolf Creek, and that was being played out fast.

It was a strange country, the Sierra Nevada Mountains, McKnight thought. An army without banners had marched upon the hills from every corner of the earth, it seemed. And for what? For the little bit of gold that rested in the placer streams and pretty soon that bit would be just about gone.

A few men had seen their dreams realized but most had not. Yet, on the hopes of striking it rich, camps and towns were rising. Some of the men were already saying that Grass Valley, a mile north, would some day be as big as most of the camps in the Mother Lode down south, but McKnight didn't know. He shook his *(Continued on page 50)*

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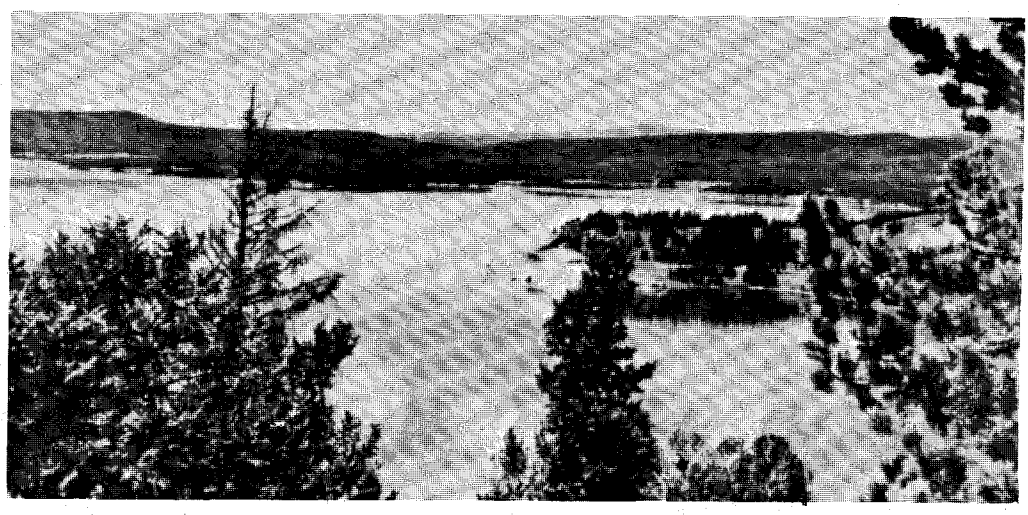
39 DAYS OF WILDERNESS HELL

Hon. Truman C. Everts.



Yellowstone Lake wilderness scene at Steamboat Point.

It was more than a month of living death for Truman Everts in that vast, unexplored wilderness of the Yellowstone

by Charles Majors

HE WAS LOST. This grim and terrifying realization came to Truman C. Everts on the afternoon of September 12, 1870, as he sat on a log in the wild and unexplored wilderness of the Yellowstone, hundreds of miles from the last outpost of civilization.

Not only was Everts lost, but he had no horse, no pack mule, no weapon of any kind, no food, no matches to build a fire—nothing but the clothes on his back. He had actually been lost for three days but if he had been a frontiersman instead of an Eastern tenderfoot, he would have found his companions that first day. These companions made up the famous Doane-Washburn Expedition into the Yellowstone for a geological survey.

Everts had other handicaps. He was 54—the next oldest member of the expedition was only thirty. Everts had been sent into Montana by the Government as an executive of the Internal Revenue Department. On his trip to the Territory of Montana only three months before, he had taken seriously ill and escaped death by a narrow margin, so physically he wasn't too strong yet. Then, too, there was his eyesight. Though he wore thick-lensed glasses, his nearsightedness was so great he had difficulty seeing almost anything at a distance.

The Rocky Mountains fascinated Everts and he had pleaded with General H. D. Washburn, Surveyor General of the Montana Territory, to be allowed to accompany Lt. G. C. Doane and the others. General Washburn knew the danger to a tenderfoot in that wilderness, but finally agreed when Everts promised to follow every rule.

The first two weeks were uneventful but the deeper the expedition went into that unexplored wilderness, the denser the pine forest growth became, and fallen dead trees made going more difficult. Then on September 9th it happened, and Everts could hardly be blamed. It didn't seem important at the time, to him. The pine trees were so thick that each member of the expedition had to find his own passage, and it was while doing this that Everts strayed out of sight and hearing of his companions.

This had happened several times before, so Everts rode on, and saw a pack horse. Knowing this animal would lead him to the others, he started to follow, but the pack horse proved difficult to drive along. When Everts spurred his horse to increase the speed of the pack horse, the animal loped away so fast that Everts with his poor eyesight lost him.

Even this didn't worry Everts. Night was falling so he made camp, cooked a meal of bacon, coffee and beans, and lay down to sleep soundly. He was up early, even before dawn, certain that within a few hours he would find the expedition. The falling foliage from the pine trees during

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Two members of expedition packing a reluctant mule.

Samuel T. Hauser helped in the search for T. C. Everts.

Montana Historical Society Photos

the night had covered all possible tracks in the narrow trail Everts was following. He often had to dismount to examine the ground for tracks.

He came to a clearing and dismounted and, unlike any frontiersman, he left his horse unhitched. He walked into the forest. There was a hissing sound in the clearing. As Everts turned he saw the animal, frightened by a snake, rear up on his hind legs and then dash away into the woods.

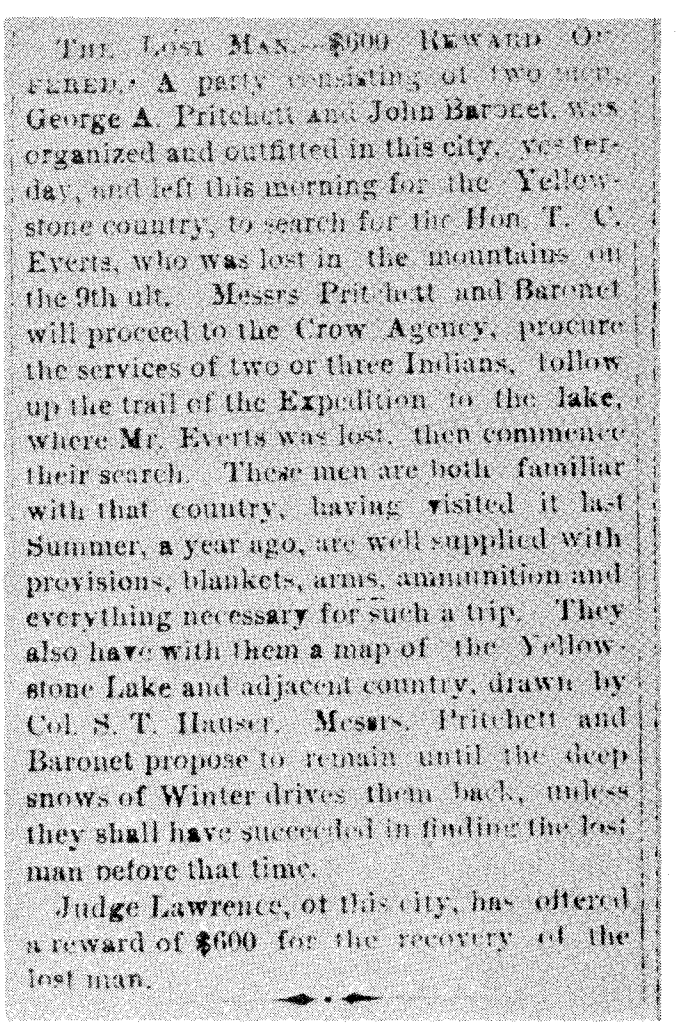
Everts raced after the horse. All his equipment—food, weapons, ammunition—were on the horse. He spent that entire day looking frantically for his horse but never found it. That night he slept between two rotting tree logs, and he awoke unrested, with the pangs of hunger gnawing at his stomach. He had some paper and a pencil in his pocket, a knife and field glasses. He wrote a series of notes to his companions, telling them where he could be found. He posted these notes on tree trunks.

Maybe, just maybe—he dared not let himself think otherwise—members of the party would be scouring the wilds to rescue him. These notes would indicate his course. He kept assuring himself he would be found. The whole thing would be but an incident to tell his wife and his daughter, Bessie. They would chide him woman-fashion for exposing himself to such risks in the first place.

The sun went down over the dark, hostile line of pines and aspens bordering the stark, sullen foothills of the Rocky Mountains. Truman Everts lay down on fallen pine foliage with heavy dew descending in puddles on his face and clothing. Night birds screeched; coyotes sniffed at him as he lay in comfortless slumber.

AT DAYLIGHT he awoke to make his way back across heaps of rock and logs to the place where he had posted the notes. From the thorns, his own words stared at him tauntingly. He found no boot prints except his own. Nobody had returned to look for the lost member of the party. Faint from disappointment as well as from hunger, Everett sat down on a damp, dew-covered boulder. For the first time he realized how lost he was.

Later he wrote: "No food, no fire; no means to procure either. Alone in an unexplored wilderness, one hundred and fifty miles from the nearest abode, surrounded by wild



THE LOST MAN.—$600 REWARD OFFERED.—A party consisting of two men, George A. Pritchett and John Baronet, was organized and outfitted in this city, yesterday, and left this morning for the Yellowstone country, to search for the Hon. T. C. Everts, who was lost in the mountains on the 9th ult. Messrs Pritchett and Baronet will proceed to the Crow Agency, procure the services of two or three Indians, follow up the trail of the Expedition to the lake, where Mr. Everts was lost, then commence their search. These men are both familiar with that country, having visited it last Summer, a year ago, are well supplied with provisions, blankets, arms, ammunition and everything necessary for such a trip. They also have with them a map of the Yellowstone Lake and adjacent country, drawn by Col. S. T. Hauser. Messrs. Pritchett and Baronet propose to remain until the deep snows of Winter drives them back, unless they shall have succeeded in finding the lost man before that time.

Judge Lawrence, of this city, has offered a reward of $600 for the recovery of the lost man.

News story tells about $600 reward for lost man.

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THE LONG-LOST FOUND.

Hon. T. C. Everts, of the Yellowstone Expedition, who wandered on the 8th of September, Discovered near the mouth of Bear Gulch.

He was in a Famishing Condition and Unable to Move.

His Recovery Probable.

At last the lost man is found. After suffering untold hardships and privations for thirty-nine days; with no other food but one snow-bird and two little fish, this man has existed during all that time in the mountains and wilderness of the Yellowstone country. For seven days the expedition scoured the country over for the missing member, but in vain. Not satisfied with this, one of the party, Mr. Gillette, with two cavalrymen, remained behind to prosecute the search still further, but their efforts proved equally abortive. All hopes for the recovery of Mr. Everts were therefore abandoned. It was resolved, however, to make one more final effort, and to the praise of Judge Lawrence, more than other citizen be it said, an expedition was organized about two weeks ago, composed of Geo. A. Pritchett and Jack Burnette, two experienced trappers and old mountaineers, who were familiar with that almost unexplored region. This party was reinforced by two Indians from the Crow Agency, and started out in search of the long-lost man. After a few days hard travel Mr. Everts was found near the mouth of Bear Gulch, in such a famished condition that he was unable to move, or scarcely speak. A messenger was immediately dispatched to Fort Ellis for a physician, and although, very low and feeble, it was believed with good care and proper nourishment he would survive. The discovery of Mr. Everts, after such a lapse of time, and under the extraordinary circumstances with which he was surrounded, is simply miraculous. We give below a letter from Mr. Pritchett which brings the glad tidings. Also a brief extract from Mr. Langhorne's letter to Messrs. Parchen & Paynter:

Headlines read "The Long-Lost Found" and told the story when ordeal ended.

beasts of just about every kind and famishing with hunger."

Everts resolved to live. This was "no time for despondency" he would later write in words that eloquently echo the pioneer spirit. Now all of his waning life forces instinctively regrouped in the courageous determination of a tenderfoot "not to perish in that wilderness."

Grimly he controlled his feelings of hunger. "Conscious of the need for food, he felt no craving." A less educated frontiersman would have called it tightening the belt. Weakness now was Everts' besetting problem. He wobbled along, drinking from creeks and springs, sometimes falling prostrate at their mouths, his ears ringing, his breath coming tautly as he crawled toward the water.

Yet always he found the strength to arise and keep moving on those tottering legs. His hope now was to find Lake Lewis in advance of a bivouac planned there by the expedition. Once on its shores, he would try to stay alive—and to wait for companions who would give him food and reasons for not finding him after he got lost in this hell of canyon and thicket.

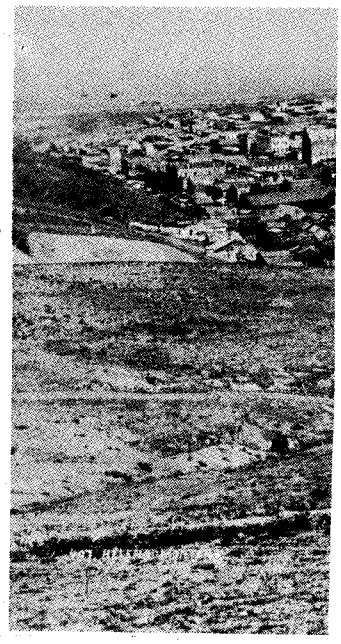
He cursed himself for not carrying a compass, for having blithely taken for granted directions, in a country where direction was so easily lost in a maze of gorges and mountains and thundering rivers which flow out of nowhere to end everywhere. He saw herds of deer, elk, and mountain sheep staring at him unconcernedly since he carried no gun to slay them. They meant food—if only he had a weapon!

He noticed a small striking green plant that contrasted with the deep pine foliage. He reached down and pulled up one of the plants. It was a form of mountain thistle. The root was long and tapering, looking pretty much like a radish. He ravenously ate that root and then pulled up others until his stomach was gorged. The roots seemed to give him strength and he sensed that they had nutritional value. This realization brought hope to him. He had food on which he could subsist until he found his companions.

He followed the trails of mountain goats and sheep, hoping they might lead to some village of Bannock or Crow Indians.

C. J. Baronette (r.) was the man who found Truman Everts.

Montana Historical Society Photos



Helena, Montana (r.) in the year 1870.

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Hating all whites, these tribesmen were especially hostile to the surveying parties who brought in their wake more white settlements, more hordes of ranchers and gold seekers to ruin their hunting grounds and to exterminate the wild creatures on which they lived. But they were also greedy for the white man's money that bought guns and washtubs and shiny calico.

Everts did reach Lake Lewis. On its shore he stared moodily at the distant, lofty peak of Mount Everts which General Washburn had named for him a few days before he strayed off. What an empty honor it all seemed now! Nearby was a pond fed from Snake River which the wanderer had named Lake Bessie for his daughter.

His weak eyes were bothering him but they began glowing when he spotted something white resembling a sail on the surface of Lake Lewis.

Everts had been told that Indians in this area of the Rockies used sails on their canoes. Through his lenses, the wayfarer peered again. Hope made him believe that he was seeing "a large canoe containing a single oarsman."

Hope, too, summoned the strength to run and meet the vessel. His heart was pounding as he hurried to the beach. Food, shelter, a return to his friends the slow-moving object meant. He reached the water's brink, then groaned in disappointment.

From the lake waddled a giant pelican. The enormous bird flapped its wings, then flew away.

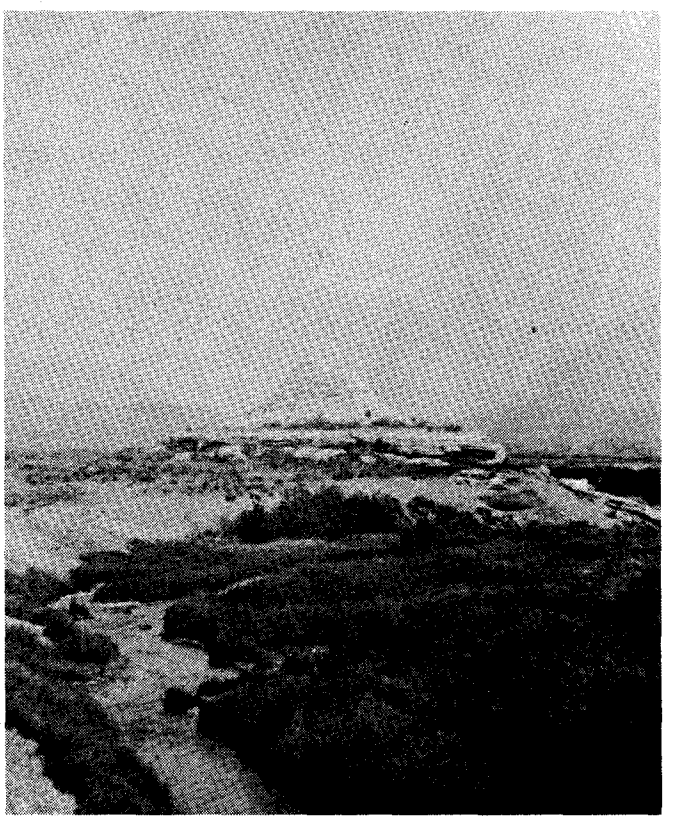
Truman Everts sobbed like a child.

NIGHT WAS falling, another night of solitude and bewilderment. Completely unnerved by such a grotesque joke, Everts devoured thistle roots and sank to sleep on a patch of foliage between two fallen trees.

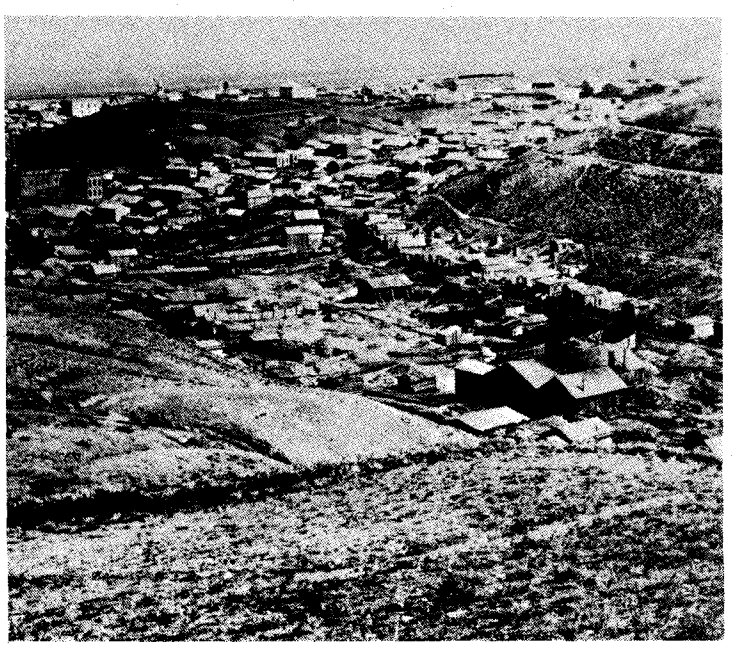
Suddenly he was awakened by a loud, piercing scream. He jumped to his feet, his hair standing on end.

The screech was repeated. For a second, Everett stood petrified. By now this cry was familiar. Too often during days he had answered it, hoping that it might be "a friendly signal" from searchers for him. Now he knew the identity of the creature—a mountain lion. He had been told that the Yellowstone section was full of these big prowling cats.

Foolishly, hysterically, Everts let out a yell in return, which of course let the lion know exactly where he was. In less time than he could calculate, it came tearing out of the bushes, its big fangs slavering, its swift paws headed straight toward the man.



Soda Springs in Yellowstone National Park.



Fear, as well as food, can be a source of strength. Weary as he was, Everts grabbed the limb of a tree and made it to the top. The beast stood below, tail switching, claws tearing wide strips of bark from the trunk. Terrified more than he had ever been in his life, Everts kept swinging from limb to limb, pelting the animal with twigs hoping to prevent its climbing after him.

Treed by a mountain lion! Treed like the racoons and the bobcats. Under the bombardment of twigs and boughs, the beast backed away and began circling. It howled. Everts howled louder hoping to frighten it away. Man and brute screamed and yowled at each other. The quarry in the tree could smell that dank cat odor of his aggressor, could see its eyes shining like the lamps of the rowdy saloons in Helena.

The hungry brute lashed the ground with its tail. The hungry man kept moving in this deadly form of tag. The motions of the beast were warnings to his tired brain. When he heard it rampaging on one side of the tree, he would change to the other. *(Continued on page 48)*

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THE LEGEND OF LOTTIE DENO

If she had talked a little more the odds are the stories about her would not have grown with the years

by Philip Rainman

IF ONLY A CERTAIN little, old trunk could be found, and if time and the teeth of mice have not devoured the proof, we might know for sure who she really was. We might learn enough to resolve the fantastic, teasing legend of Lottie Deno.

Like Fort Griffin where all the stories about her got their start, she has been dead a long time. Yet those tales keep growing higher than did the cockleburrs around the ruins of the old fort.

Lottie stayed at Fort Griffin for three or four years and then she disappeared into a veil of mystery. There were hundreds of fancy women just as pretty and just as dynamic in temperament, yet one hears little about them. Their names have been lost in that great void where the nameless go in death.

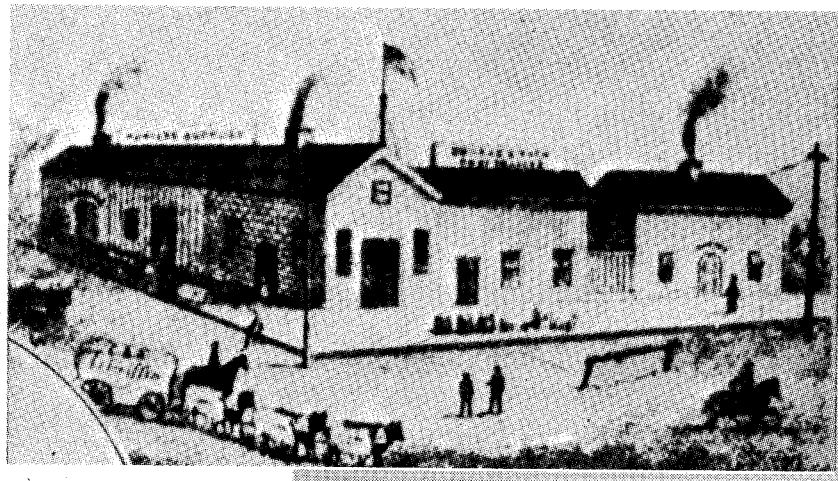
But this one was not forgotten. Even today the legend of Lottie Deno continues to grow. Down in Texas, and in most parts of the Southwest the story of her life has been blown up. We can only be sure about what happened in her latter years because there are plenty of tall tales about her.

According to the legend, she was sitting in the box with Dick Wheeler when he drove the Jacksboro stage into Fort Griffin. That leather trunk, which according to the story tellers held the strange secret of her background and life, was somewhere in that coach. All descriptions of Lottie when she arrived in Fort Griffin show her to be of medium height with cascading red hair and sparkling black eyes.

Sporting girls of the hoecake variety came and went in Fort Griffin without creating any tangible stir, but Lottie made a lasting impression on the tough town from the minute she stepped onto its plank sidewalk. Maybe she registered because her garb was subtle rather than revealing. It is probable that the mystery of Lottie Deno began when soaped-up cavalrymen and smelly buffalo hide skinners saw her walking with a lady's gait rather than a hustler's strut.

Lottie rented one of the shanties owned by George Matthews in the redlight district along the banks of the Brazos River.

Madge Morgan was Lottie's competitor, bitter enemy.



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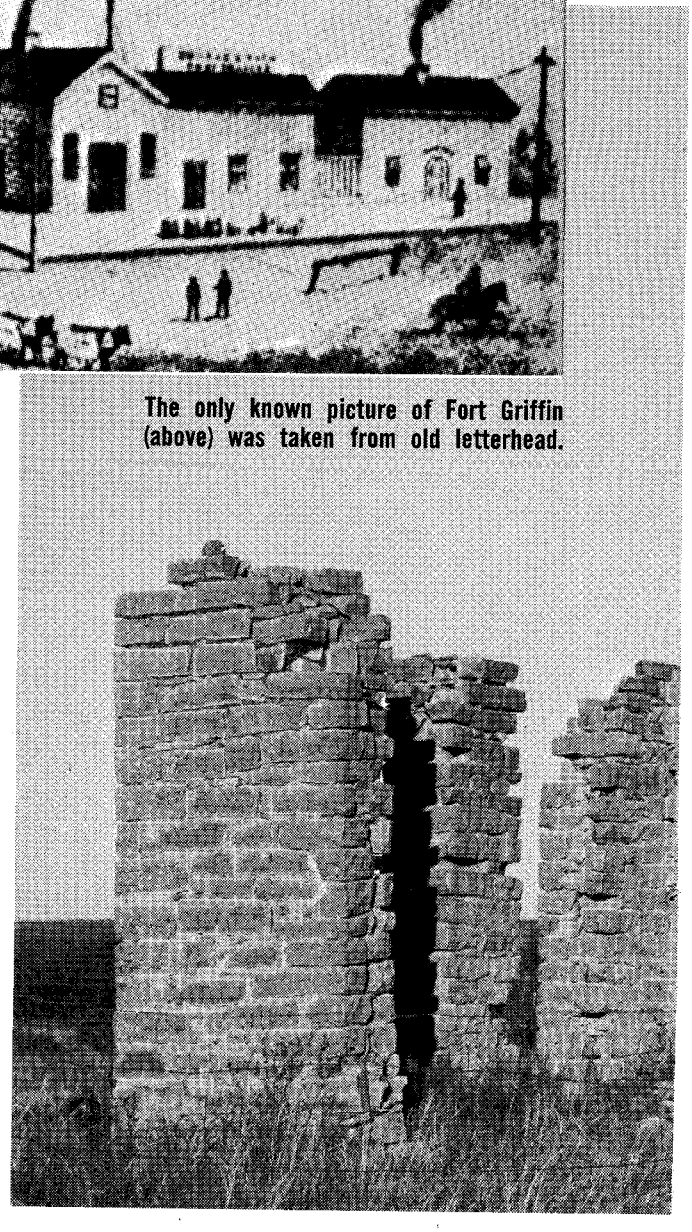
The only known picture of Fort Griffin (above) was taken from old letterhead.



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Lottie's literate way of speaking may have made some of the scarlet sorority spiteful and jealous. These sisters may also have resented the ease and speed with which she established a connection with the town's leading saloon.

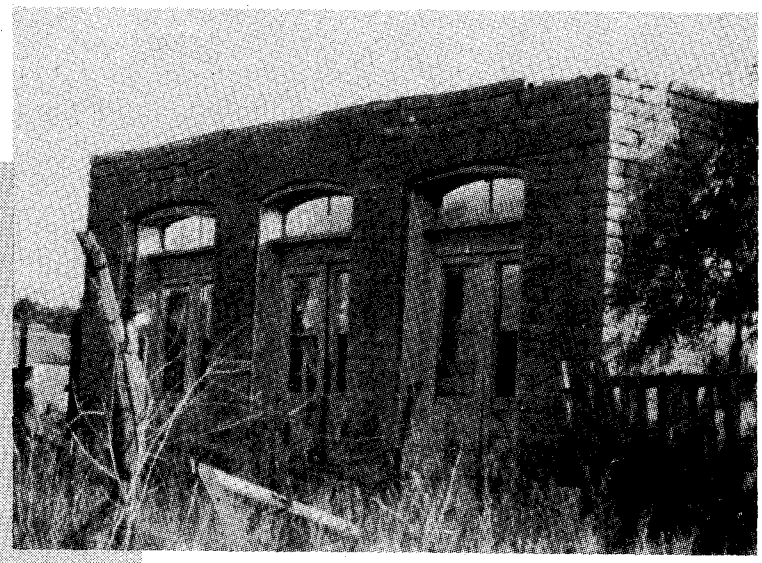
That poison palace was called the Beehive. It was operated jointly by a pair of colorful Irishmen named Pat Casey and Mike O'Brien. Sporting women had to depend for protection —and often for customers—on saloon men in those days. In turn, the whisky vendors could take their pick of the girls.

Pat Casey took a shine to Lottie. It was at the Beehive Saloon that you most often found Miss Deno, though now and then she wandered into other booze joints where a lady might pick up fair takings. She had just so many minutes to spend gabbing with the boys, because time was money to her. The keepers of the Beehive and two or three comparable places soon learned that her presence at a gambling table drew business. It is likely that she got handsome cuts for her refined way of trimming suckers.

Men just naturally seemed to love to drop their money to such an exceptional employee of the house. Lady gamblers were not uncommon in the West. But unlike such spectacular floozies as Poker Alice Tubbs, Lottie Deno knew how to take money from the boys without losing her own dignity. Players didn't make blistering cussing a sequel to a poor hand when Miss Deno was around. Not if they wanted to stay in the game. You naturally excused her when a round of drinks was ordered between hands since your hostess was known not to touch the stuff. And she never let you get chummy enough to do much inquiring about who or what she'd been before hitting the circuit of sin towns.

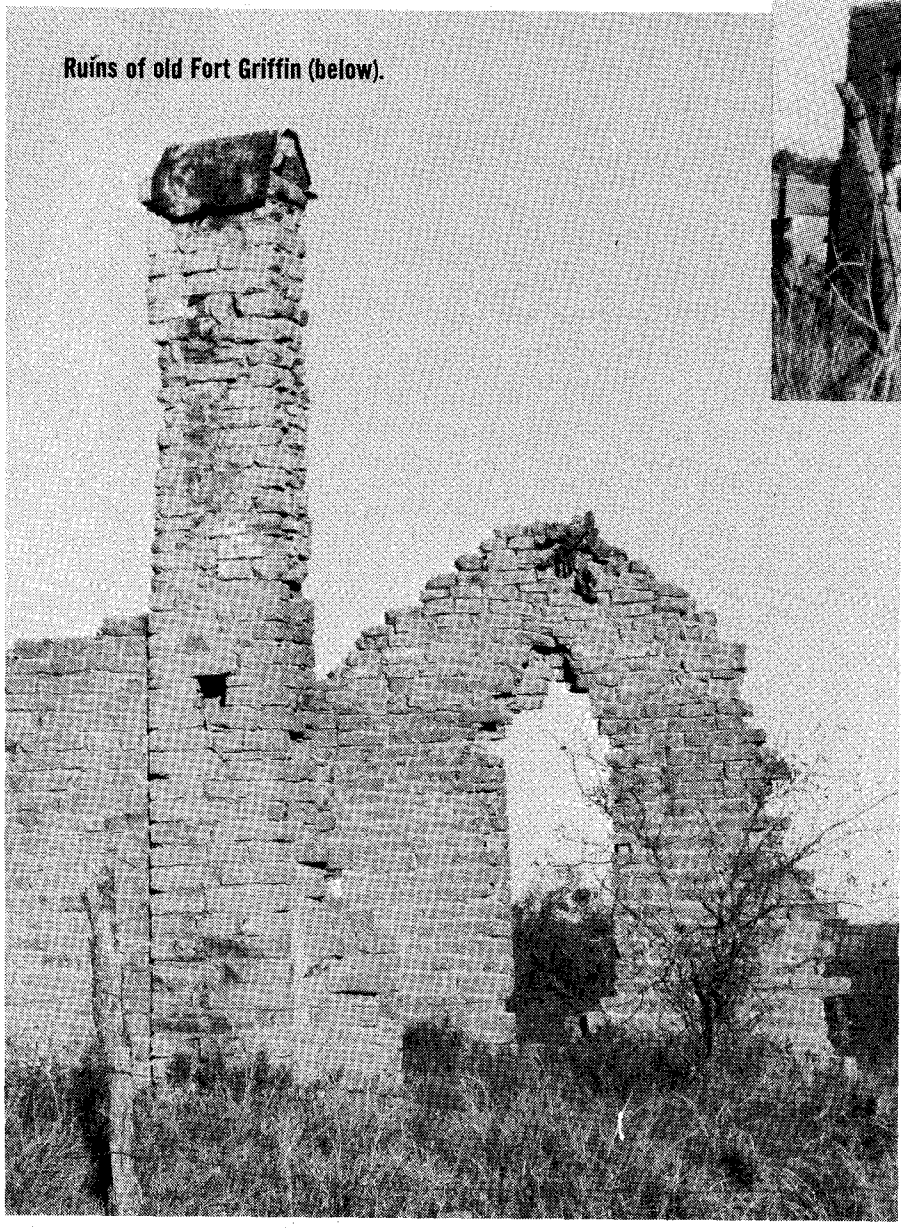
MOST Western sisters would invent any kind of story about themselves if it were good for business. A pathetic yarn about being a widow or an orphan might mean extra dollars. If a girl wanted to be superior in a veiled sort of way, she'd drop hints about having been a famous actress. Putting on the Southern drawl always *(Continued from page 52)*

Western Historical Collection



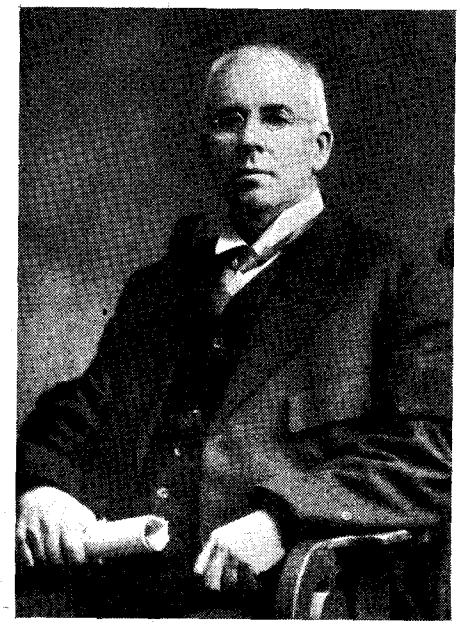
All that's left of the Conrad store in Ft. Griffin where Lottie traded.

Ruins of old Fort Griffin (below).



Texas Park and Wild Life Dept.

Western Historical Collection



Edgar Rye's book started a legend.

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BLOODY GORE AND THE BUFFALOES

Western Historical Collection

Sir St. George Gore is known to have killed thousands of buffalo, deer and elk.

Was this a hunting trip to stop all hunting trips —or was it just plain slaughter?

by Major Minton R. Grabill

THE MAN stood in the fast-gathering dusk, the most difficult time to shoot at a moving target, firing with the regularity of a machine at the huge, shaggy creatures as they got within range. The American bison is not the world's smartest animal, but even the prairie buffalo could figure something was going on, as one after another went down. Suddenly, a big, scarred, old bull wheeled and turned out of line, tail up, head down, its hoofs thumping on the hard earth as it headed straight for the man with the gun.

The hunter, a man approaching his mid 40s, rather stout but muscular, of medium height, with fair hair and blue eyes, stood his ground coolly. Instead of showing fear, his eyes danced with admiration as the animal challenged him. A helper handed him another of the muzzle-loading rifles, and he put it to his shoulder, comfortably, confidently, sighted briefly, and fired. The animal kept galloping, and then toppled, sliding to a bloody halt only a few yards from the man who was handing the still smoking rifle to one of his loaders.

Finally, the man with the gun discontinued his shooting, and walked toward the camp, not stopping to look at the dead animals, not even to count them, but leaving to others the work of killing some that were only wounded or stunned. These helpers would also do the skinning, cutting, and bring back to the camp the hides and tender portions for eating. It never occurred to the man with the gun that he should soil his hands or clothes, or tire his muscles, by doing any of the humdrum or dirty work.

The camp he returned to was a sumptuous one, the most amazing safari ever seen in the West. The craziest or most spendthrift Russian Prince or Grand Duke never had anything like it, nor did any Oriental potentate. This could only have happened at the time, and only because of that man. It was an age of individualism—and eccentrics.

The man's name was Sir St. George Gore, an Irish-British Lord. His fantastic hunting junket in the West lasted almost three years. The man himself and his expedition are the stuff that myths are made of. As is the case with all myths, his hunting and his every action has been exaggerated and mis-reported.

He was said to have personally killed over 30,000 buffalo, thousands of deer and elk and other wild game. It was said that Lord Gore ate from gold plates in the wilds of the Old West and that he dressed like a dandy during his wild orgy of killing. He was attacked on all sides for his wanton slaughter of game and even called "The Bloody Gore." It was claimed that he discovered gold in the Black Hills, but since he had so little use for money, because he was one of the richest men in the world, he kept the discovery quiet. He didn't want money to interfere with his hunting.

All these myths and exaggerations were not necessary. There was enough of the improbable and the fantastic

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in the truth, and because the truth about this wild junket of killing comes closer to making sense, it is more impressive.

SIR ST. George Gore was born in 1811, and died in the year 1878, on December 31st. The only son of Sir Ralph Gore and Lady Grace Maxwell, he attended the Winchester School and Oriel College, Oxford, succeeding to the title in 1842. The chances are that if he had not staged a gigantic hunt in the New World, there would be no memory of him at all today except for a few necessary, dull words in Burke's Peerage and some other histories. He was a bachelor, a sportsman and a hunter. As such, he spent much of his time abroad, indulging in his greatest pleasure. He wrote no letters, kept no diaries, and did not stay in any one place too long.

It took generations of British landed gentry to breed a Sir St. George Gore, generations of men who had land, money, and time to spare, who built a cult of hunting until it became their whole lives. They did not go hunting for meat, for food, for trophies, but purely for the sport of hunting and killing.

What made Sir George Gore plan this fantastic expedition in the West and carry it out will never be known. Probably stories had reached him of the vast, almost unpopulated wilds of mid-America, with its endless (it seemed) supply of game.

THE EIGHTH baronet of Gore Manor, Donegal County, Ireland, arrived in St. Louis in the spring of 1854, to outfit a hunting and sporting expedition. Whether he came overland from an eastern port, or up the Mississippi in a steamer, is not known and isn't very important. The ledgers of P. Chouteau & Co., traders and outfitters, (now a permanent exhibit of the Missouri Historical Society) show that Gore was busy buying things from Chouteau, paying for them with drafts on Baring Brothers of London, the great private British banking firm.

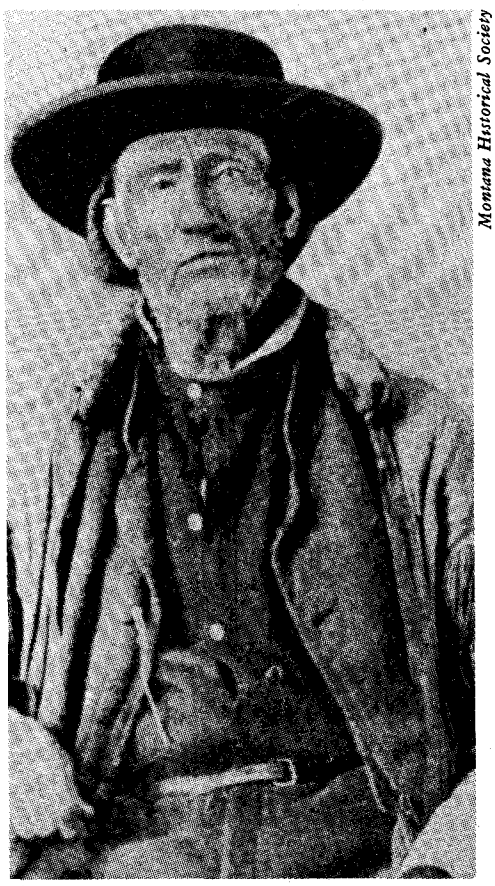
Lord Gore had no definite plans for the length of his stay. He would stay as long as the fish and game were plentiful and he wasn't bored. He stayed nearly three years.

Nearly half a century earlier, the Lewis & Clark Expedition had set out from St. Louis to explore, map, and open up the West, with a much smaller outlay. The government wouldn't have dared to spend $500,000 for an expedition to map out half a continent, but the Irish lord with a yen for the hunt, calmly and quietly spent half a million uninflated dollars for a whim.

The figure of $500,000 spent by Gore is generally accepted, though it is doubtful if the expedition's expenses were ever audited by a CPA. At that time, it would have been about 100,000 pounds. Just the shopping for the expedition in St. Louis cost a pretty penny. Gore started out with four six-mule wagons, two three-yoke ox wagons, 21 2-horse, red wagons, 112 horses, 18 oxen, and three milk cows.

Many an army unit has started with less! And never has an army unit carried the luxuries with which Lord Gore surrounded himself. Just because he was going into a wild land, he didn't feel he had to live like a wild man or give up his comforts. It was these luxury items that caused the most excitement and probably started the stories that still appear in print.

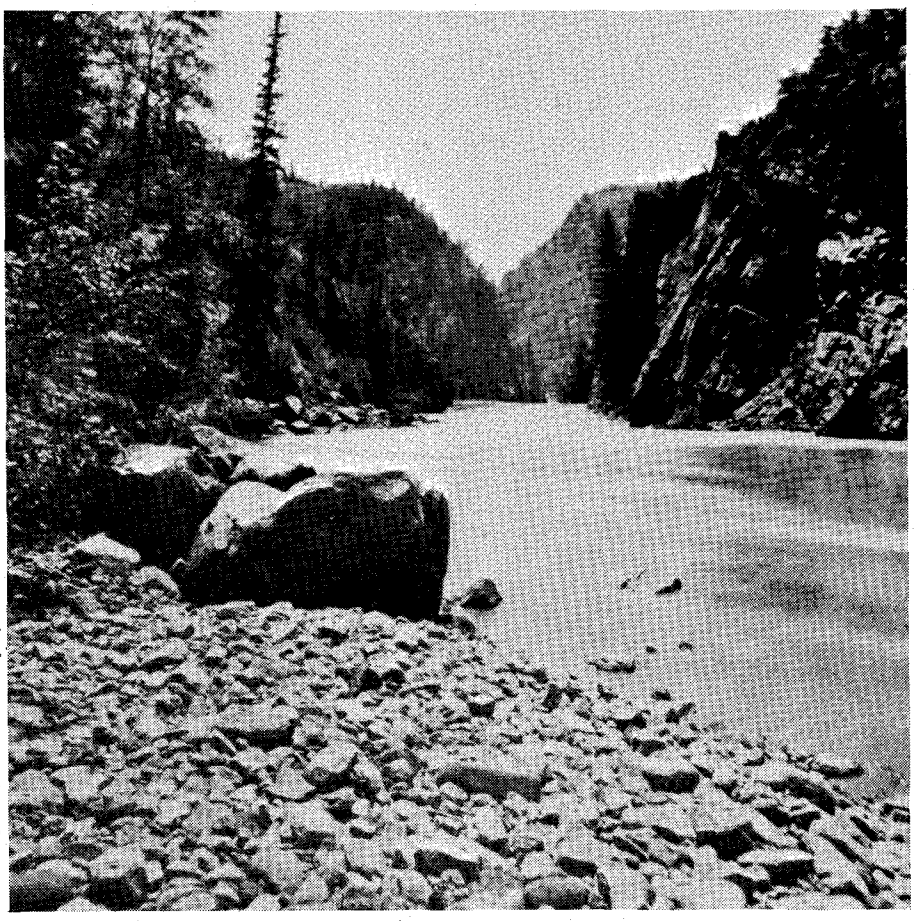
Factually, we've given you the count on various animals and equipment. Included in these were a number of interesting items. For instance, we mentioned 112 horses. But only some of these were mustangs or ordinary draft



Montana Historical Society

Jim Bridger looked, acted and dressed like what he was: a real mountain man.

Gore Canyon was later named the Colorado River.



State Historical Society of Colorado

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or riding horses; many of them were of the finest stock available at the time. Two wagons were filled with fishing tackle of all kinds, and an expert fly tier was part of the expedition. One wagon was filled with firearms, numerous pistols, a dozen or more shotguns, and at least 75 muzzle-loading rifles, plus one Sharp's breech-loading rifle. Some of the rifles bore the names of world-famous gunsmiths, Westley Richards, Purdy and Manton among others.

The accompanying dogs were numerous and of superlative quality.

"Between 40 and 50 dogs, mostly greyhounds and staghounds, of the most outstanding breeds, comprised this part of the expedition," commented one observer.

Another just said simply: "The most magnificent pack of dogs ever seen in this country."

For the lord himself there was a large green and white striped linen tent, 18′ x 10′, and a similarly sized rug, a portable iron table, a washstand, and a real triumph—a brass bedstead which unscrewed and could be easily and quickly knocked down and packed, or set up for use in a hurry.

In addition there was a predecessor to today's convertible: an open-box, spring wagon that carried in the wagon bed a top that could be cranked up, turning the normal open wagon into comfortable living quarters for bad weather. To borrow a phrase from Mark Twain, "This was roughing it?"

THE ELEGANT safari left St. Louis in the spring of 1854 and headed west along the crooked course of the Missouri River. There were 40 or 45 men in the party at its height, a few of them were people Gore had brought to serve him from Ireland.

For the first few months, Gore had a friend with him, Sir William Thomas Spencer Wentworth Fitzwilliam, Sixth Earl of Fitzwilliam. He left the expedition before winter and made his way back to St. Louis, then back to England. The size of the rolling midwestern prairie may or may not have impressed young Fitzwilliam. After all, he was to inherit a little parcel of more than 115,000 acres in England.

Gore made it to the buffalo country where he got his first try at killing these shaggy and stupid beasts. Did he personally kill 30,000? No expert buffalo hunter would credit him with even a tenth of that number. They point out that in 1854 Gore had to use the heavy, old fashioned, muzzle-loading gun, and even though he had a man to load his guns, no man could load the muzzle-loading weapon as fast as another man could possibly aim and shoot the gun.

Herds of buffalo didn't remain in one place for one man to kill more than four or five with the muzzle-loading gun. Billy Dixon, Buffalo Bill, and the later hunters used repeating Winchesters when they made their record kills. It is also pointed out that Gore never spent more than one month during the summer hunting buffalo. While he left no record of his thoughts, it can be assumed that a hunter like Gore had to have a challenge to get thrills out of it. Certainly, shooting the shaggy buffalo as they ran toward a person offered no real challenge. So the number of buffalo Gore could have killed would not exceed 3,000 in the three years—and experts say even that figure is far too high.

After a brief turn at killing buffalo, Gore got to Fort Laramie, and from there his big hunting party turned south into Colorado. Mountain sheep and elk gave Gore a great thrill, but his greatest delight in Colorado came from fishing in the virgin mountain streams where the trout were large and game. Gore spent a good part of that summer fishing in Colorado.

There is a story that Lord Gore hired a small tribe of mountain Indians to build roads through some of the mountains for his wagons, but there's no

Indians such as those shown above gave Lord Gore trouble.

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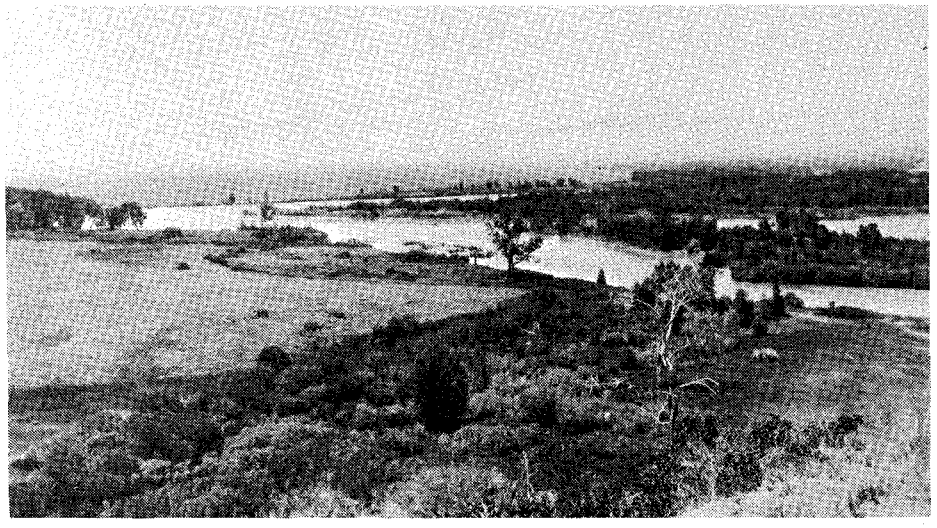
proof of it. The chances are, he left the wagons and made side trips by horseback into the mountains.

One thing can be said for Gore: he hired the best men he could find. The expedition was guided at the outset by Henry Chantillon, who had previously taken Francis Parkman west along the Oregon Trail. While in Fort Laramie, he'd hired veteran mountain guides, trappers and hunters. It isn't likely they'd have let him waste time and money trying to get the wagons into and through the mountains.

tled East. Gore, a sportsman and hunter, enjoyed them the way a movie fan would revel in being shut up for the winter with part of the Hollywood colony.

More than with anyone else, he was fascinated by probably the greatest of the mountain men, Jim Bridger, "Old Gabe". It would be hard to find two men more different in background and outlook. One was an Oxford educated British nobleman with all that implies. The other was Bridger, older, illiterate, and totally lacking in formal education.

Scenic view of the beautiful Yellowstone River. *Montana Historical Society Photos*



manor. Oddly enough, both of the men appreciated what the other had to offer, each of them was an education to the other. By the time the winter was half over, the two men were firm friends, and Bridger had been hired as the expedition's chief guide.

THE GORE expedition's men and animals rested during the winter at Fort Laramie. Its equipment was repaired or renewed, its supplies restocked, and it started out again as soon as the weather and melting snows permitted, under the guiding hand of Jim Bridger. The party went up the North Platte, on to Casper Creek, north to Powder River and down Dry Fork. It was wild, desolate country, but the veteran mountain man knew that terrain like the back of his hand. Gore, knowing he was in his own type of paradise, with the companionship of the most knowledgeable man around, was enraptured by it all. The interesting relationship between Gore and Bridger is probably best shown by the description below, which appeared in Randolph Marcy's book, "Thirty Years of Army Life on the Border":

"Lord Gore was not going to change his way of life too much, even for hunting. He was not an early riser, often sleeping until 10 or 11 in the morning, so instead of starting off on the day's hunt at the crack of dawn, he was apt to start in the early afternoon—and continue well on into the night, long after dark when possible. After a late dinner, Gore *(Continued on page 46)*

Gore stayed in the mountains until it was time to head back to Fort Laramie to hole up for the winter. During the long days of the winter, Lord Gore got a non-hunting-fishing dividend he hadn't expected. He was fascinated by the men he met at the fort in the winter, soldiers, Indians, hunters, trappers, freighters, mountain men, wanderers and adventurers.

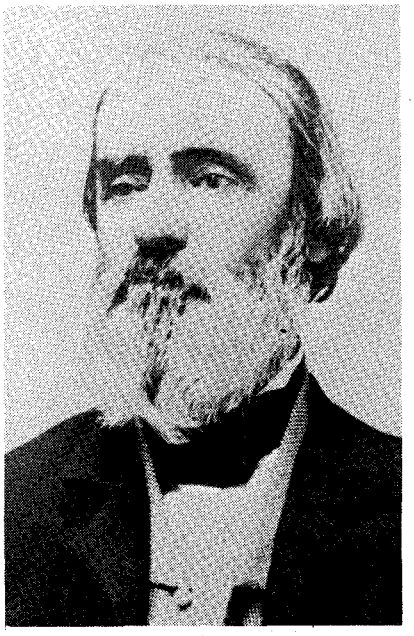
Gore, who could be arrogant and was certainly self-centered, also had his share of Irish charm. In addition, he had a collection of weapons that not only couldn't be matched in Fort Laramie, but could hardly have been duplicated by going through half the collections on this continent.

These people of the frontier were new to Gore, and he responded to them as though he had hunted down and discovered a new species. Actually, they would have been almost as new and strange to most of the inhabitants of Philadelphia, New York, Boston or Atlanta. They were far removed in thought and spirit, education and action, from the comparatively long-set-

Even their appearance was a violent contrast. Though Bridger was only five or six years older, because of the outdoor life he lived, his face was lined, scarred and weathered, making him look older than his years, whereas Gore, fair and plump looked younger. "Old Gabe" was tall, lean, hard as a mustang. Gore, next to such a man, looked short and dumpy.

Lord Gore, even on a hunting trip, kept himself barbered and dressed like a gentleman; Bridger looked, acted, and dressed like a real mountain man: his hair long and dark, hanging well below the collar of his buckskin, his clothes rough but warm and serviceable.

Gore had the polished background and education, Bridger had the knowledge and skills. Lord Gore was too much of a sportsman to have any feeling about Bridger except one of admiration and respect. He looked up to Bridger as a man who was unequalled as a hunter or guide, a man who knew mountain country as well as, or better than, Gore knew his northern Ireland



Alexander Culbertson was a major power in territory.

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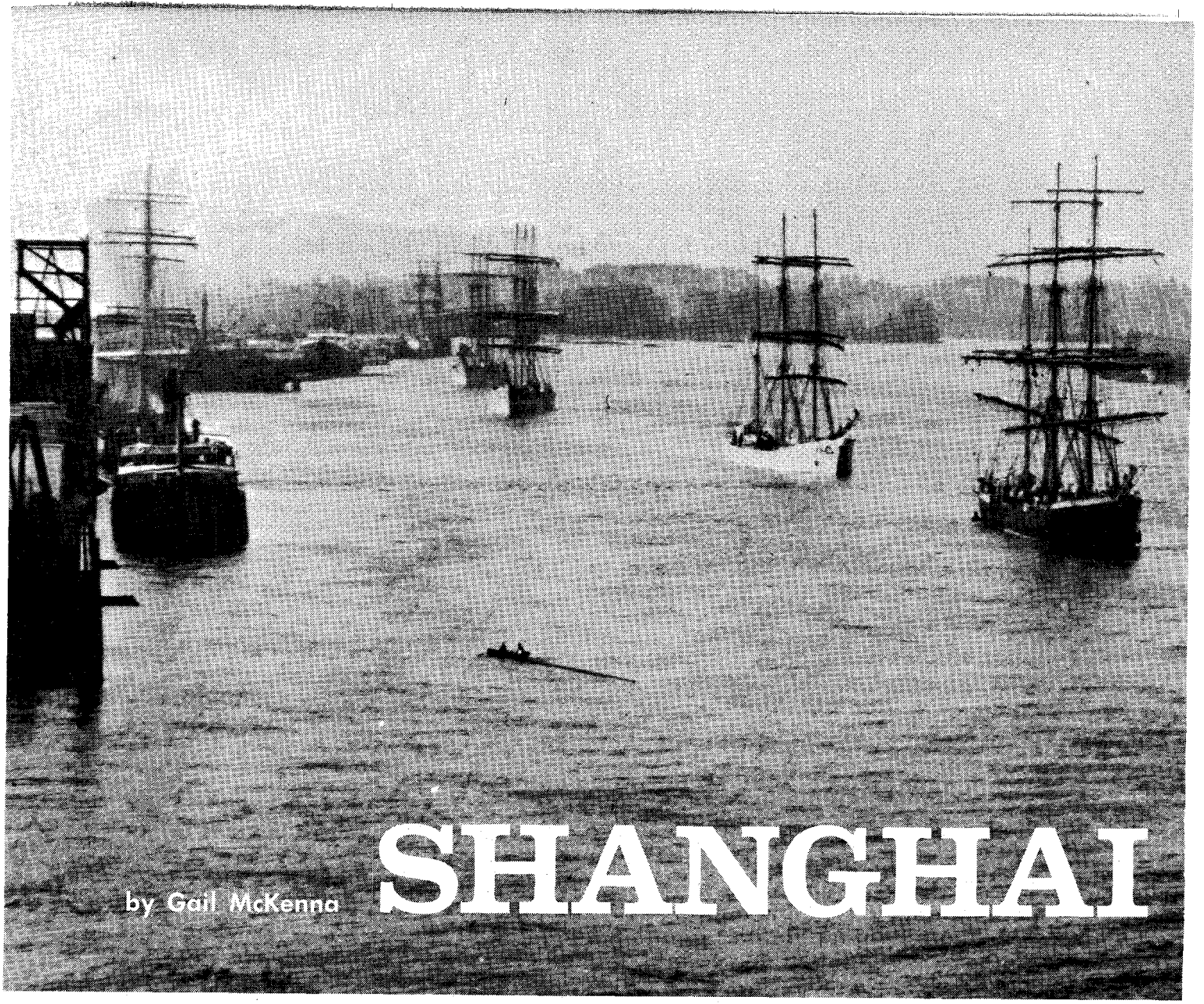

SHANGHAI

by Gail McKenna

Pirating man-snatchers, known

THEY TELL A STORY along Portland, Oregon's waterfront, about how, in the 1890's, the skipper of a five-masted British bark sent a message ashore to a man named Bunco Kelly.

"Get me an able bodied seaman by 11:00 o'clock," the skipper ordered. "My ship's loaded with lumber, and I've got to sail if I'm going to make Sydney on schedule."

In spite of the fact that he happened to be a little the worse for drink, Bunco Kelly went into action, making the rounds of the waterfront saloons, sailors' boarding houses, and less reputable establishments, in search of a seaman to assign to the bark. While attending to this bit of business, he wanted a smoke, and stepped into a cigar store, passing the wooden Indian that stood in front of such shops in those days. It occurred to him that it would be much easier for him to steal the wooden Indian, than it would be for him to run down a genuine seaman. The night was dark, and Bunco Kelly took advantage of it, making off with the carved cedar redman. He carried the wooden Indian to the dock, up the gangplank of the British bark, and stowed it in a bunk in the fo'castle, taking care to cover the wooden Indian with blankets. He then went to the skipper and told him he had delivered an able bodied seaman.

"He's dead drunk," Bunco Kelly said, boldly. "But he's big and tough, and he'll be sobered up by the time you reach Astoria. Considering his size and the lively time he gave me, it seems only right that you should come across with $50."

The skipper paid Kelly and the bark sailed with its newly acquired wooden deck hand.

Although there is nothing too formidable about this particular tale, Bunco Kelly and others of his ilk helped to make Portland the most dreaded port-of-call in the world during the last half of the 19th century.

AS EARLY as 1840, Captain John H. Couch saw the possibility of establishing Portland, Oregon, as a leading seaport.

"I can bring any ship to this point that can get into the mouth of the Columbia," he stated, with confidence.

In 1841, Oregon's first seagoing vessel was built by Joseph Gale and christened *The Star of Oregon*. By 1852, there were 14 ocean-going steamers docking regularly in Portland harbor. However, extensive shipping wasn't established until 1868 when the *Sally Brown* sailed from Portland bound

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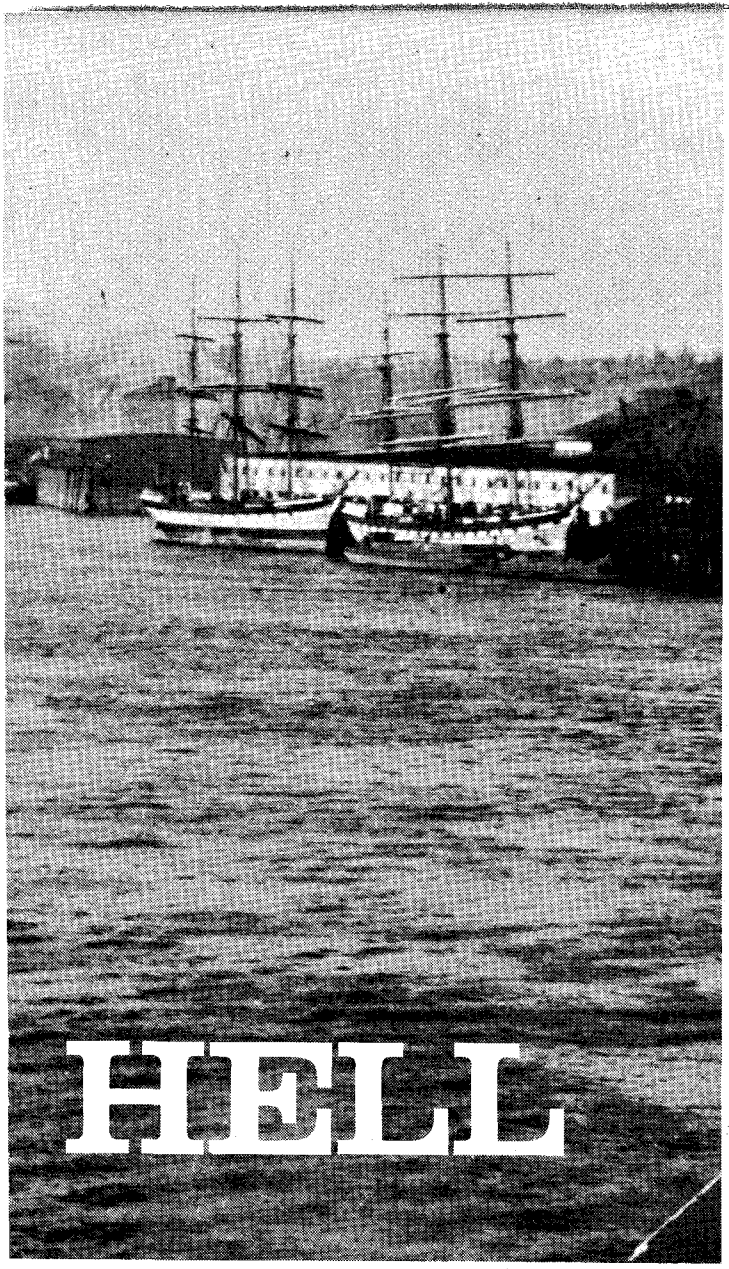


Oregon Historical Society

Sailing ships in the Portland, Oregon, harbor.

any seamen willing to accompany them back to shore.

The majority of the shore hungry sailors proved to be easy prey after they got a few swigs of the doctored whisky under their belts. Those who didn't fall for the runners' line were, on several desperate occasions, dragged or pushed into the boats, and threatened with bodily assault if they didn't go along peacefully. For the most part, the captains were glad to be rid of their crew, perhaps philosophically so, for it would have done them no good to protest.

The runners who abducted the crews were mere hirelings working for the "crimps," which was the salt-water name used commonly to denote the masters of the seamen's boardinghouses, scattered along the waterfront. Once the seamen had been lured ashore, they were encouraged to spend any money they might have as quickly as possible, and in ways calculated to line the pocket of the crimp. They were then rendered unconscious in some instances, either by dope or a blackjack, and stripped of any valuables they might possess including their clothing. When it became apparent that their presence ashore could be of no value to the crimp, they were dressed in rags and hoisted aboard another ship in a sling, and blood money was then collected from the captain.

Blood money, the amount of cash the skipper of a ship was willing to pay for a single seaman or an entire crew, ran as high as 150 dollars per man, although 25 to 50 dollars was the average amount paid. It was the custom for the crimp or his runner to sign the ship's articles for the seamen delivered by them, since few sailors of that day were capable of writing their names.

If it happened that there was no ship in port to receive the contraband dealt in by the crimps, the sailors were locked up in the boardinghouses and held prisoners until some desperate captain put out a call for a crew. The sailors' keep was added to the blood money to be extracted from the captain.

One such experience was enough for most genuine seamen. They soon learned to avoid the sailors' boardinghouses like the plague. The majority of *(Continued on page 54)*

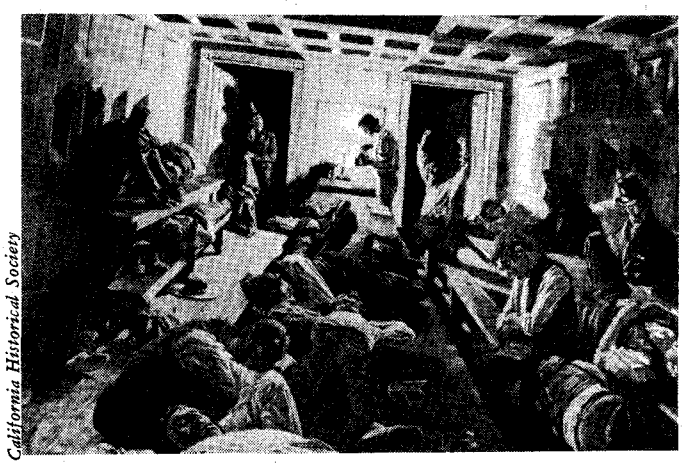
as "runners," made Portland a no-man's-land for sailors in the 1880's

for Liverpool with the first cargo of Northwestern wheat and livestock.

By the year 1880, Portland was well established as a harbor, having become the terminus for 57 shipping lines. It was during the final two decades of the 1800's, that the "City of Roses" gained a reputation as a no-man's land for sailors. At that time of quarterdeck tyranny and hellship captains it wasn't uncommon for a vessel sailing up the Willamette to be boarded pirate fashion, and its crew snatched away, without ceremony, by the shanghai ruffians who made Portland's waterfront notorious.

These unscrupulous pirates operated from small vessels, which attached themselves to incoming ships with hooks or ropes. The pirating man-snatchers, known in sailors' lingo as "runners" would then swarm aboard, bringing liquor which had been doctored beforehand with opium. It is said that one druggist of that era kept his business going on the proceeds from this business alone. The runners also carried pornographic pictures in their collection of lures, and were well equipped with tall stories about the pleasures awaiting

Drugs and blackjacks made it possible to shanghai seamen.



California Historical Society

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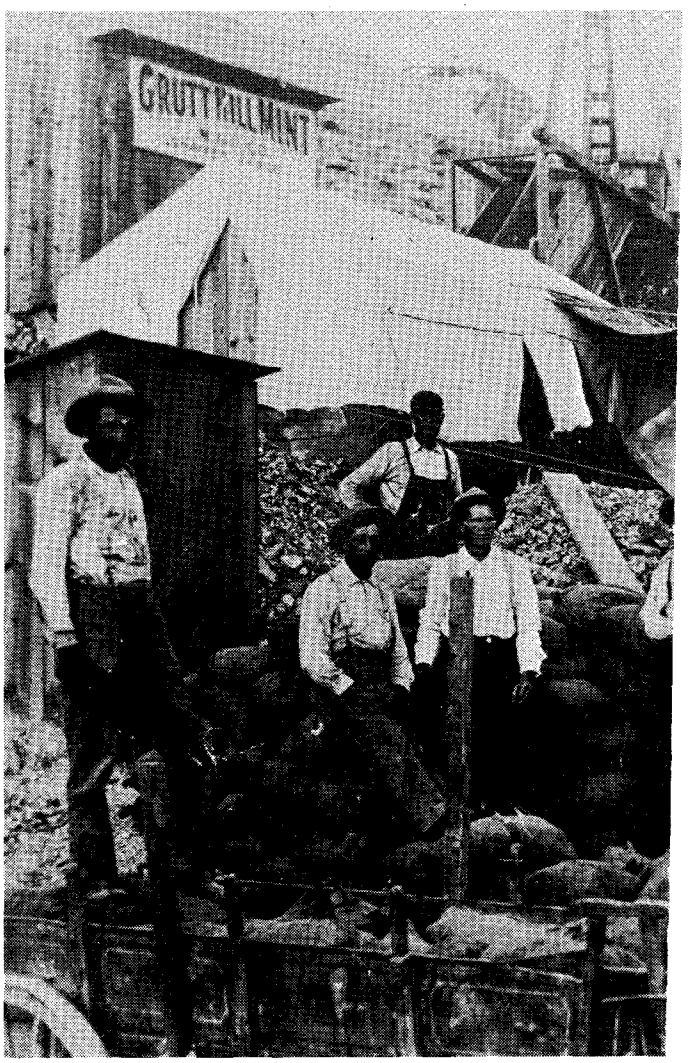
THE MASTER CON MAN OF GOLDFIELD

by Marlin McRae



"Never knock a mark," he said. "Keep them around because they're likely to fall for the same gambit as soon as they get pumped up with money again."

GEORGE GRAHAM Rice, a man whose hand was full of "gimme" and whose mouth was full of "much obliged," moved about plucking golden apples here and there with schemes that had no more substance than a fog bank and just about as many assets. He went on to write a book about how his dodge worked.

Rice's book, *"My Adventures with Your Money,"* not only blew the whistle on himself, but laughed at all the suckers from whom he had stolen money—with their help. In all, he required about 200 pages to detail his exploits and what he had done with the loot.

In essence, Rice accounted for the thousands he had stolen in this way: he invested most of it in houses and lots—bawdy houses and lots of whisky—then spent the rest of it foolishly.

While such a confession didn't assure Rice a place in history as a solid gold citizen, there were few who could plumb the depths of his brass.

Most Americans consider the eagle as a symbol of their citizenry, but Rice chose the pigeon and proceeded to pluck it for about $100 million in fake stock.

Of course this enormous take was not all profit. For some reason, sales expenses skyrocketed in inverse proportion to the lack of value of the product being offered. And since Rice's offerings were worth exactly nothing, expenses were tremendous. Everyone had his arm in the golden pot up to his shoulder blades, but Rice must have put a halter on some of the money since the U.S. Government sued him for nearly $2 million in taxes in the days when Uncle Sam's share was merely a nibble rather than a bite!

Best guess is that Rice cleared more than $25 million in about that number of years and ladled it out just as fast as he swindled it from the verdant public.

"Never knock a mark," Rice once was heard to remark. "Keep them around because they're likely to fall for the same gambit as soon as they get pumped up with money again."

Rice's reputation was made in the West, principally around Goldfield, Nevada; but he was born in quite a different area with quite a different name. New York was his birthplace. The year was 1870. His real name was Jacob Samuel Herzig. He was the son of an immigrant German farmer, a man of unshakeable honesty.

That young Jake was of a different cut was evident from the time the youngster was able to say "gimme." When he was strong enough to throw two dice at the same time, he had already learned that a little tinkering with those dice took most of the chance out of any game.

It was a brave new world for young Jake when he discovered the same thing could be done with cards, and his yokel friends shelled out their allowances so Jake could split pineapple sodas with the prettiest dolls in the neighborhood.

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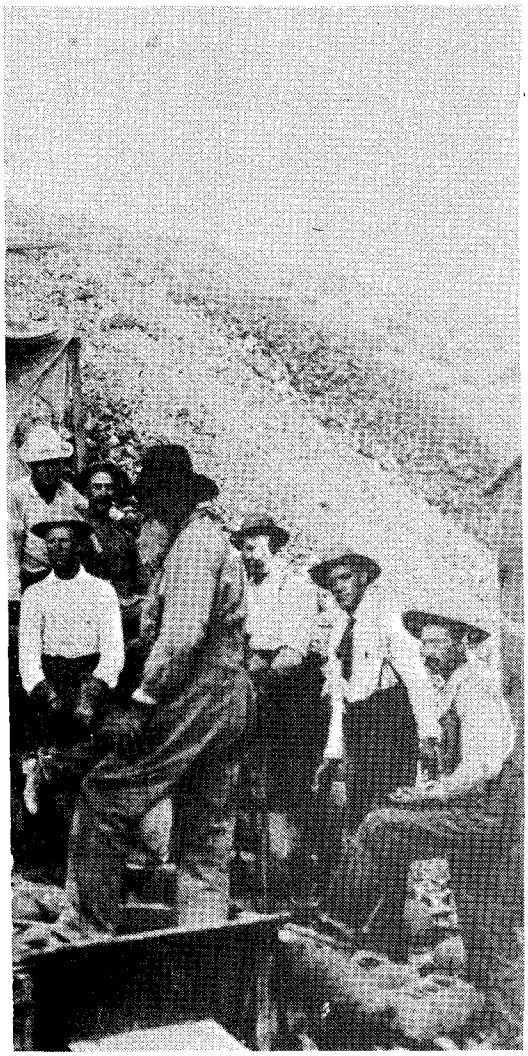
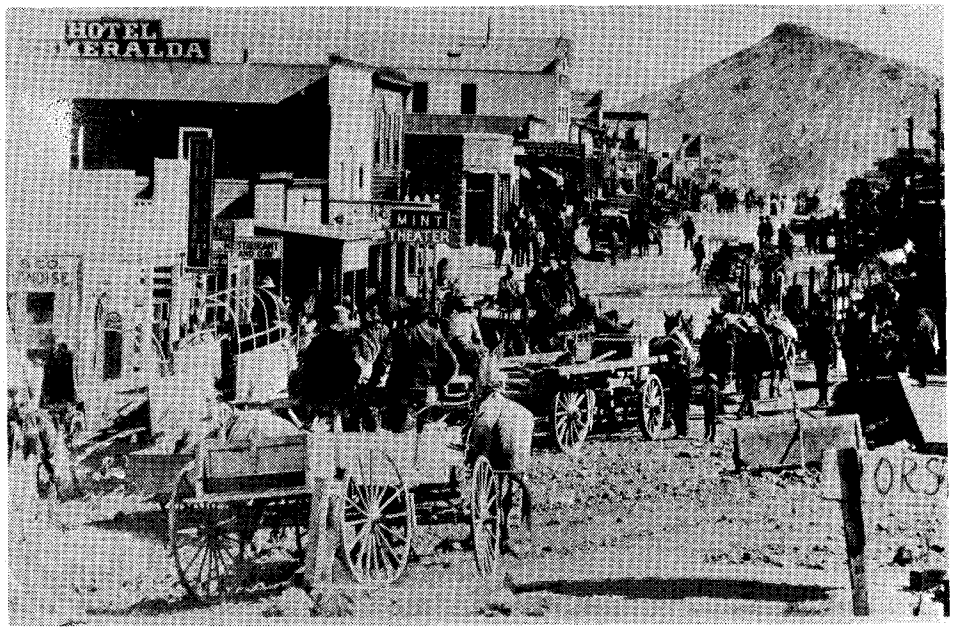


Miners posed for this picture at Grutt Brothers claim in Rawhide.



Boom days in Goldfield, Nevada, where George Graham Rice operated.

Author's Photos

Hauling out gold and silver from Goldfield.

Jake's outsized head acquired some new geography and lumps when he was caught "past posting" bookies who found such a practice was about as funny as a scalded baby.

Jake's luck was downhill for quite a while after he got a jolt of hard time for a minor swindle. It wasn't the seriousness of the crime that drew the enmity of the court, but the fact that Jake had made a local ward boss look like an idiot. They decided to set an example with Jake Herzig.

His father was still tolerant, believing that it was bad companions who were really responsible for his son's anti-social behavior (though they had a nastier name for it in those palmy days). He financed a trip to Europe for Jake.

JAKE WAS grateful for the chance to reform, or perhaps reorganize. He played no-limit poker all the way across, being able to cut a swath which attracted the loveliest women on shipboard. He used what money he had left touring the Continent, then booked passage for the return trip where he scored again. This time his poker money was supplemented by a rigged ship pool and he became so enthused that he followed one sucker ashore to fleece him again. Jake went to the well once too often and wound up in Sing Sing for another spell.

There Jake obtained his final training for his days in the West, where he would leave an enduring mark on the marks.

Jake's mind was as nimble as a squirrel on a willow branch and he had learned all the ground rules for both the big and little cons by the time the State of New York released him.

Jake took with him not only an education, but the name of another con man who wouldn't be needing it for at least 15 years: George Graham Rice. Thus armed, he gravitated west.

And gravitated is just the word. It was a downhill pull all the way for Rice. To get pumped up, Rice began touting at the race tracks as he moved west.

Dressed to the nines, he would approach an intended victim whispering that he had a tip on a sure thing. Rice at first would be reluctant to share the information, but eventually agreed to share his news with the stranger who "looked like a man who could be trusted," provided they made a bet with a bookie Rice knew, and agreed to split the

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These Goldfield folks dressed up after the fashion of the old days when Rice sold his phony stocks.

winnings. As the wager was being made, Rice would put a chalk mark on his victim's back to identify him and the horse he bet on. Rice would then excuse himself, collar another pigeon, convince him to make a bet on another horse, and he also would be marked for identification.

With the race over, Rice would stand off to watch the mark who won seek out the bookie, finding it easy to spot his chalked victim. Rice would then grab his (money) hand and enthuse:

"What did I tell you? Easy money, wasn't it?"

Rice would then take his half of the bet and be on the lookout for fresh victims as well as for disgruntled losers.

With money in his pocket, Rice moved along until he encountered another individual by the name of Carl Owens. This man tried to take Rice with a transparent scheme and when Rice laughed at him, Owens knew he had found a *paisano* promoter.

Together they hatched a scheme which was to unsnap the rubber bands from a lot of fat Western bank rolls. Owens had the word on a rigged race and wanted Rice to put his bundle on it.

"Naw, that's the hard way to go," Rice complained. "You always gotta have a sure thing in the race. I've got a plan that will guarantee a sure thing for us every day, every race. Now are you sure that this race is a sure enough boat ride?" Rice asked.

Owens nodded and told him the name of the selected nag was *Pay Day*.

"All right, here's what we do," Rice explained. "We'll buy some space in the local sheet here, or even have the printer run off some flyers and we'll announce that Rice and Owens have picked a sure thing horse: *Pay Day*. It ought to pay 10 to 1."

Owens nodded, but he didn't understand how giving away such valuable information was going to make them anything.

"You watch," Rice assured him. "If *Pay Day* comes in as you say, we'll have a lock on the town's treasury."

Backing his bundle on the gamble, Rice rented a small office, had a sign painted "Rice and Owens, Investment Advisors," then sat back and waited for the race.

Pay Day won going away and Rice had to push his way through the crowd of happy bettors who had followed the advice in his flyer.

"Now then men, come back after dinner and we'll have another good thing for you in tomorrow's running," Rice promised.

He announced that sealed envelopes containing the selection would cost $5, and please have the money in cash.

Owens and Rice stuffed envelopes with a variety of names, making sure that all bases were touched in their selections. Of course some of the bettors won, and the suckers continued to flock in. Rice and Owens always suggested playing their selections across the board which gave them three ways to go and took in most of the field. They had enough horse sense to pick at least one good thing each day. Owens also invested part of their take in bribing jockeys, doping horses and getting owners to rig races.

Westerners might be a bunch of high-collared gawkers, but they knew a good thing. They played the Rice and Owens' selections until the con men had to sweep small bills into the corner and enlarge their quarters so there was room for the suckers who insisted that Rice take their money. Despite the fact that there were losers, the winners outshouted the gripers and the tribe increased as Rice knew it would. Even those who had seen their horse run as though it had a ball and chain aboard came back—as Rice knew they would.

"The sucker never learns," he observed with the distilled

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wisdom of the ages. "Once having lost a bundle of his hard-earned scratch he'll keep coming back to get even. Sometimes he's even sure it's a swindle but it is the only thing going with action."

JUST BEFORE Rice acquired his "education" at Sing Sing, he had become involved with a doll whose father suggested that they get married. When he emphasized his request with a shotgun, Rice shrugged, got married, went to jail and never saw his bride again. This eventually stood him in good stead when he got involved with another girl later, impetuously married her, then continued his rounds with the fallen angels who consorted with gamblers.

When his second wife sued for divorce, she asked Rice to unloosen his clutch on his expanding bankroll for alimony. Rice was always a hard man in pin down in any kind of wits matching. He testified that they weren't legally married since his first wife hadn't legally sliced the bonds which joined them, so he didn't owe wife number two a dime.

Rice was full blown proof that there is no one easier to swindle than a swindler. Even while the verdant miners dug faster to keep coming up smelling like money to finance Rice, he got the idea that his own tips were legitimate and he cashed out.

For the next few months he tried the other side of the table, honestly trying to beat the bangtails with predictable results. Rice lost until his roll wouldn't make a hummingbird cough if the bird tried to swallow it whole. He was contemplating his errors when he received a letter from another ex-con telling of the fantastic strike in Goldfield, Nevada. Rice wasn't far away and he liked the sound of that name.

"Goldfield. Goldfield," Rice rolled the name of the boom town over his tongue like old bourbon. His decision to go there was the beginning of a black day for the West.

Goldfield was a Midas-touched strike right from the first and so rich that high-grading and all sorts of chicanery had developed as nowhere else. The raw ore was so rich that a $4 a day digger would pay $20 to work in a mine. He could carry out $200 or $300 underneath his clothes!

Wherever the golden genie might appear with the next strike of the pick, mine stocks which were floated at a few cents a share often soared to $30 or $40 within days after their first sale. Fortunes were made, lost, and started again within a day's mining stock activity. Where such dreams are common there are plenty to take advantage of the situation. George Graham Rice was just such a man.

Rice sized up Goldfield and laid plans for a trek into its treasury. He took a modest job with a mining journal to acquaint himself with the lore, legend and sleight of hand of mining stock promotion. It didn't take him long to open a boiler room operation, which ostensibly was a public relations firm. Rice was like a weasel thrown into a chicken coop when he heard of some near-by mining property which was going to be opened up. Called the Vermilyea Lease, it was in the Manhattan District. The prospective promoters told Rice of the coming speculation so he could publicize it. Rice moved fast, taking an option on the property in the name of the L. M. Sullivan Trust Company, then announced the Vermilyea Lease as its first big deal.

Rice had selected a featherheaded ex-crimp named "Shanghai Larry" Sullivan as titular head of the Trust Company; a man who had about enough sense to count spools on a string. Rice had broken Sullivan in a gambling game and he needed a front to bid in stock, without showing his hand. Rice cancelled the gambling debt, financed Larry for a few thousand more and turned him loose to do the job he could do best: act dumb. Rice became the Svengali for Sullivan and he sent Sullivan to bid on a property called the "Blackjack."

Tinder-dry buildings made "fire" a dreaded word.

"Now this guy wants a hundred grand for his lease," Rice said.

"But, Mr. Rice, we don't have that kinda money . . ." Larry interrupted.

"I know that, boy, but you take an option for no more'n $5,000 and agree to pay the balance in 90 days," Rice instructed. "Now don't forget."

Larry nodded and managed to get hold of the property at the stated figure. Then Rice went to work with his news outlets. Long before the option time was up, he had an offer of $75,000 for his rights and (Continued on page 60)

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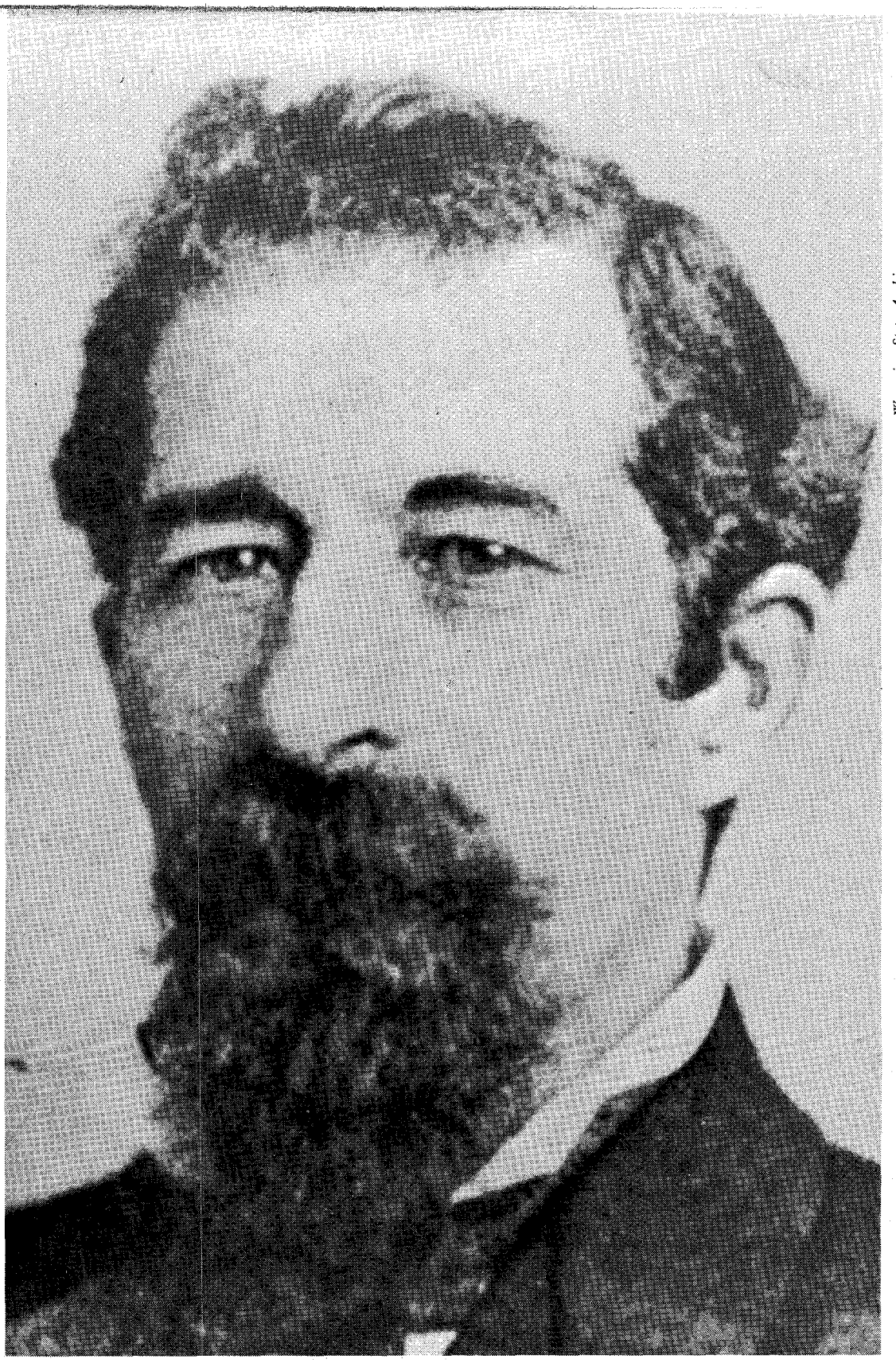

Wyoming State Archives

"PORTUGEE" PHILLIPS' INCREDIBLE MIDNIGHT RIDE

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by Fred Harrison

Henry Carrington, Commander of Ft. Kearney.

Denver Library Western Collection

Chief Red Cloud's strategy placed fort at the mercy of his warriors.

The journey, across country infested with bloodthirsty Indians and ravaged by a savage blizzard, meant almost certain death, and worse

BLOOD-CRAZED INDIANS, numbering 3,000 danced and howled in sadistic glee outside the doomed fort. At last, the hated garrison on the Little Piney was completely at their mercy. As the Arapahoes, Cheyennes and Sioux writhed in their triumphant war dance, they held above their heads the blood-drenched scalps of the 81 white men massacred in the Fetterman disaster that very morning, and shrieked taunts at the handful of survivors within the fort. At any moment they chose, the exultant savages could descend upon and overwhelm the stricken post. With 40 per cent of its fighting force wiped out in the massacre, Colonel Carrington's command could only wait in silent dread for almost certain torture and death.

Inside the fort, 119 men, 10 women and several children waited for the bloody attack. They knew that their situation was almost hopeless. They could only pray for a miracle. The nearest help was 236 miles away at Ft. Laramie. Ammunition was down to 20 rounds per man. To make matters worse, nature itself seemed to ally itself with their ruthless enemy. Early in the afternoon, a howling blizzard began sweeping down from the Big Horn mountains dropping the temperature below zero. As the swirling snow piled high about the log stockade and the winds shrieked, terror mounted and hope faded within the fort.

With the dreary, winter night descending, Col. Carrington ordered that all lights be kept burning in anticipation of an attack at any moment. There was no thought of sleep for anyone. So heavy was the snowfall that it was necessary to keep a continual force of men shoveling away the huge drifts that formed against the stockade, lest it should pile so high as to form a bridge over which the Indians might climb. The bitter cold was so intense that it was necessary to relieve the sentries every fifteen minutes. Even then, many soldiers were severely frostbitten as the temperature dropped to 25 degrees below zero.

At last, Col. Carrington gave the order which he had been dreading: "If the Indians in overwhelming numbers attack, put the women and children in the (powder) magazine, with supplies of water, bread and crackers and other supplies that seem best. In the event of a last desperate

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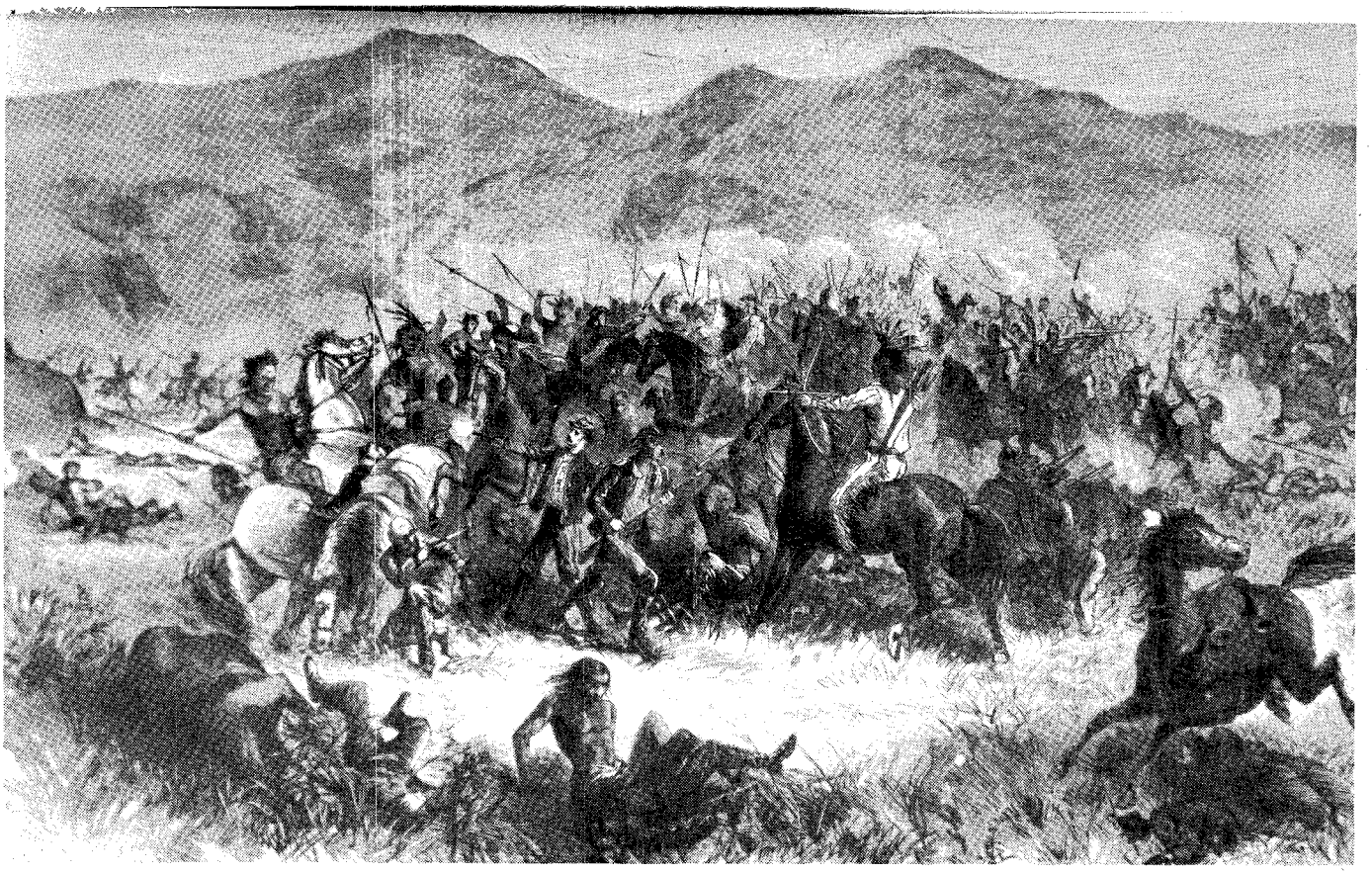


Denver Library Western Collection

There were no survivors, but an artist made this drawing of how the massacre of Fetterman's command may have looked.

struggle, destroy all together, rather than have any captured alive."

He then personally opened the magazine and cut the fuses of the case-shot and adjusted all the ammunition in the magazine by opening all the boxes. Now all could be destroyed by a single match. He said that he himself would apply that match when the time came. His wife and two small sons would be among the victims.

The colonel then assembled the soldiers and asked for a volunteer to attempt the long, hazardous trip to Fort Laramie for aid—their last hope. The shivering soldiers looked at each other in helpless dismay. The journey, across country infested with bloodthirsty Indians and ravaged by a savage blizzard, meant almost certain death, and worse. Capture would mean but one fate—death by torture in its most agonizing form. Not a man stepped forward.

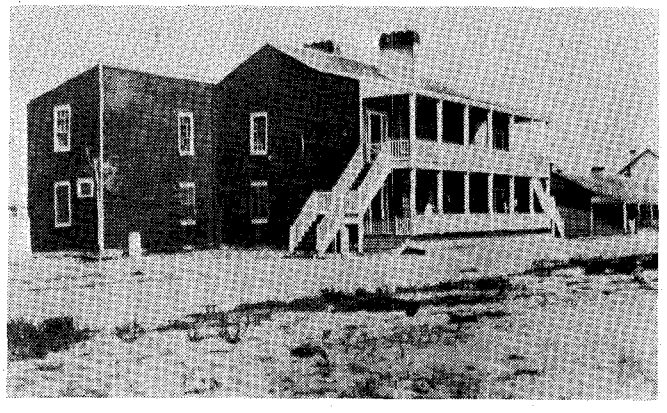
Col. Carrington sighed and dismissed his men. After all, who could blame them? But, as he turned sadly away, an obscure civilian in the employ of the post quartermaster stepped forward: "If the general wishes," said the big man in broken English, "I will go as messenger, even if it costs me my life."

With these simple words, John (Portugee) Phillips took his place in history upon a pinnacle of self-devotion, bravery and physical endurance unparalleled among the heroes of the American Western Frontier.

The Fetterman disaster on the morning of December 21, 1866, had dropped like a thunderbolt on the isolated little garrison at Fort Phillip Kearney. There, at the extreme outpost on the Bozeman Trail in Wyoming Territory, eighty-one men had fallen victims to Red Cloud's strategic cunning. On that fateful morning, a wagon train had left Fort Kearney for the foothills to cut firewood. A few miles outside the fort the train was attacked by Sioux.

Col. Henry B. Carrington, commander of the fort, sent Captain W. J. Fetterman with a detail of 80 soldiers to rescue the wagon train. Details of the resulting massacre are not clear, as there were no white survivors. But historians believe Fetterman disobeyed orders and pursued the Sioux beyond a forbidden ridge. Within moments, Fetterman and his men were surrounded by three thousand Indians led by Red Cloud. Within thirty minutes the entire command was wiped out, leaving Fort Kearney to withstand an attack at any moment by Indians outnumbering the white defenders by twenty to one.

"Bedlam," the officers' quarters at Fort Laramie where Phillips' news broke up a Christmas party.



NOW, glutted and drunken over their bloody victory, the Indians felt that it would be but a matter of hours before the balance of the depleted force behind the log stockade would be in their power. Only the advent of the blizzard delayed their attack. But there was no hurry. The hated whites were caught like rats in a trap. However, Red Cloud did not reckon with the stubborn courage of a man like John Phillips.

When Phillips volunteered for the dangerous mission, his only stipulation was that he be allowed to use the fastest and best horse at the post, a thoroughbred belonging to Col. Carrington himself. The request was immediately granted. Then Phillips made brief preparations for the long, hazardous journey. *(Continued on page* **54***)*

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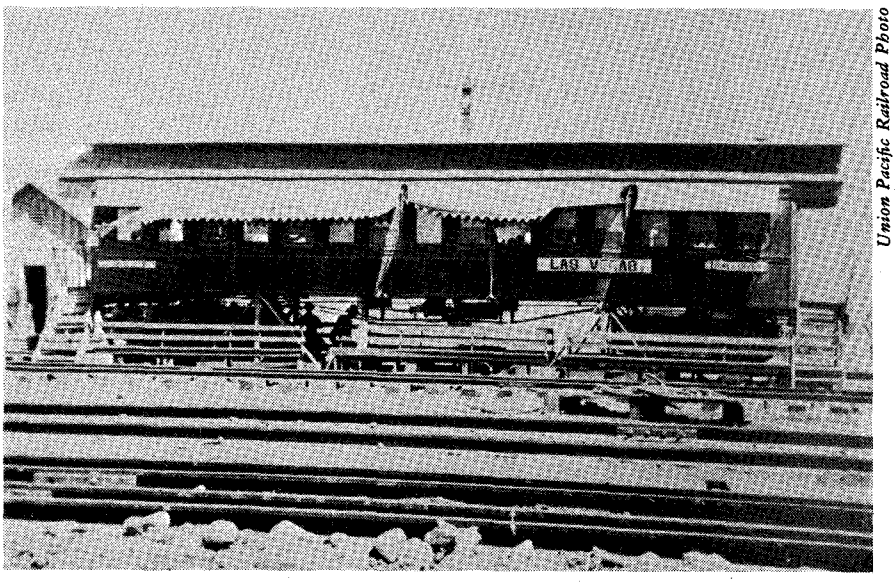
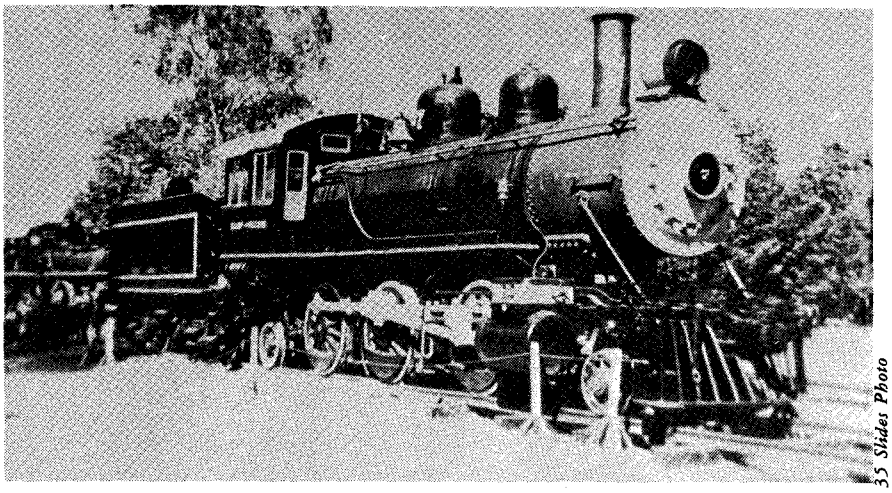
GHOST TRAINS IN THE DESERT



Union Pacific Railroad Photo

This was Las Vegas, Nevada railroad depot in 1905.



35 Slides Photo

Tonopah and Tidewater Engine #7 on display at Traveltown, U.S.A.

When the wind rattles through the ruins, and the moonlight shines on the Rhyolite railroad depot, one can hear the whistle of the "night train" and the click, click of the wheels on the rail joints

by Rod Williams

EVEN THE TRACKS are gone now. But the desert rats and old grub stake prospectors of southern Nevada claim the Tonopah and Tidewater Railroad still operates trains into Rhyolite. The ghost trains pull and chug their way up the grade to the station on dark, windy nights. At one time there were very real ones and they ran on schedule, carrying both passengers and gold.

In early 1905, Johnnie Shoshone found gold on the eastern slopes of the Funeral Mountains. Bob Montgomery gave Johnnie a pair of overalls and two dollars for the claim. Rhyolite was born as a roaring gold camp, and it wasn't long until railroads were building into town. Three years and five million dollars later Rhyolite was on its death bed.

But those three years were the wildest, boomingest of all, and marked the last of the true gold rushes. By 1906, ten thousand people had drunk, gambled, lived, and mined the slopes of the sullen brown Funeral Mountains.

In August 1904, "Shorty" Harris and Ed Cross were looking for the lost Breyfogle claim in the Funeral Mountains. They didn't find it, but they did find rich gold ore—jewelry grade—in the Bullfrog Hills. The Bullfrog Mining District was born a few months later, just nine miles south of Rhyolite.

Wells-Fargo hauled the "high-grade" the eight miles from Bullfrog into Rhyolite via auto. The agents worried more about flats and overheated radiators than robbers. Bullfrog was never more than a tent city. A few months after it was founded, everyone picked up and moved to the more permanent and populous Rhyolite.

For a town located on the edge of Death Valley, overlooking the Amargosa Desert to the south, one would think a single railroad would be enough. But not so with booming Rhyolite, it needed three!

Rhyolite was high wide and handsome with its boom of 1905. Ore had to be freighted to Goldfield by wagon for milling and smelting. Above all, Rhyolite wanted railroads!

Wild acclaim followed the announcement that the grading for a railroad had been started. Even the fact that it was starting 100 miles to the southeast, at the Las Vegas siding of the San Pedro, Los Angeles, and Salt Lake Railroad, did not lessen the celebration.

Senator W. A. Clark of Montana and his brother had recently built the S. P., L. A., & S. L. across the Nevada desert. Later they sold out to the Union Pacific and gave up railroading for good.

The new grade was rushed north toward Rhyolite; it would then go on further north to connect with the Tonopah and Goldfield Railroad. This would give a direct rail connection with Reno and San Francisco.

Then Rhyolite received a severe shock! Grading from Las Vegas suddenly ceased. A rather small incident was the cause of the sudden halt in railroad construction, as revealed by the extensive research of C. B. Glasscock, old-time Western newspaper man and author.

Continued

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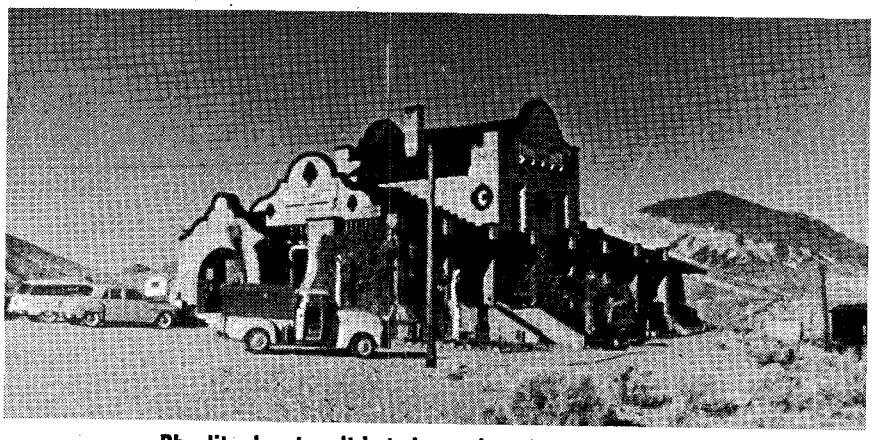
Author's Photos



Rhyolite depot as it is today, a desert tavern and casino.

WILLIAM A. Clark and Francis "Borax" Smith were also personalities of the "old school." Borax Smith had neglected Death Valley for years, his main interest was the desert borate mines. But these mines were nearing exhaustion! Borax Smith decided it was time to build a railroad to open his Lila C. deposit in the Funeral Mountains, just east of Death Valley.

He would connect with the Santa Fe at Ludlow, California, and run a branch to the gold mines in the Bullfrog district. He mentioned this to Senator Clark over a glass of "red eye."

Clark's bushy eyebrows raised, "Where are you going to build from?"

Casually Borax Smith replied, "Probably from Ludlow on the Santa Fe. You know we used to operate borax works up that way at a place called Amargosa."

After another drink of red eye, he continued. "Hauled it to Daggett with twenty mule teams and then shipped it to Alameda. Made money on it too!"

The senator's forehead wrinkled as he listened. "I got me a engineer, young fella named C. N. Rasor who can really survey a line," Borax Smith then went on, "John Ryan can build it wherever Rasor surveys it."

Senator Clark relaxed and nodded, "I don't doubt that, Mr. Smith," he agreed. "But you wouldn't be averse to using an easier, shorter route, now, would you?"

Borax Smith hit the bar with his hand, "No, but what do you mean to say?"

Senator Clark cleared his throat, threw out his chest, and spoke. "There's a station, Las Vegas, on my line about ninety miles due east of your Lila C. By curving up a little to the north around the Charlestons, you could run a railroad in there for about two-thirds of what it would cost you from the south."

Borax Smith tossed off his red eye. "Go on, Senator!" he waved, "Go on!"

Setting his glass on the bar, the Senator went on. "Grade the whole roadbed easy with mules and a few scrapers. You could throw a spur into that new camp of Rhyolite, and pick up some freight business there. I've got a small interest in Rhyolite, but a big interest in the S. P., L. A. & S. L. Railroad. I'd like to have such a feeder for my road."

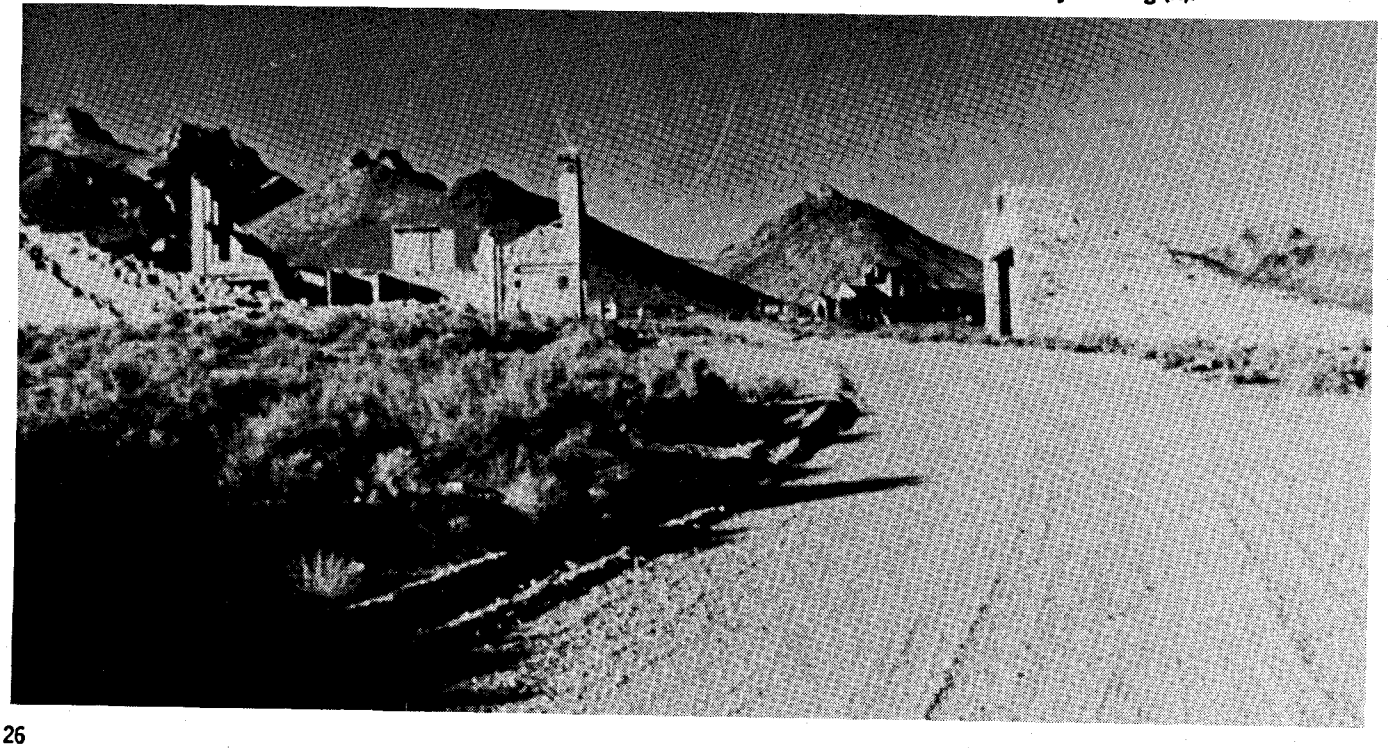
"I'll look into it," Smith agreed.

He did. Smith took Ryan with him into the desert. As soon as he had driven across the easy miles from Las Vegas to the Lila C., he approved the route. Rasor and his crew were put on the job immediately. Soon Ryan had grading operations in progress.

Las Vegas was little more than a siding, but there was plenty of good water. It had been filed upon by Walter Bracken for the Clark brothers' railroad, and later a townsite was laid out by Bracken. In 1905 the town was a single row of buildings facing the railroad track. No trees, swimming pools, or casinos in those days! Such a town felt the stimulation of prosperity given it by a small railroad grading gang.

Both Las Vegas and Rhyolite were delighted with the idea. Then came the

Remains of Golden Street with J. S. Cook & Co. Bank (l.) and the facade of the Overbury Building (r.).



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shock! Grading ceased abruptly!

Borax Smith's grading crews had advanced several miles across the desert. The foreman tried to hook up with the Clark railroad for the laying of ties and rails, but was arbitrarily warned away by Clark's men. Immediately a report was made to Borax Smith. Smith, mad as a hornet, burned the telegraph wires with messages to Clark's office in New York.

The return messages were polite and gave no real information. Senator Clark had gone to Europe, but no one knew where in Europe, or when he would be back.

Borax Smith was smoking with anger! He sent a trusted agent to New York, where Clark's office staff smiled smugly when Smith's agent said, "It's rather odd, isn't it? A business man supposed to be worth $100,000,000 with mining, banking, and railroad interests extending over half the world, completely out of touch with his offices? I don't belive it!"

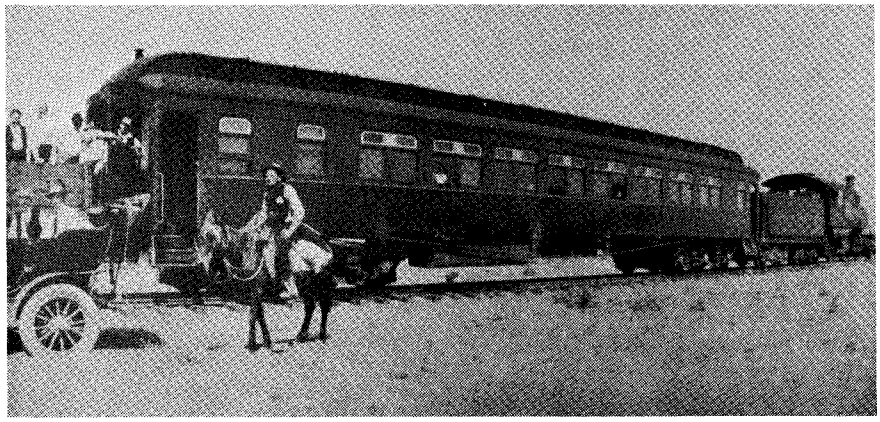
Cable messages to numerous European cities failed to find the clever senator. Only one fact was clear! The proposed Borax Smith line could not connect with the senator's railroad at Las Vegas.

Finally, a few days later Rhyolite's disappointment was relieved, and the mystery was solved.

Senator Clark had started his own branch railroad from Las Vegas. It was to be known as the Las Vegas & Tonopah Railway.

It was a time-honored and profit-proven business method on the part of William Andrews Clark.

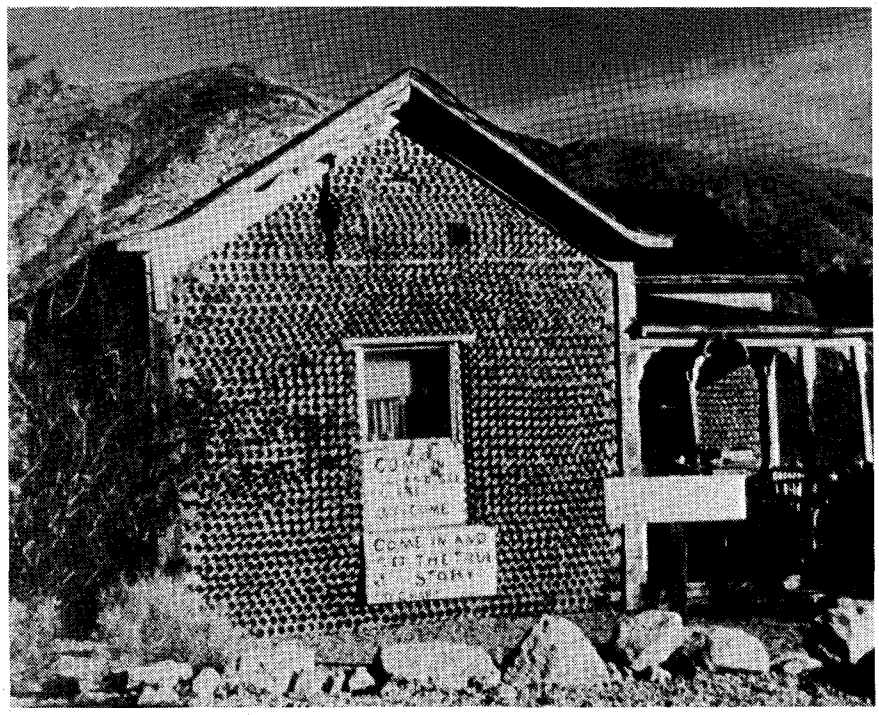
U. S. Borax Co. Photo



A desert stop for the Tonopah and Tidewater in 1908.

One of the last remains of the Las Vegas and Tonopah right-of-way in the desert.

The Bottle House Museum as it is today.



When he'd taken his first millions out of Butte, Montana, he'd learned to permit the adjacent mines to sink their shafts a little ahead of his own. Then the water in his workings would seep down into their mines, and save him the pumping costs. He saved a lot of pumping expenses and he had the advantage of their underground explorations as well.

At Las Vegas, he was willing to have Borax Smith start a railroad to tap the Bullfrog district, but he wanted that railroad and its contributory business for himself. Smith provided him with many miles of free survey and grade.

BUT Borax Smith was capable of adjusting to the shifting of the desert sands beneath his feet. He promptly made a deal with the Santa Fe. Rasor was instructed to proceed with the survey of a right-of-way north from Ludlow, through the difficult Amargosa Canyon, then run a spur to the Lila C. borax deposit, and an extension to the Bullfrog mining district.

Rhyolite was delighted and overjoyed, to put it mildly! Now the town was promised not *(Continued on page* **48**)

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a good day

Oklahoma Historical Society

(1) Ike Rogers (2) Clint Scales (3) Bill Smith (4) Dick Crittenden (5) Cherokee Bill (6) Zeke Crittenden.

He stood on the gallows with a rope around his neck and said, "I came here to die, not to make a speech."

CRAWFORD GOLDSBY, alias Cherokee Bill, was born February 8, 1876, and died March 17, 1896, at the end of a rope. He had lived a short life, but a desperate one drenched with the blood of his fellow men.

Cherokee Bill's father was George Goldsby, a soldier in the Tenth Cavalry, United States Regular Army. His mother's maiden name was Ellen Beck. He was part Cherokee, part white and part Mexican.

Cherokee's parents separated while he was still very young and he lived with an elderly nurse in Fort Gibson until he was seven years old. He was then sent away to school at Cherokee, Kansas for three years and from there to a Catholic Indian school at Carlisle, Pennsylvania until he was twelve.

Up to this time, while he was not considered a model youth, neither was he considered bad, and under proper guidance for the next few years he might have become a useful citizen.

But his mother had remarried in the meantime and there was no place for Cherokee in the new home. So he drifted around, staying first one place then another, learning new vices along the way. Chief among them was a strong taste for the white man's firewater.

Even so, people still living in Fort Gibson today recall that Cherokee's mother claimed he was blamed for a lot of trouble for which he was not responsible. This, she felt, contributed to his taking the wrong road.

By the time he was eighteen Cherokee was big, brawny and lustful, wholly uncurbed. In his own opinion he was wild and wooly and couldn't be curried. And, since his mother had taught him, "Stand up for your rights; don't let anyone impose on you," it was to be expected that sooner or later he would meet trouble head on. And he did!

At a dance in the Oldtown section of Fort Gibson, in the Cherokee Nation, he and a man named Jake Lewis, who was about twice Cherokee's age, quarreled over a girl. Cherokee felt imposed upon. He invited the man outside and although he was younger and heavier his youth was against him. Lewis gave him a terrible beating. Cherokee learned fast. Fists were not nearly as good as guns for fighting. A couple of days later he got hold of a six-shooter and put two slugs into Mr. Lewis. Certain that he had killed his man, Cherokee jumped on his horse and got the hell out

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for dying

by M. P. Lehman

of there as fast as the animal would carry him.

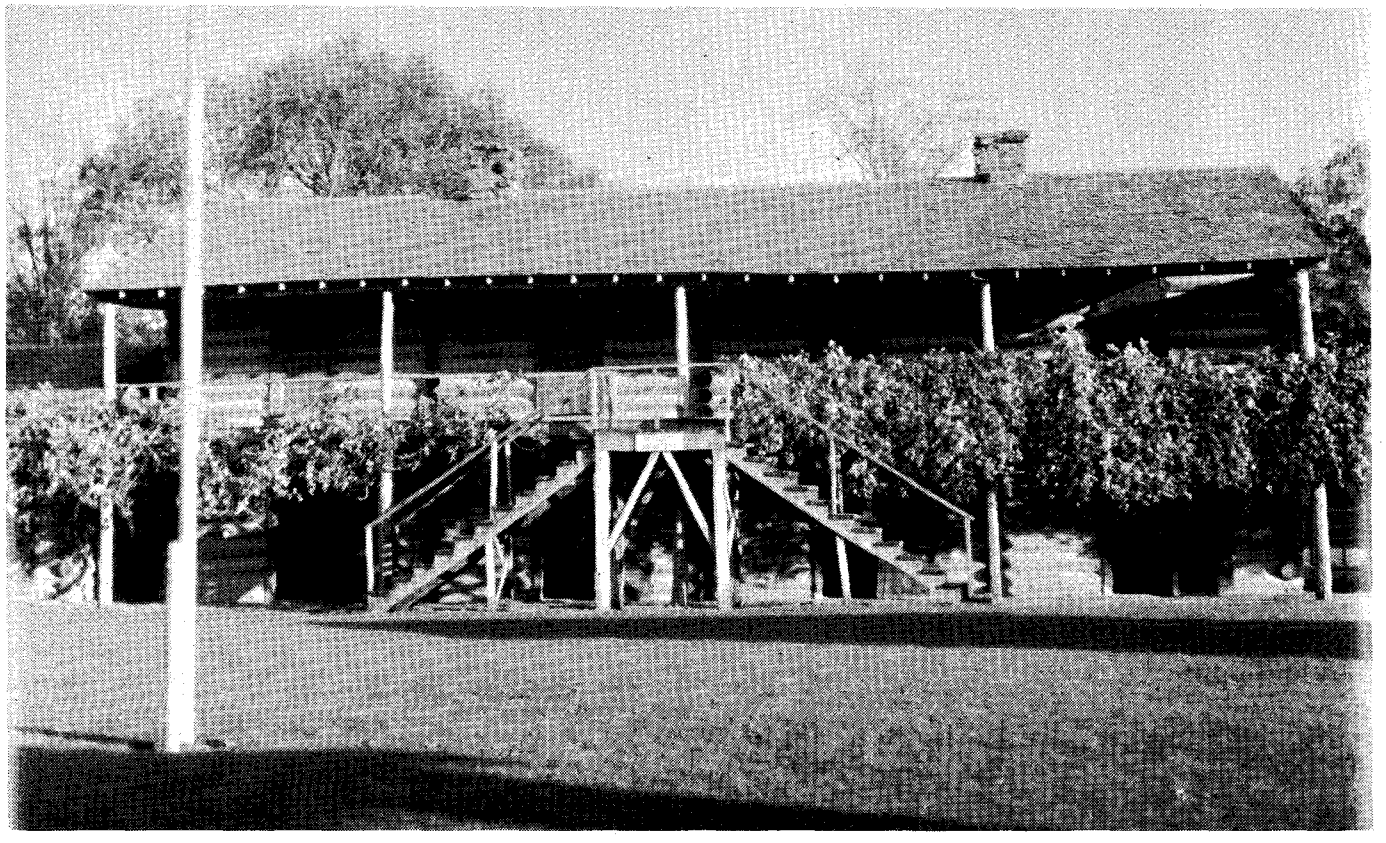
He drifted into the Creek Nation where he met up with Jim and Bill Cook, who later organized the Cook gang of desperados.

Shortly after this, in June of 1894, the Treasurer of the Cherokee Nation at Tahlequah, E. E. Starr, began distributing money from the United States Government in payment for the Cherokee Strip. This distribution was being made to the Cherokee Indian citizens and the Cooks and Cherokee each were to draw $265.70. They wanted their shares but since Tahlequah was near Fort Gibson where Cherokee so recently had been in trouble, and where the marshals held a larceny warrant for Jim Cook, it was too dangerous for them to appear in person.

They went to Half-way House on Fourteen Mile Creek and gave Effie Crittenden, who ran the place, an order for their money which she collected for them. They hung around a couple of days intending to leave after dark of the second day. However the Federal marshals had learned of their whereabouts and acted accordingly. They sent a posse of seven men led by Cherokee Tribal Sheriff Ellis Rattling Gourd to pick up Jim Cook. But Cherokee's "Good" God had kept his medicine good and Cherokee saved the day. The posse had fortified itself with liquid courage and approached the (Continued on page 56)

Cherokee Capitol Building where the payment for the Cherokee Strip was being disbursed.

Restoration of the Officers' Quarters at Fort Smith where Cherokee Bill was held. *Author's Photos*



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Afraid of being maimed or killed defending his country, he was

by George Spanner

GO WEST

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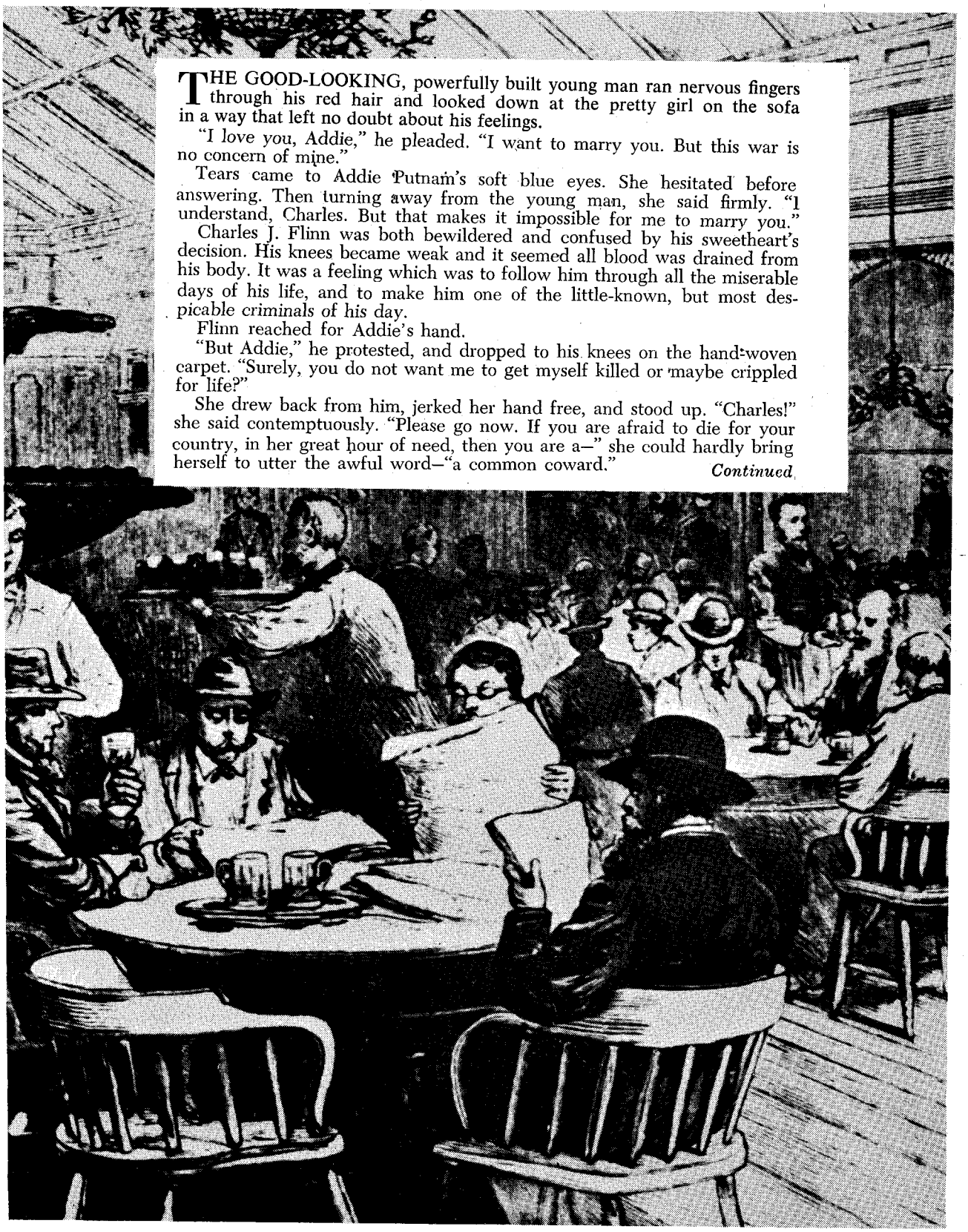

THE GOOD-LOOKING, powerfully built young man ran nervous fingers through his red hair and looked down at the pretty girl on the sofa in a way that left no doubt about his feelings.

"I love you, Addie," he pleaded. "I want to marry you. But this war is no concern of mine."

Tears came to Addie Putnam's soft blue eyes. She hesitated before answering. Then turning away from the young man, she said firmly. "I understand, Charles. But that makes it impossible for me to marry you."

Charles J. Flinn was both bewildered and confused by his sweetheart's decision. His knees became weak and it seemed all blood was drained from his body. It was a feeling which was to follow him through all the miserable days of his life, and to make him one of the little-known, but most despicable criminals of his day.

Flinn reached for Addie's hand.

"But Addie," he protested, and dropped to his knees on the hand-woven carpet. "Surely, you do not want me to get myself killed or maybe crippled for life?"

She drew back from him, jerked her hand free, and stood up. "Charles!" she said contemptuously. "Please go now. If you are afraid to die for your country, in her great hour of need, then you are a—" she could hardly bring herself to utter the awful word—"a common coward."

Continued

spurned by the woman he loved and went west to become a killer

YOUNG KILLER

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She said she couldn't love a man who was a coward.

"But Addie," he protested again.

"Please!" she extended her small hand, her finger pointing rigidly toward the door. "Please, leave me."

He got up from his knees slowly. He couldn't bring himself to believe that Addie Putnam, the girl who had promised to marry him, was actually cancelling her promise because he had refused to join the New Hampshire forces which were answering the call of President Lincoln to defend the Union. As he walked slowly to the door there came a sudden flash of spirit. He turned and his greenish eyes narrowed. "I'll make you sorry," he shouted and strode out into the cold New Hampshire night.

By the time he had walked the three miles to the Flinn farm, Charles had decided to leave New Hampshire forever. He would leave Addie Putnam. He would go to California where there was plenty of gold, and plenty of other women.

California, because of the delicate political situation at the time, had been officially exempted from sending troops for the Civil War. He could forget the war and devote his time to gold and women.

It took a week for Charles to borrow all the money he could from his family and friends, and to empty the blue crockery jar in the cupboard where Grandma Flinn kept a wad of greenbacks and some gold coins against the day "when you'll have to lay me away." With it, he had more than enough to pay his passage overland to California.

For fear that Grandma Flinn might discover the theft of her burial money, Charles dropped the name of Flinn and became Charles Mortimer, a name he carried the rest of his life. And as Charley Mortimer, young, handsome, and with a freshly-grown red beard, he stepped off the train in St. Joseph, Missouri, the end of the railroad, to take passage on the next Wells Fargo's Overland Mail stage to Sacramento.

In St. Joseph, still burning from the sting of Addie's denouncement of him, Charley was ripe for the suggestive wink and smile of the buxom young woman who tripped along the boardwalk in front of the hotel porch where he sat. He jumped up from the much-whittled bench and followed her in bold strides.

It was Charley's first real experience with a thing of this sort and it suddenly had a strange effect upon him. The boldness left his stride and he felt weak all over. By the time he caught up with her, down the dark side street, he was almost too limp to stand and his mouth was too dry to speak.

"Oh-o-o," she cooed, "you're more handsome than I thought." But almost instantly the experienced streetwalker saw that she need not waste coyness on gullible Charley. She grabbed his sleeve and led him into the blackness of the first alley, laughing at his puppy-like obedience.

Had Charley been half as experienced as the woman he would have known the game she was playing. But he was too inexperienced and too helplessly enamored to realize what was happening. Like an over-anxious school boy he reached for her. She submitted and then quickly wrenched free, just as the blow came down on the back of his head. By good fortune, Charley had left his money and valuables in the Wells-Fargo safe, except for his watch and a few dollars. He slunk back to his hotel room with a throbbing head and a humiliating memory he would not soon forget.

It was in the spring of 1861 that Charley Mortimer arrived in Sacramento. But he soon found that the roaring West was not what he expected. He had arrived at least ten years too late. There was a great change just beginning to settle over the untamed country.

A semblance of organization was coming out of the wild chaos of the Gold Rush Days. Every inch of ground of the Mother Lode Country was staked. Although mining was still the leading industry, people were beginning to till the fertile valleys and to graze cattle and sheep on the mountain slopes. There were no "easy diggings" left.

The thought of going to work in a mine, on a farm, or even in a business was repulsive to Charley. He didn't feel suited for that type of work. But then he found he wasn't suited to the most profitable illegal businesses either.

Next to the vices, train and stage coach robbery was the most profitable crime business. But both required living in the open, riding horses, and handling guns. Charley didn't like the open fire for his comfort, he couldn't ride well, and he had never handled a gun.

All this reduced Charley, when his money was gone, to resorting to petty crime—breaking into the flimsy wooden buildings of merchants, lifting the poke of a drunken miner, pilfering hotel rooms, and stealing from the girls in bawdy houses. It was a poor way to live, but it was the only way Charley knew at the time.

He took a particular delight in stealing from the brothel girls, for he had not forgotten Addie's denouncement of him and he often remembered the wench who lured him into the St. Joseph alley. It wasn't too difficult, nor too risky. The rooms of the girls were rarely locked and they spent their time in the main parlor when not serving a customer. And even if a girl suspected him she usually could not complain to the police, and her word would never be accepted in a court of honorable justice.

But one night in a house on H Street Charley got a surprise. He was digging through the drawers of a marble-topped washstand when the girl and a customer entered unexpectedly. The girl had just started to light her lamp when she saw Charley edging toward a window. She screamed and leaped upon him with the fury of a young tigress.

"Shut up?" Charley shouted at her and crashed his heavy hand into her face.

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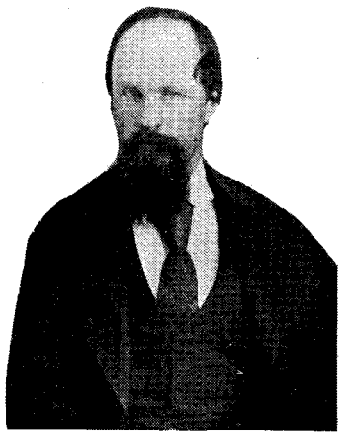
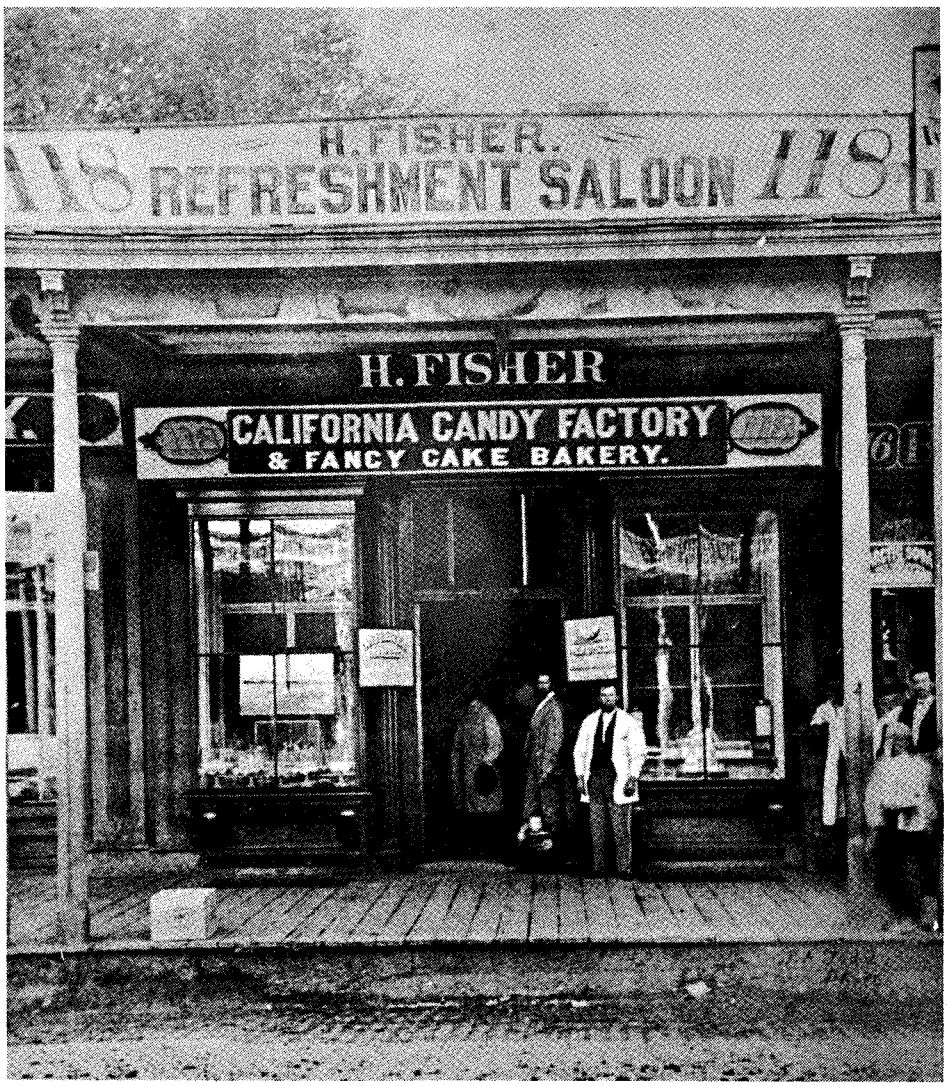
Charlie Flinn went away.



William Flinn, Charlie's brother.



Sacramento street scene was typical of the rip-roaring city of Flinn's time.

The girl sprawled to the floor. The man, who could not condone another man striking a woman, fired point-blank at Charley. Charley never knew why the man failed to hit him, nor how he got through the window. There were two other shots from the window and Charley expected to feel himself fall with each step.

Unfortunately for the State of California and many of its citizens, both good and bad, the man was a poor shot and Charley got away. But he got farther away than from the house. He got away from Sacramento fast, and arrived in San Francisco a week later.

Patrick Crowley was then serving as second chief of police of San Francisco. He had succeeded James Curtis, who had been chief of the Vigilantes up until their disbandment in 1856. As a result of the violent pursing of the Vigilantes, San Francisco was struggling to become a city of law and order, and having some success.

Most of the under-sized police department were honest, a tremendous forward stride, but they were all poorly equipped and totally untrained. Thieves who stole from respectable merchants, and men who insulted or attacked the virtuous women, were persistently and doggedly hounded. But gambling, prostitution, and honorable murder still flourished despite the efforts of the police.

Charley found things tougher in San Francisco than he had found them in Sacramento. He actually did a few days work around the docks while he got used to the unfamiliar city. But soon he was rolling drunks and committing other petty crimes.

Charley struck it lucky one night when he knocked over Conrad Phiester, a miner who had come to town, in an alley behind a saloon, and got almost $800. But he struck it unlucky when he happened to pick a redheaded girl in a Market Street house to help him spend some of it.

Katie really didn't care where the money came from, as long as she got the benefit of it, but she asked Charley about it simply because he was weak and placid in her arms, as he had always been in any woman's arms. He told her, even relating details in a moment of boasting.

It wouldn't have mattered, if Katie hadn't been caught in a clean-up raid the next day and had to get herself out of the jail. She gave the cops Charley in return for her freedom.

Convicted of the robbery, Charley swore vengeance on Katie as they sent him across the bay to the state prison at San Quentin. There they gave him a striped suit and shaved half of his head, leaving him his red beard in full.

It is not known just how Charley Mortimer got his release from San Quentin, but he only served a little more than a year.

Although the experience was bitter, it was not altogether lost time for Charley. On the (Continued on page 57)

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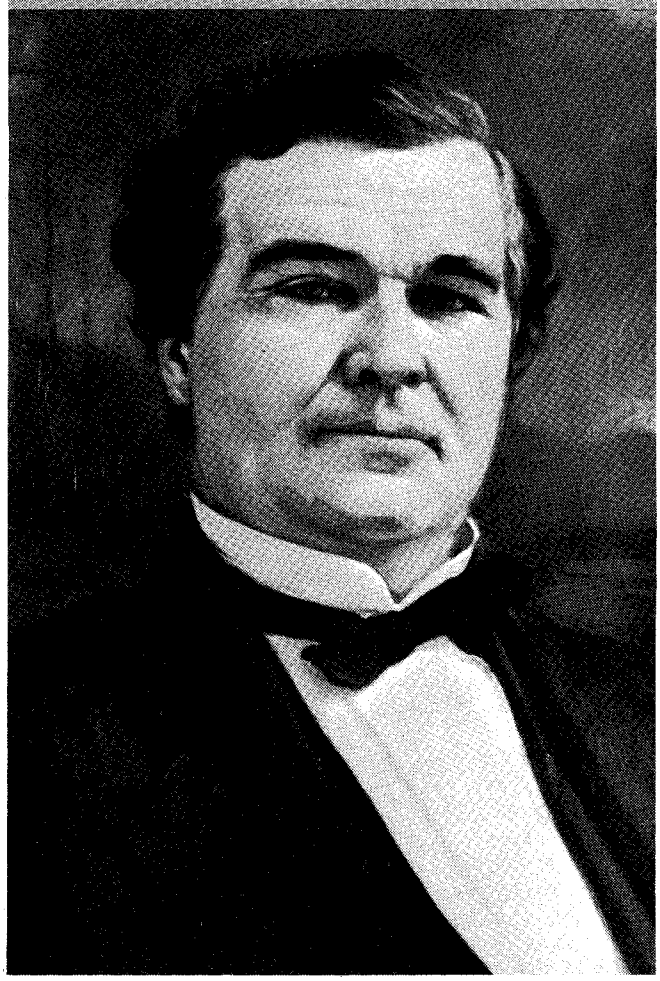
EDWARD CREIGHTON
SINGING WIRE CHIEF

by Joe Koller

This man has been elected to the Hall of Fame of Great Westerners of the National Cowboy Hall of Fame and Western Heritage Center at Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

Photo courtesy Cowboy Corporate, Omaha



Mr. Edward Creighton, from a painting.

BUILDER OF THE FIRST TRANS CONTINENTAL TELEGRAPH LINE; EARLY RANCHER

OMAHA HAD GROWN a great deal since 1856 when Ed Creighton first saw the frontier settlement. Now, four years later, many more houses were scattered over the mud hills and river front.

At 40, Ed Creighton was a tall, sturdy Irishman with much of life's struggle behind him. He stood between a saddled chestnut gelding and a bay mare already loaded with travel packs. As the Council Bluffs, Iowa, ferry approached the Nebraska side of the Missouri River the crowd on the cluttered wharf called out for any news the passengers might have heard.

"Lincoln is elected," someone on the ferry shouted back.

Creighton frowned as he realized the significance of those words. If Omaha had not heard the election returns, some spiteful partisan must have cut the Missouri & Western line, the telegraph service Creighton had recently completed to connect Omaha with St. Louis. Ed Creighton, America's leading line builder, had constructed much of the network that existed between New York and New Orleans.

When he rode out of Omaha that morning in November, 1860, some observers wondered where he was going, heading west on the Mormon Trail in the face of winter? Indians, renegades, and blizzards were hazards to a lone traveler.

Most camp sites on the Trail had a cabin to shelter freighters on night stops. Creighton entered one, cooked a meal in its fireplace, studied his map, and reflected on his grand scheme. To anchor California to the rest of the Union with a telegraph wire was but the first leg of Creighton's grand project. Two efforts to span the Atlantic Ocean by cable had failed. Ed Creighton believed he could reach Europe by a land route. From California his line would go north through Canada, cross Russian Alaska, cable the Bering Strait to Siberia, advance over Russia proper, and come down into the capitals of Europe. First he must complete the long line to California. He was now scouting a route for that line.

The freeway across Nebraska Territory followed the Platte River. The Mormon Trail lay on its north side and the Oregon Road flanked it on the south. On this trip west, Creighton planned to contact forts, mines, camps and especially Denver and the Mormon settlement in Utah, all of which might become users of telegraph service.

To get to Fort Kearney, Creighton forded the icy river and, misjudging its depth, got his boots full of water.

Fort Kearney's commander visited while Creighton dried his boots. If the old fort were abandoned, the captain pointed out, Dobytown would develop into a trade center. Travelers, hunters, trappers, soldiers, and freighters more or less hibernated through the winter at Dobytown.

Riding six miles up the valley, Creighton found himself amidst the dirt roofed cabins and shacks of Dobytown. It looked drab and deserted although smoke came from chimneys and dogs set up a barking chorus. He hitched his horses on the wind protected side of the biggest building and, after reading its sign, entered.

A dozen pair of eyes fixed on him. Creighton turned his back to the flaming hearth to study the place. On one side was a lean-to kitchen, on the other side a bar. Tables between were used for eating and games. A ladder on the side wall

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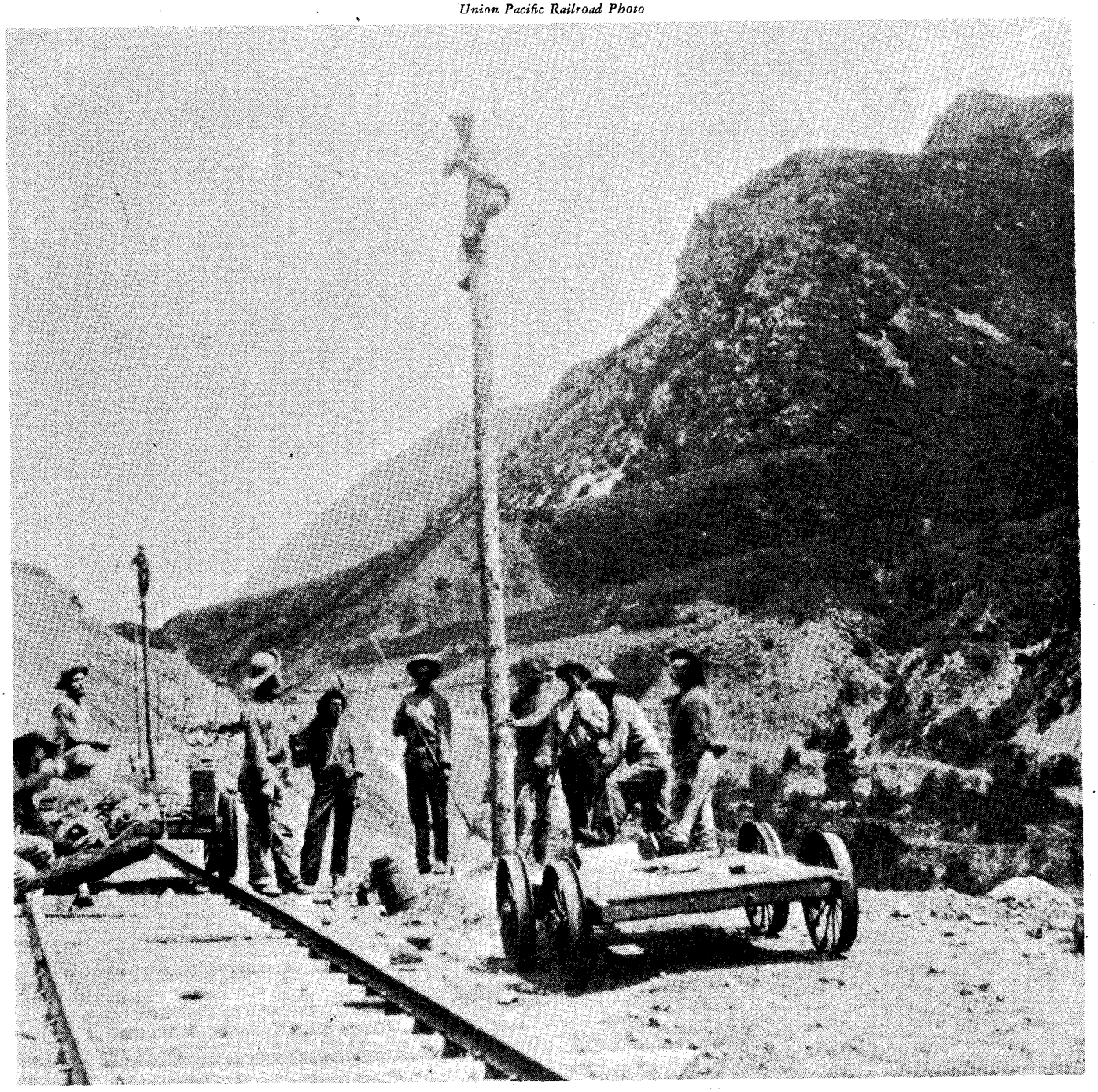
Union Pacific Railroad Photo



Workers building a telegraph line in Weber Canyon, Utah, during the construction of the Union Pacific Railroad.

IN THE PLATTE VALLEY; FREIGHTER AND DEVELOPER OF THE NORTHERN PLAINS

led to an open loft where bedrolls were spread on the floor.

A slovenly woman came out of the kitchen to join the men who were silently watching him. It was evident by Creighton's approach with no mining tools in his pack, that he was not a prospector.

At his request for food, the woman went into the kitchen and started to carve slices from a buffalo roast. She served it with bread, beans, and coffee.

The news that Lincoln had been elected started comment and questions. Two men left to tell others the news.

Creighton explained about the telegraph line he had in mind. It brought frowns. One whiskered character said a man should have the right to make a new start out West without a telegraph contraption to tell a law man where he could be picked up. There were agreeing nods.

Creighton ate in silence. Officers of the law, he surmised, would become users of the line service. After the meal, Creighton left a silver dollar on the table, buttoned his fleece lined coat, pulled down his muskrat cap, and went out the door.

The pack horse was missing! Her hitch rope had been cut. As he mounted the chestnut, Creighton noticed his new rifle had also been stolen. Seeing faces at the window, he sent the horse forward with a jab of spurs.

The new shoes made the pack mare's tracks identifiable. Her trail led to the river side where naked cottonwoods

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The camera was pointed east on Mormon Street when this picture was taken in 1860.

screened observation. It appeared that one rider was leading the mare and a follower was whipping her into a gallop. After a couple of miles the thieves took to the clean ice along the shore. In haste to recover his property, Ed Creighton doubled back thinking the thieves would return to Dobytown. Finding no tracks coming out of the river, he returned to the ice entry point and rode along the up-river bank. He discovered the place where broken ice indicated the horse party crossed the river.

Creighton decided to follow. His mount showed fear of the broken ice and the flow of deep, fast water in midstream.

Creighton using his spurs, coaxed, "We can go where they can." At the forward movement of horse and rider the ice gave way under their combined weight. At the same moment Creighton heard a rifle crack on the north bank. Horse and rider collapsed into the cold, deep flow, the horse kicking in death throes.

EDWARD CREIGHTON, son of James and Bridget was born August 31st, 1820, at Barnesville, Ohio. His parents were Irish emigrants who met and married after they came to America. Edward was the fifth of nine children born to the couple. Thanks to a pious mother, all the family were devout Catholics. John A. Creighton, the youngest brother, was to be honored with the church title of "Count" by the Pope of Rome. John also became Ed's partner in Creighton's Nebraska enterprises.

In every age, conditions and circumstances govern the family way of life. Ed, an aggressive youngster, managed to get through the fifth grade in school and then became self employed. He became a prize fighter and took part in many matches. In a few years, Ed was teaching John, his kid brother, the manly art in exchange for tutoring in subjects of higher learning. During those years, one of Ed's friends was Phil Sheridan who later became a famous Civil War general.

In his early teens, Ed had been a package delivery boy after school. From savings he bought a pony and cart which speeded his service and permitted a larger area of operation. Eventually his father complimented Ed's business acumen by replacing the pony cart with a team and wagon.

Ed Creighton became a free lance freighter. He hauled cargo to other towns and even adjoining states. Return loads made for a better payoff. In summer Ed hauled grain for Ohio farmers. One day while hauling a rack of straw to the flailing site he saw men setting tall posts in a row. Creighton pulled reins.

"Why such a high fence?" he asked.

That was how he learned about telegraph lines.

In 1843 Congress put up a wire line from Washington to Baltimore for an inventor. On May 24th, 1844, Samuel F. B. Morse used his dot-and-dash equipment to send a message from Washington to Baltimore by wire. Telegraph, the new wonder, found ready sponsors and a number of short lines were built to connect cities.

In 1846 Ed Creighton gave up freighting to become a road builder. He contracted to repair the National Turnpike between Springfield, Ohio, and Cumberland, Maryland. He first entered the telegraph business by contracting to deliver poles and wire to new lines. Soon he became a line builder with crews at his command. Between 1847 and 1859 Creighton built thousands of miles of lines that connected Buffalo, Louisville, St. Louis, Chicago, Pittsburgh, Cincinnati and other cities.

In 1856 Creighton visited Omaha for the first time and was so enthused with its potential that he decided to make it his future home. He returned to Ohio, closed out his business affairs, married Miss Lucretia Wareham, and returned to line construction jobs. Creighton, a good judge of men, selected dependable supervisors to handle his contracts.

To make wire service more efficient, a number of independent short lines pooled their equipment into one system and it became Western Union. Ed Creighton built much of the Union's expansion lines and in return took shares of stock as partial payment. Eventually his stock holdings

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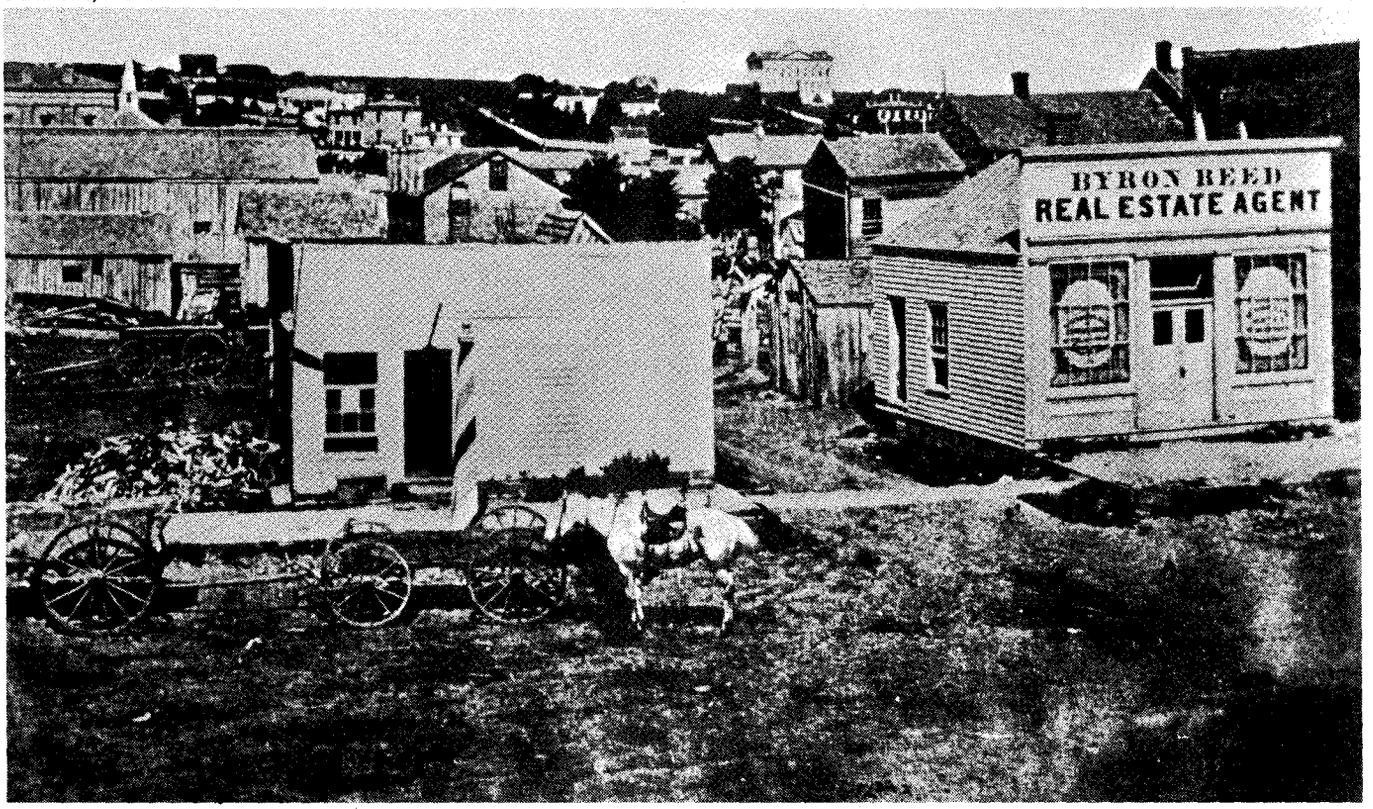
Union Pacific Railroad Photos



This scene shows Omaha's 14th Street between Farnam and Douglas Streets in 1862.

helped to make Edward Creighton a very wealthy man.

At a meeting in Cincinnati during July of 1860, Ed Creighton told associates of his plan to connect California with the East by telegraph. It would be the longest wire line in the world. Business associates Ezra Cornell and banker Hiram Sivley called the idea impractical and too costly. Jeptha H. Wade, president of Western Union, liked the idea of a coast to coast service. How to finance it?

Ed Creighton thought the Federal Government should be interested since a Government permit would be required to cross public domain.

Wade and Creighton spent months contacting men in the outgoing Buchanan administration.

"No," was always the answer. It was an election year. The Pony Express had solved the mail speed-up problem. The slavery issues had Congress in turmoil. It was "No" to reasoning. "No" to arguments.

As a last resort Creighton and Wade presented their plan to the War Department. A top general liked the idea of having army posts on the West overland route connected by telegraph. A deal was concocted by which the general offered to underwrite the expense of a survey trip to outline a route and form some estimate of building costs and problems. His part in the survey had to be kept secret since public knowledge of any Army aid in the venture could start a scandal and embarrass the War Department.

Ed Creighton, most qualified to judge the route and estimate costs of construction, resolved to make the winter excursion alone.

During the 1860 Christmas holidays his partner, Mr. Wade, received a letter from a doctor in Denver. Edward Creighton was a very sick man. Some mining men had brought Creighton to Denver by private coach. It appeared that when Ed's horse had been shot from under him he had boosted himself from a death trap and crawled over bordering ice. The wet clothes froze stiff on his body as he walked to Dobytown. Lung fever developed and his life hung in balance. At Creighton's request, the woman who was nursing him, had urged the engineers' coach party to take him to a doctor in Denver. That was the new settlement on Cherry Creek.

Still weak and emaciated, in March, Creighton rode by coach to Fort Laramie, Wyoming. Once more he became a rider with a pack animal on the trail route headed west. He topped the Continental Divide in a spring storm, then followed the Mormon Trail through the Wasatch Mountains to Salt Lake City, land of the Latter Day Saints.

PRESIDENT BRIGHAM Young welcomed the idea of the telegraph that Ed Creighton felt certain would become a reality. Creighton made a tentative contract with the Mormon leader to supply labor and poles at a certain price. In return Young offered to buy the teams and wagons that the construction gangs would bring with them as part of their transportation equipment. This was agreeable to both and they shook hands on it.

As he mapped the route, Creighton often deviated from the established roads to select short cuts over ridges and across canyons. With a wagon and team he left Salt Lake City to explore the barren prairie in search of the Humboldt River trail leading into the salt deserts of the Paiute country of Nevada.

Creighton found the river and made good time, then departing from its route to scout short cuts for the telegraph line, he got lost. Twelve days after Ed Creighton left Salt Lake, a prospector brought him into Carson City, Nevada, more dead than alive.

There was further delay as he recuperated before trying to cover the hazardous ground over the Sierra Nevada Range, where many Forty-niners lost their lives. He finally made it with the help of a guide and a sure footed mule. Ed Creighton was a trail-worn, bearded skeleton when he reached California.

President Jeptha H. Wade of the Western Union Telegraph Company met Creighton in Sacramento. Wade had gone by ship down the Atlantic **(Continued on page 62)**

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Justice was a sometime thing in the Old West where mob rule

trial by fury

ROUGH AND READY, a riotous boom camp in northern California, seceded from the Union in 1850, long before the Southern states made the custom fashionable. The move was precipitated by a rascally Yankee who fled the area before he was hanged.

But before the Rough and Ready had indicated that it deserved the mantle of its name, two Indians had been lynched there and one white man had barely escaped mob justice.

The white man was being dragged to the foot of a tree when two strangers appeared, Bill Stewart and Jack Watson.

"Stop! You have the wrong man. Release him," Stewart yelled. "What do you want to hang an innocent man for?"

The mob faltered, then stopped while men looked at one another. Typically, the mob faced determined leadership along with good sense. No one in the crowd stopped to analyse the fact that neither Stewart nor Watson knew anything about the case whatever. Proving that they were just as easily led one way as the other, the mob released the miner. He was held for another trial and Stewart, who later became the U. S. Senator from Nevada, defended him contending that he already had been put in peril of the law and a man couldn't be tried twice for the same crime. The miner was acquitted and freed. No one remembered until long after he had left the area that the real question of his guilt or innocence had never been examined!

This incident was typical of the days when trial by fury prevailed in the West.

But the miners were not to be denied in the case of the two Indians, who had allegedly murdered a miner named Emanuel Comstock, from Mineral Point, Wisconsin. The mob exacted its vengeance by hanging the Indians from the nearest tree.

In Rough and Ready, as in most other sections of the early West, punishment might not always be just but it was certain, swift and sure when applied by miners' courts. Seldom was anyone present who had even a smattering of judicial procedure. Most officials and juries were selected by popular acclaim rather than by any qualifications. Hanging wasn't exacted because of sheer mob sadism but rather because criminals had to be impressed with the fact that dire punishment was exacted from those who fractured the crude laws of the mining camps. Besides, there were usually no jails in which miscreants could be confined. Penalties had to be confined to banishment, whipping or the extreme penalty.

A suspended sentence meant only that a criminal would be suspended from an oak tree.

DRY DIGGINGS received an ominous change of name because of the punishment meted out to some thieves, according to an account written by Gould Buffum, in "Six Months in the Gold Mines," published in 1850. He wrote:

"We received a report on the afternoon of January 20th, (1849), that five men had been arrested at the dry diggings, and were under trial for a robbery. The circumstances were these:

"A Mexican gambler, named Lopez, having in his possession a large amount of money, retired to his room at night, and was surprised about midnight by five men rushing into his apartment. One applied a pistol to his head, while the others barred the door and proceeded to rifle his trunk. An alarm being given, some of the citizens rushed in, and arrested the whole party. Next day they were tried by a jury chosen from among the miners, and sentenced to receive 39 lashes each on the following morning.

"Never having witnessed a punishment inflicted by lynch law, I went over to the dry diggings . . . and found a man with a bared back, while another was applying raw cowhide to his already gored flesh . . . After the whole had been flogged, some fresh charges were preferred against three of

Denver Public Library Western Collection

Lynching of George Wetherell on December 4th, 1888, at Canon City, Colo., for the murder of man named McCain.

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the men, two Frenchmen named Garcia and Bissel, and a Chileno, named Manuel.

"These were charged with robbery and attempted murder . . . The unhappy men, so weak from their punishment as to be unable to stand, were stretched upon the floor. As it was not possible for them to attend, they were tried in the open air, in their absence, by a crowd of some 200 men, who had organized themselves into a jury, and appointed a *pro tempore* judge.

"The charges against them were well substantiated, but amounted to nothing more than an attempt at robbery; no overt act being even alleged . . ."

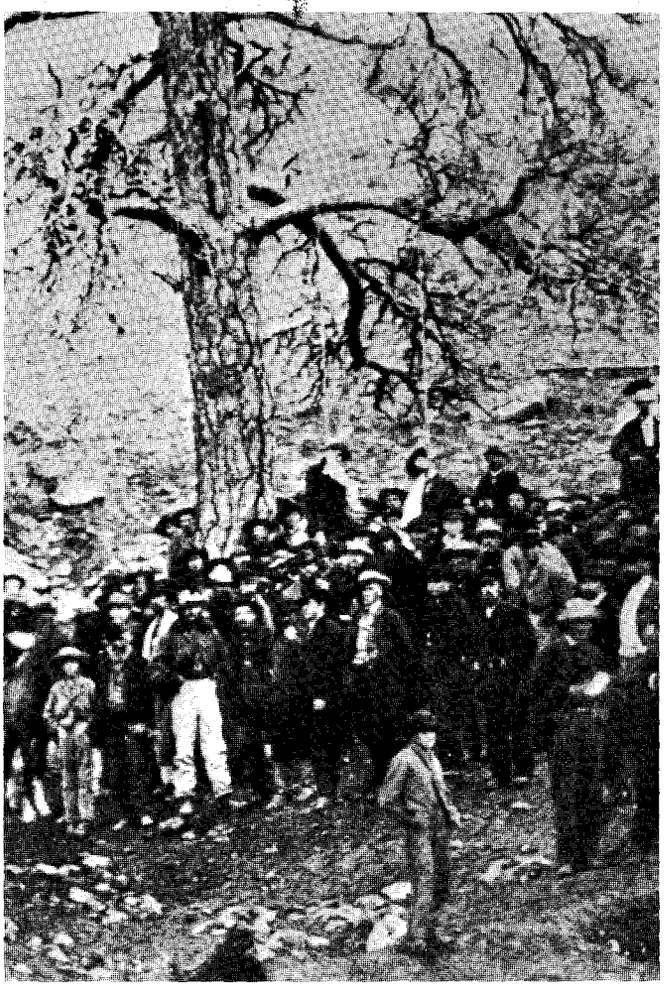
Buffum then goes on to observe on their bad reputation being considered a part of the evidence and that the general sentiment was that they should be gotten rid of. The trial lasted no more than 30 minutes.

"What punishment shall be inflicted?"

A brutal looking fellow in the crowd cried out: *"Hang them! Hang them!"*

Buffum then mounted a stump and made a stirring plea in behalf of the men who had already received as much punishment as the human body could be expected to endure. But the crowd, many of whom were now drunk both with liquor and the excitement of the event, shouted Buffum down and the victims were allowed 30 minutes in which to prepare themselves.

"Hangman's Tree" at Helena, Montana.



Montana Historical Society

Three ropes appeared and were attached to the limb of the tree. The prisoners were marched out, all of them being helped because of their disabilities from the lashings, placed upon a wagon, and the ropes put about their necks. No time was given them for explanation, and since none of them understood much English no one understood or cared what they said.

A black handkerchief was bound about the eyes of each; their arms were pinioned, and at a given signal, without a priest or prayerbook, the wagon was drawn from under them, and they were launched into eternity. Their graves were dug ready to receive them, and when life was entirely extinct, they were cut down and buried in their blankets.

Dry Diggings was thereafter known as Hangtown, a title which was richly deserved, according to Buffum's lurid account of the horrendous treatment.

Several multiple lynchings are recorded in California's early history but one of the worst in the annals of all the West was the hanging of Juanita in Downieville during 1851.

Like many lurid tales of those times there is a great deal of confusion about the facts, and even grounds for questioning the name of the victim: some say it was Josefa. But what did it matter?

Juanita was a dance hall girl, a euphemism of the times, who lived with a man named José. Following a wild Fourth of July celebration, a gambler named Cannon decided to visit Juanita and when refused admittance, broke down the door. In the ensuing scuffle Cannon was fatally stabbed.

It did not take long for a drink inflamed crowd to assemble, seize, try and condemn Juanita to hang for Cannon's murder. A scaffold was rigged near the bridge, and Juanita given a few minutes to speak, protesting her innocence since, she said, Cannon had mistreated her. No one listened, and she raised her long braids to accommodate the noose.

"Adios, señores," she is supposed to have called as the trap was sprung. Perhaps she did. Perhaps there was justice in what was done. Perhaps not. The issue is still debated.

AS LATE as 1895 Judge Lynch was at work in California. On the night of August 25th, 1895 a mob stormed the jail at Yreka, Siskiyou County, California and took four prisoners out and hanged them on a railroad tie placed between trees. The four were William Null, Louis Moreno, Bill Johnson and Garland Semler, all charged with murder of individual men.

The four were taken out one at a time, Johnson being the first. Null was next and then Moreno. Last was William Semler, who was only 19. None was given a chance to make any last statement.

Mob rule extended all over the West. Over in Colorado a mob hanged George Wetherell at Canon City on December 4th, 1888. Wetherell was known to have killed many men, but he was hanged by a mob after he was accused of killing Jim McCarn from Pueblo on October 26th, 1888.

John Stoefel was the first man to be lynched by a mob in the Aurora area, after citizens of Denver crossed over Cherry Creek to right a wrong with a mob murder. Stoefel was accused of slaying his brother-in-law over a few dollars in gold dust. He was brought before the People's Court which was assembled among the cottonwood trees along the creek. Three judges were chosen from the crowd and they ascended the bench—a carpenter's bench commandeered for the occasion. The crowd was so large and interested that a rope had to be stretched from tree to tree to keep spectators from pushing the judges from their benches.

Attorneys for both sides were also selected and a jury was picked at random, the box being a log rolled to the site. The prisoner, Stoefel, sat alone on a stump by himself. Quickly found guilty as charged, Stoefel was condemned to be hanged that afternoon.

"Let's do it now. I have a rope," noisy Tom Pollock, the

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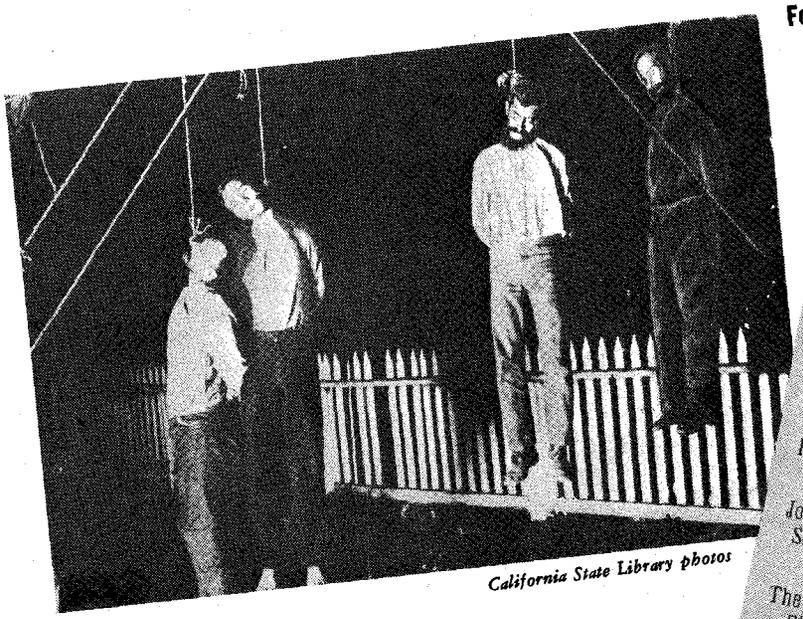
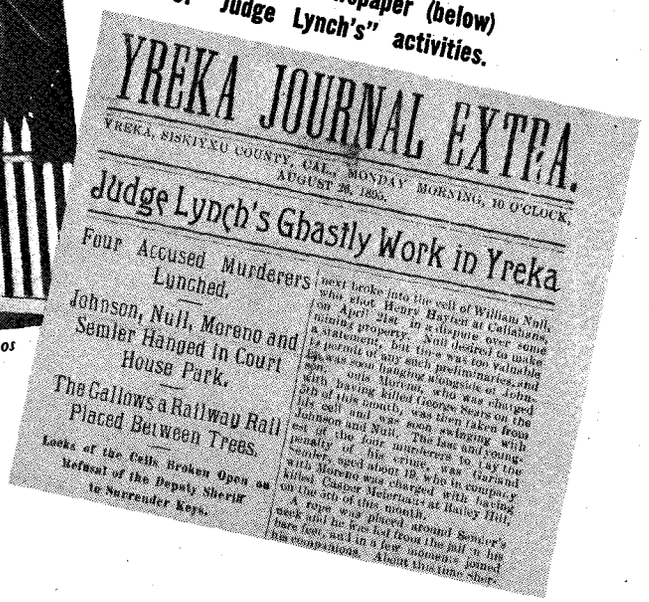
Four victims of "trial by fury."



California State Library photos

Yreka, California, newspaper (below) tells of "Judge Lynch's" activities.



YREKA JOURNAL EXTRA.

YREKA, SISKIYOU COUNTY, CAL., MONDAY MORNING, 10 O'CLOCK, AUGUST 26, 1855.

Judge Lynch's Ghastly Work in Yreka

Four Accused Murderers Lynched.

Johnson, Null, Moreno and Semler Hanged in Court House Park.

The Gallows a Railway Rail Placed Between Trees.

Looks of the Cells Broken Open on Refusal of the Deputy Sheriff to Surrender Keys.

blacksmith, yelled waving a length of Manila hemp. He volunteered to act as the executioner, a post which was quickly accorded him.

Stoefel requested a stay of his execution for 15 minutes to "arrange his spiritual affairs." It was granted him. General Larimer and the Reverend Fisher led Stoefel away to a large room above Wooton's saloon. The noisy crowd followed and was soon calling for its victim.

General Larimer berated the mob for not having the decency to allow Stoefel the few minutes he requested, and the mob sullenly quieted. At the end of the meditation and prayer time, Stoefel appeared and was marched in a hollow square towards the gallows which was a large cottonwood tree in St. Louis Street.

"Climb up on the wagon," Pollock ordered Stoefel. The prisoner did as he was bid and stood in the wagon as was customary for such occasions. As Pollock clumsily fitted the noose about Stoefel's neck, the doomed man began to speak. A final speech was usual.

Stoefel, a German immigrant who didn't have much command of the new language, spoke as best he could of past sins and prayed for forgiveness. His dialect moved the audience to great gusts of laughter. He was obliged again and again to stop and ask the crowd not to make sport of his faulty use of language. Pollock, as unfeeling as the rest, also interfered by asking Stoefel to move his head this way and that so as to get the best purchase with the hangman's knot. Stoefel was still talking when Pollock jumped down, and called:

"Whip 'em! Whip 'em!"

A lash was laid on the horses and the wagon jerked out from under Stoefel, who was still talking until his voice was squeezed off by the rope. He swung high into the air, choking and shaking with convulsions.

SUMMARY JUSTICE became quite common in Colorado because these men, with experiences in other sections of the Western gold fields, knew the salutary effect such punishment had on the conduct of the surviving miners.

One of the most celebrated executions in Colorado concerned James Gordon, whose story could be dealt with at some length. But his climactic end came about as a result of killing a man merely because he declined to drink with Gordon.

The killing brought about a wide-scale manhunt and Gordon escaped his pursuers several times but was finally nabbed and hanged before an audience which was estimated at several hundred. There was thundering applause when Gordon had been publicly strangled.

Colorado also had one case about which comment is still made. Names are of no importance because they, like Juanita's, might have become garbled in passing the tale from age to age. But the trial by fury was given to a man and wife after they were accused of murdering their adopted daughter. Evidence seemed ample to convict them by a voice vote and both man and wife were hanged at Ouray during January 1884.

It seemed a mark of onsetting civilization when lynching took the place of merely shooting a man. But justice was often dispensed according to whims, the crime involved and perhaps the availability of a tree or other scaffold.

As the railroad pushed across the continent to link the nation, Cheyenne, Wyoming, was the railhead for the winter of 1867 and 1868. Such watering places always attracted a number of thieves and assassins. Usually citizens put up with the criminals for a time, then began a clean-up. There were no vigilantes as such but there were spontaneous groups which ladled out law as they saw and thought fit.

Five men, four of them killers and one a horse thief, were used to decorate a derrick during the early months of 1868, and the crime wave mellowed into an ebb tide.

Later that year at Laramie, where the Union Pacific had its railhead, one young ruffian was hanged, but the outlawry continued. About mid-October the substantial elements in Laramie decided to move on the criminals, and squads searched the shanty town. Forty men were wise enough to leave town without packing, but four didn't. The next day, three of them twisted from the beams of a building under construction and the fourth man dangled from a telegraph pole.

Their action gave heart to other citizens tired of being robbed and shot at. One pair of highwaymen who had already been captured and were being taken to prison by officers, were delivered from a stagecoach and strung up on a roadside tree.

Two of the wildest ones in Wyoming were Dutch Charley and Big Nose George Parrott, who *(Continued on page 67)*

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in 1878 had killed a pair of officers who were pursuing them following an attempted derailment and robbery of a Union Pacific train. Dutch Charley and Big Nose George were arrested in Montana and returned to Wyoming.

More than official attention was paid to their homecoming, and masked men took Dutch Charley off the train at Carbon. They hanged him from a telegraph pole.

Big Nose George was luckier—for a time.

He was taken for trial where he pleaded guilty and was sentenced to be hanged on April 2nd, 1881. He tried to make a jail break and grievously wounded a guard while trying. A mob gathered and completed the jail delivery for Big Nose George. They took him to Rawlins and dangled him from a cross-arm on a telegraph pole.

Dr. John Osborne, then a physician for the railroad and later governor of the state, demonstrated some of his medical skill by removing all of the skin from Big Nose's chest. He had it tanned and, from that grisly trophy, Osborne had a pair of shoes cobbled which he wore for many years.

Much of the framework for later judicial procedure was hewn from the gallows' headframes and while the victims were not always deserving of the extreme penalty, when a mob became infuriated with a particularly vicious crime, someone had to pay.

CURIOUSLY SAN FRANCISCO was a pace-setter for overt justice, largely because it was the focal point for adventurers of every stripe coming to and from the goldfields. Pickpockets, thugs, painted women and The Hounds preyed on anyone worth killing for a poke of gold.

The Hounds were a vile, vicious group so insolent they had a tent headquarters, held parades and sported a fife and drum corps. At night, their activities were almost as bold and certainly more deadly: robbing, killing, then setting fires to cover their crimes. Like all such arrogant people, they underestimated the patience of the public. Mobs, nicely called committees of safety, composed of vigilantes, were organized.

John Jenkins, apprehended in a robbery and attack, was hailed into court and it wasn't long before Sam Brannan called, after a noose had been thrown over a beam:

"Every lover of good order lay hold of this rope!"

Many responded and Jenkins was jerked to a quick death. James Stuart followed not long afterwards, and the vigilance committee was so pleased with its work they did a double encore by hanging two more Australian thugs, Whittaker and McKenzie.

Criminals quieted considerably after that action but several years later, as city government decayed with corruption, crime surged through the muddy streets of the Bay City again.

Charles Cora, a gambler, killed a U. S. Marshal after the officer had made some slighting remarks about Cora's paramour Bella, queen of Waverly Place. There was a good deal of confusion over the facts of of the killing, no one could decide on his guilt and he was remanded to a jail.

Cora stood in a fair way to getting off when James P. Casey, an ex-convict ballot-box stuffer, shot James King of William, militant editor of the San Francisco *Bulletin*. As long as they were going to hang one, why not make it two? As the editor was being buried, Cora and Casey were hanged at Fort Gunnybags, and their bodies left on view for an hour.

San Franciscans seemed so satisfied with the double feature that not long afterwards they hanged two more: English-born Joe Heatherington and a New Yorker, Philander Brace.

Nevada, too, had its share of legal stranglings. One man was hanged in the City Hotel at Hamilton because it was too cold outside for the mob to enjoy the sanguinary spectacle.

Wherever trees were scarce, it took a concerted action on the part of a committee to erect a gallows; and the miners of Aurora, Nevada, went about to do just that after a popular citizen was wantonly murdered. Four killers were captured by Bob Howland, leader of a posse. He was also marshal. But his deputies weren't going to take any chance that the killers would escape punishment, and a hanging was scheduled. Governor Nye wired the U. S. Marshal about the matter, and Howland replied:

"Everything quiet . . . Four men to be hanged in 15 minutes."

And they were!

Hemp fever was contagious and occasionally men were executed by mistake as one tombstone in Arizona attests. It says in effect that the victim had been wrongly hanged and that the joke was on them.

But some consider such mistakes even more poignant when other values are involved, as it was in the case which took place on New Year's Eve, 1873, at Columbus, Nevada.

The Columbus miners held a dance at which there was one American girl and a Chilean young lady who played the guitar as a member of the orchestra. With handkerchiefs tied around their arms half of the men were designated as "ladies" for the dances.

When the fun was at its height, Victor Monega objected to the Chilean girl's playing and he stamped on her guitar.

Another miner objected to Monega's conduct and a fight followed. Monega slipped a knife into his adversary's heart and the rest of the men jailed the killer. Some of the men diverted the peace officers of the area while others spirited Monega from jail and hanged him from a huge butcher's windlass, normally used for carcasses of beef.

The New Year arrived in a cold, white, moonlit night, almost, it is said, as bright as day. Coyotes howled and the creak of the windlass drowned out any noise from Monega. Then, with its work done, the committee quietly joined the others and resumed drinking.

Later two of the lynchers were sent out to cut down Monega's body, but claimed they were unable to find the dead man. Others went out to find Monega but as they began to lower him, the body gave a convulsive kick so they returned also reporting that they could not find Monega.

It was a good party and there were a number of references made to the joke on Monega. In the morning, Monega was buried, and the matter seemingly forgotten.

But Monega had the last laugh.

A few days later, a California sheriff arrived. Monega was wanted for the slaying of an entire California family and there was a $1,000 reward.

However, in order to collect, Monega had to be delivered to authorities—alive! ●

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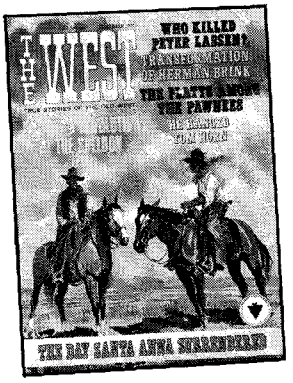

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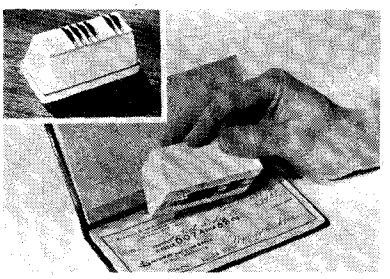

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BLOODY GORE AND THE BUFFALOS

(Continued from page 15)

liked to sit around the campfire and have a bit of wine with his friend and guide. Often he would read aloud to the mountain man from some classic."

Randolph Marcy's description of this has points of interest:

"His favorite author was Shakespeare, which Jim Bridger 'reckon'd was lettle too highfalutin for him;' moreover he remarked that he 'rayther calculated that that big Dutchman, Mr. Full-stuff was a leetle bit too fond of lager beer,' and suggested that probably it might have been better for the old man if he had imbibed the same amount of alcohol in the more condensed medium of good old Bourbon whisky.

"Bridger seemed deeply interested in the adventures of Baron Munchausen, but admitted, after the reading was finished, that he didn't swallow everything that Baron Munchausen said, and he thought he was a 'durn liar.' Yet, upon further reflection, he acknowledged that some of his own experiences among the Blackfeet would be equally marvelous, 'if written down in a book'."

The expedition wandered on, down the Powder River to the Yellowstone, up the Yellowstone to the mouth of the Tongue, then up the Tongue, slaughtering wild game with bloody abandon. A few miles up the Tongue, Gore built a small fort and expected to live out the Montana winter in it. But a fire, accidentally set by the usually efficient wagon boss, Henry Bostwick, destroyed the grass in the immediate area, so the expedition had to find new grazing grounds. The party split up there for the winter, one group staying at the newly built fort, the other group, including Gore, going a few miles down the river.

Gore spent this winter in a small log cabin he had built for himself. He also had one built for his favorite horse, a Kentucky thoroughbred named *Steel Trap*. The other horses had to get along as well as they could. Each man was required to bring in at least 125 pounds of cottonwood bark for forage. *Steel Trap* was fed corn meal.

At the Tongue River encampment, the expedition had its only casualty, a man named Uno died and was buried, which is all that is known about him. It is remarkable, however, that in the three years, Uno was the only member of the party who died. It was also at this camp that Gore's troubles with the Indians started.

He had gotten along well with the red men as a whole, although there was a certain natural hostility on their part. Not only was he a white man, but he was wantonly killing their game for no good reason. At any rate, they retaliated in their favorite way, by running off some of the white man's horses. Piegans, the first group that tried it, got away with more than 20 horses and, though they were followed, escaped in a snow storm.

The next Indian raiding party, much later in the winter, didn't do as well. The men, on guard for it this time, drove off the raiders. In doing so, one of the Indians was wounded. He happened to be Big Plume, whose brother-in-law, Alexander Culbertson was a major power in the territory. Culbertson was the chief agent on Upper Missouri for the American Fur Company. An old-timer in the area, Culbertson in 1840 had married the beautiful Natawista Iksana, daughter of a Blood Chieftain. It was one of her brothers who had been wounded by Gore's men.

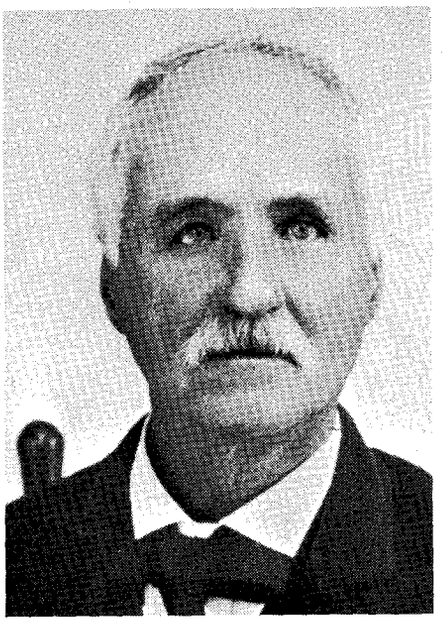
Later, Culbertson tried to cause Gore and the expedition trouble. The big fur company's chief agent was horrified—or said he was—at the wholesale killing of game in the area by Gore, and the wounding of his brother-in-law, even though the latter was trying to steal horses. Culbertson and Alfred J. Vaughan, Indian Agent for the Upper Missouri, got together and tried to stop this wild Irishman. It got to a point where the U.S. Commissioner for Indian Affairs, George Manypenny, and the then Secretary of the Interior, Robert McClelland, were involved. The Interior Secretary finally decided nothing should be done because the man was an alien, and it might cause international complications.

When the arrival of spring enabled the Gore expedition to break the winter camp, they went up the Tongue, crossed over to the Rosebud to the Wolf Mountain country to find the Crow and trade for fresh horses and additional ones to replace the losses.

After hunting along the Rosebud and surrounding countryside, the expedition returned to the mouth of the Tongue. Two large wooden flatboats were built there, and the Gore party broke into two sections. Some of the men and equipment went down the Yellowstone by flatboat, while Gore and the others, with their carts and wagons, went overland, hunting on the way.

IT WAS THAT fall that gold was said to have been discovered. According to the stories, after hunting and traversing much of the rugged country, the expedition swung southward, up the Little Missouri and into the Black Hills. As the story goes, one of the men saw "some yellow stuff" in the water, took off his shirt, and scooped up three handfuls of it and put it in his shirt. The man took it to Sir George, who said it wasn't gold, and put it away in some bottles. Later, the man said that Bridger told him that it had indeed been gold, and there must be lots more of it there.

State Historical Society of Colorado



Henry Chatillon guided expedition.

According to one version, Gore hastily pulled his expedition out of the Black Hills, as otherwise his men would desert to search for the yellow treasure. Another version has it that the man who found the gold had his wages doubled, or tripled, if he would keep quiet about it. At any rate, 20 years later gold was "re-discovered" in the Black Hills.

The whole gold-finding story came from one man, Jeremiah Proteau, a teamster and hunter who had joined the expedition at Fort Laramie. It is extremely unlikely that any such gold discovery was made by Proteau. Gold was the magic word in the West at that time, and the Gore and gold story wasn't mentioned by Proteau for more than 20 years, nor is there any record of his organizing a prospecting trip to go back to the place where he said he found the precious stuff. The most damaging evidence, or lack of it, is the fact that Proteau didn't mention the incident until 1877, *after* gold was discovered and taken out of the Black Hills. The falls Proteau described on Rapid or Swift Creek, have never been found.

Meanwhile, there were other gold stories springing up. One story says that gold was discovered about 75 miles southwest of Fort Laramie, before Proteau joined the group. Another story has the expedition finding gold somewhere in Colorado. The gold stories usually concluded with Sir George saying,

"This is gold, but I didn't come here looking for gold. I don't need it. This is a pleasure hunt, and nothing is going to interfere with it."

The story could grow up quite easily, some years after the expedition, as gold was discovered in many areas the expedition covered. And what is easier than to say a very wealthy man who had a monomania about hunting, had hushed it up so his hunt could continue? In the long history of fortune seeking, no gold discovery has ever been kept quiet for a long period. There is no reason at all to believe that Lord Gore's supposed lack of interest in the stuff would carry over to the men for

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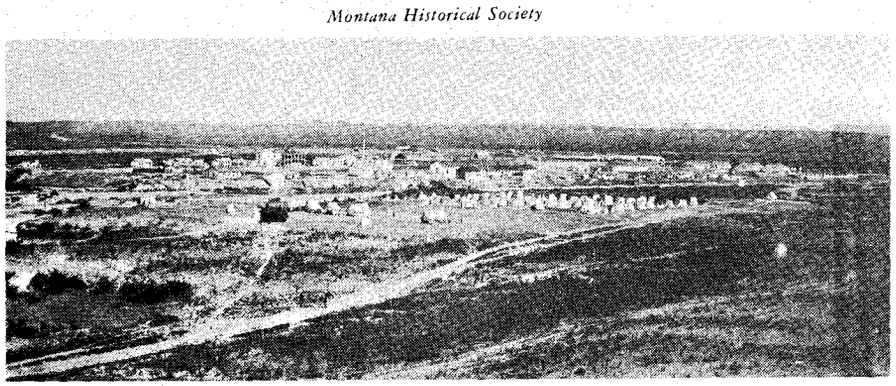

Gore spent the winter at Fort Laramie and was fascinated by characters he met there.

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Montana Historical Society

Alfred J. Vaughan, Indian Agent.

one day, much less for 20 years.

It is quite possible that Gore was not interested in gold. Like most men of extreme wealth, however, he might spend freely for something he wanted. But just because he was wealthy he didn't want to be "taken." That same summer, at Fort Union, Gore and Alexander Culbertson dickered over transportation. They reached an agreement that Culbertson was to furnish mackinaw boats and would buy Gore's surplus wagons and equipment. But a misunderstanding of some kind developed, and the whole deal blew up, with Gore enraged because he thought Culbertson was trying to gouge him.

His reaction was, in a way, lordly. He could be on the best of terms with a Jim Bridger, but he wouldn't stand for a business man trying, as he thought, to take advantage of him. Gore broke off the negotiations and, in front of the fort in plain sight, ordered the goods destroyed. He had three wagons, 20 carts and harnesses, and large amounts of Indian goods and unneeded supplies piled up on the river bank, set afire and burned, under armed guard. He had the iron remaining from the fire thrown into the river at night, so it wouldn't be found and used again. The surplus livestock, he sold for almost nothing or gave away to Indians and wanderers hanging around the fort.

The expedition being just about over, he left Fort Union and went on to Fort Berthold. But his reputation beat him there. The whites knew of the great hunting expedition, heard of the destruction of his supplies, and raised prices while awaiting the arrival of the wealthy foreigner. Gore reacted to this the same way he reacted to what he thought was Culbertson's attempt to fleece him.

To the disappointment of the people at Fort Berthold, he kept his purchases down to only basic necessities, and stayed almost completely away from the whole white community. Undoubtedly to his own personal discomfort, instead of staying at the fort he spent the winter in the crude tribal quarters of Crow's Breast, one of the local Hidatsa chiefs. He stayed as long as the weather held him there, and as soon as the grip of winter was loosened a bit, he went down the Missouri to St. Louis and eventually back to Ireland. Gore never went back to the West where he'd had such a time. He came back to the New World only once. In 1875, a few years before he died, he went to Florida, spending some time in the Everglades.

Sir St. George Gore himself estimated the cost of his hunting expedition at half a million dollars, said that it had slaughtered 3,000 buffalo, 1600 deer and elk, and 105 bears. It traveled at least 6,000 miles over rugged country, much of it then uncharted, except in the minds of men like Jim Bridger.

All of this in the name of sport.

What did Gore get out of it? Pleasure, for one thing. He wanted to hunt, and to kill, and he did on a scale never before reached by one man. His "crime" if such it was, lay in the fact that he did his killing on a larger scale than other "sportsmen." He was more single-minded in his devotion to killing animals, and more determined—and richer.

In the Colorado, Montana, Wyoming mountain country there is a Gore Canyon, a Gore Range, and Gore Pass, and other such reminders that once upon a time a man by that name existed and passed by there. There are also a thousand myths and legends about him and his hunting trip. And all of the stories are as strange as the man and his safari. ●

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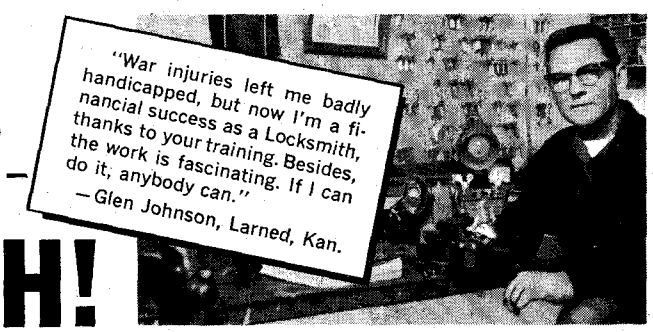

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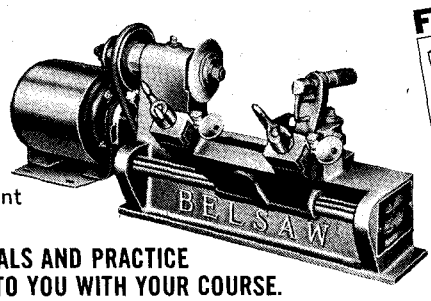

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GHOST TRAINS IN THE DESERT

(Continued from page 27)

one railroad but *two!* Soon there was to be a southward extension of the Tonopah and Goldfield, financed by Philadelphia bankers. This would connect the southern camps with Reno and San Francisco.

Clark's Las Vegas and Tonopah from Las Vegas had dry footing, no crooked washes, and natural easy grades. Borax Smith found building a railroad difficult, especially in the tortuous Amargosa River bottom. There, any rain was likely to lift the hidden stream to the surface and flood the right-of-way. But with Rasor running the survey lines, J. Ryan in charge of construction, and Wash Cahill attending to the hiring and feeding of men and mules, the steel rails pushed steadily forward toward Rhyolite.

The *Bullfrog Miner* gave enthusiastic circulation to this big news story:

"The following clipped from the *Las Vegas Age* tells us that the L. V. & T. R. R. is striving to reach here before the Borax Smith line. S. L. Mendenhall, one of the contractors of the L. V. & T. informs the *Age* that rails are laid twenty-five miles out . . . grade is completed thirty miles, and advance camps are fifty miles northwest of Las Vegas. About 400 men are at work on the line. The road is endeavoring to distance Borax Smith and arrive in Bullfrog first. . . ."

The L. V. & T. reached Beatty and went the few further miles to Rhyolite in 1906, and later the rails went on to Goldfield. The T. & T. reached Beatty and Rhyolite the next year. Beatty had a huge banner made proclaiming itself "The Chicago of the West." A two story hotel, with one bath, and inside at that, was built.

The Bullfrog and Goldfield Railroad was started, but never completed! The plans were to run it from Goldfield to the Bullfrog Mines. It would connect with the Tonopah and Goldfield Railroad to the north. The Bullfrog Railroad ran parallel to the Las Vegas and Tonopah right-of-way into Goldfield. It soon became apparent there was no need for two railroads. Anyway, iron rails cost a fortune delivered to the end of the track in the desert southwest.

About three years later, the wild boom was finished. One by one, the miners departed. The saloons and stores closed. The rip-roaring town of Rhyolite was given back to the desert sands.

Today, Rhyolite is probably the prize of all the ghost towns in the Southwest. Nowhere is there an architectural gem to compare with the still-standing fancy gabled depot. Neither tracks nor ties are to be seen at the station where three railroads once served the town.

The old right-of-way of the Las Vegas and Tonopah Railroad is now the best auto route from Beatty to Rhyolite. In front of the ghost station is the parking area for the casino and bar. As sturdy today as it was in 1906, the station has been remodled inside. The ticket office is a storeroom for bottled goods, while the ladies' room is a small dining area. The men's room houses the bar and slot machines. Nude art adorns the walls and attracts the eyes of the male visitors. Those lusty old miners would have enjoyed this art exhibit!

The miners are gone now, but tourists can get a cold beer and rest in the comparative coolness of the stone building. Water in Rhyolite is still much too valuable to drink. During the boom, beer was the most economical liquid in town. Cold five-cent-a-bottle beer was even used to wean the children. Water was just for cooking or a steam engine.

Proof that beer was drunk in abundance is the famed "Bottle House," one of Rhyolite's prize exhibits. Its walls are made of green beer bottles laid horizontally in adobe clay and cement. The glass is turning the vivid purple of prized "desert glass" thanks to fifty years of sun.

You can't steal one of those bottles for a souvenir, either. Prying on a bottle only breaks it. for the adobe clay is harder than a kiln-fired brick. Recently the Bottle House was made into a souvenir stand, with the usual assortment of knickknacks for sale.

Within five years after its founding, the town was dead. It would have been a ghost town then, except for the popping of beer bottle caps. It was beer and beer alone that kept the town alive and going, after the mines began to close.

The citizens left more beer bottles than mining machinery, for Rhyolite had an ice-plant and truly cold beer!

Other modern improvements were also present, and reluctant to fade into the desert sands. The three story Cook Bank Building, the Overbury Building, and the Southern Hotel, with its two actual bathrooms, by now, all make Rhyolite the miracle ghost town of the Amargosa.

In the old days, a pipeline was even laid to Beatty for water. About $80,000,000 was invested in property in and around Rhyolite. Wells-Fargo records show that they shipped out a bit over $3,000,000 in Bullfrog gold. But financially, the district was a flop!

Even in comparison to many ghost town ruins, Rhyolite will endure forever. It had cold beer. It still has cold beer. Its station will be the source of cold beer, old timers are sure, on that last Judgment Day.

The cuts and fills of the Las Vegas and Tonopah are still visible, parallel to the present highway up from Las Vegas. The rails were sold at a profit during the iron shortage of World War I. The ghost towns of Goldfield, Candelaria, Silver Peak, and Virginia City were once closely linked to the "ghost city" of the Bullfrog Mining District.

Borax Smith completed the Tonopah & Tidewater Railroad from Ludlow to Rhyolite, and ran a spur from Death Valley Junction to the Lila C. borax mine back in 1907. In 1939 it was still operating from Crucero on the Union Pacific. A gas-electric car ran five times a week to Death Valley Junction, and less frequently on to Beatty.

Then application was made to the Interstate Commerce Commission to permit the discontinuance of the service, for the parallel paved highway had taken away almost all passenger revenue, and most of its little remaining freight. The railroad was a liability which its owners wanted to eliminate. Permission was finally granted and the trains stopped running.

The rails were sold during the second World War. Again iron rails became more valuable than gold mines! Rhyolite became what it is today—an oasis for the thirsty traveler in the hot sands of the Amargosa.

Yet, when the wind rattles through the ruins, and the moonlight shines on the Rhyolite railroad depot, one can hear the whistle of the "night train" and the click, click, click of the wheels on the rail joints. A realist would say, "It's the wind that whistles! The lizards and desert quail make a clicking sound as they dart through the sagebrush!" The oldtime desert prospectors inside the ghost station know better. ●

WILDERNESS HELL

(Continued from page 9)

But the effort was exhausting to a man already so fatigued from hunger and beaten by the elements. Sweat was pouring from Everts' brow; his stomach rolled over and over as he imagined his flesh being slashed from his bones by the sharp, tearing fangs of the lion.

Only wit could save him now in whatever seconds remained before the beast would climb the tree for the fatal spring. Everts decided to sit perfectly still. Cautiously the lion became silent. It crouched on the ground gazing suspiciously at its intended prey.

Half an hour passed in tense silence. Then the brute turned, jumped into the brush and was gone!

That danger was past. But now Truman Everts was to face an even worse threat—the threat of tricky weather which destroyed even more wanderers than ravenous cats and the buzzing snakes with their pendulous rattles.

Tired, Everts descended the tree to sleep in the spot from which the lion had dislodged him. Before daylight he was awakened by a heavy, chilling storm of snow and rain soaking through his clothing to turn every stitch into a sopping freezing mess.

For two whole days he found shelter under the wide boughs of a spruce tree. He made himself a crude covering of earth and fallen limbs. Even so, the cold had penetrated his very marrow. Torrents of falling water deposited in his upturned hat provided drink. He became even more famished being unable to venture out in the storm to seek thistle roots.

On the second day a half-numb, small bird fell from a tree and began feebly hopping near him. Truman Everts seized the pitiful creature and tore it apart, barely taking time to remove the feathers from its scant flesh.

The first meat he had eaten in days. Only a couple of mouthfuls, but it tasted better to the starving man than all the pheasant served under glass he had eaten in the hotels of Washington and New York.

The storm subsided into sporadic gusts and growling rumbles from the gray, unfriendly skies. But the day was cold after that forty-eight hour tempest. And Truman Everts, without the means of building a fire, needed warmth.

He remembered that some hot springs lay at the foot of Mount Everts, ten miles away. Painfully, pausing in the shelter of trees between showers, he made his way toward the spot.

The vapors from the springs dried his clothes and were balm to his chilled body as he lay down in fitful drowsiness. For seven days he remained here; during three of them another storm raged. But in this spot he learned essentials of survival that primitive man, through just such necessities, had learned millions of years before.

A small round boiling spring was a natural kettle where Everts could stew the thistle greens. This monotonous fare tasted better cooked, though he wished heartily for a drop of vinegar to sharpen the taste. For better shelter, he built himself a bower of pine branches and fallen foliage under which he slept at night.

YET THESE expediencies could not protect against the inevitable hazards of an urban man trapped in an encircling wilderness. On the third day of his sojourn, his pallet of boughs broke while he was asleep causing him to roll too near one of the steaming springs. One of his hips

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T. C. Everts' daughter, Bessie.

was badly scalded. This accident compounded the misery of frost-bitten feet that had not healed.

Everts also had the misfortune to lose both of his knives somewhere. He was left entirely weaponless in one of the most menacing jungles of the American continent. This tragedy made the possibility of escape even more improbable since he now had no means of defense against the packs of predators infesting the region. Even more alarming was his lack of anything with which to make fires. He could not stay forever at these springs offering only the dangerous warmth of a perpetual steam bath. And he was weary of being so continually and thoroughly parboiled.

On the eighth day of his imprisonment he awoke to find the weather cleared and the sun shining brightly. He looked toward distant Lake Lewis to see its waters lighting up from the warm rays. Then his intelligence told him what to do about fire.

He fetched the opera glasses he had thought so useless because their short range wasn't much help in tracing the contours of unpredictable forests and mountains. Everts placed a dry twig in his fingers, then held the lenses toward the sun.

A wisp of smoke trickled from the little piece of wood. Everts had fire. All thoughts of failure were instantly abandoned. Now his excited imagination dictated other means of survival.

He ripped a buckle from his vest. By sharpening its tongue on a jagged bit of rock, he made himself a crude knife. With the blade he cut legs and counters from his boots, then shaped them into a pair of crude slippers bound with bark strips, for his tortured feet. Ravelings, slashed from a linen handkerchief, served as thread to mend his tattered clothing. A strand of red tape was fashioned into a line for fishing; a pin that Everts found in a pocket was bent into a hook. Now he meant to have something to eat besides thistles.

Truman Everts had seen swarms of bass and mountain trout in streams where he had stopped to drink or wash bruised, grimy hands. His compelling hunger made him fancy that he could catch them with a makeshift pin hook. Once more, he slashed his boots—a foolish thing—to provide leather for pouches in which to carry his expected catches of fish. The pouches were attached to his belt by the straps.

He had learned how to use ingenuity as a weapon against the wilderness. Only this way could a greenhorn expect to survive an enemy shaped by nature. Yet that complex of stone and fang and thorn had its own ways of striking back. It could make an intruder feel like a gnat bobbing in a flood.

By now, Everts could tell directions. He decided to strike back east toward Lake Lewis where he expected rescue from his recent companions. Fear of the lurking mountain lion, however, caused him to vary his route a bit. This time he followed an easterly course across a peninsula and paralleled the southeast shore of Yellowstone Lake.

His defective eyes began giving him trouble. The medicine which he had used to relieve them was among the supplies carried off by his runaway horse. His burnt leg was swollen and inflamed. He didn't realize that herbs, over which he hobbled, might have been crushed into pulp and applied as a healing salve. On the first afternoon of the trek, a cold wind blew down from a murky sky. The sun became overcast. His opera glasses would not coax a spark to build a fire.

That night he kept from freezing by hugging a bleak hillside while walking, running and striking benumbed feet and hands against logs. Next afternoon, he reached the lake to cast his fishing gear into its waters. The fish contemptuously ate the bait of worms that he dug with his hands out of the moist ground on the beach. But none dangled from the pinhook as, time and again, he desperately pulled it up for inspection.

Back to eking out life on thistle roots, eating them boiled in a hollow rock when he could attract wisps of fire from a grudging sun; gorging on them raw when sky or flurries of snow hid its brazen, indifferent face. No longer able to control his frustration, Everts began cursing the companions who had gone on, leaving him to die by slow degrees in this hideous, huge grave of a country.

Everts' face was flushed with a raging fever. His stomach was rattling and rumbling like a Keno box. Angry, frantic with fear, he lost all hope that his associates would show up for the rendezvous at Lake Lewis on their way back to Helena. Or maybe they had already reached it and gone on unfeelingly without him.

His suspicions were confirmed when he picked up on the beach a table fork and an empty can which had held yeast powder used to make the party's bread. He stood groaning, holding an object in each hand. This was proof that he had been deserted. But, at the very least, they might have left food for him somewhere. Yet he found nothing edible when he painfully turned over heaps of rocks and scanned the tops of trees.

Survival—or whatever chance of survival—now depended entirely on himself.

He placed the fork and the can in his

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WILDERNESS HELL

(Continued from page 49)

pockets. Faint traces indicated that the party was proceeding south toward the Madison Ranges of the Rockies and the white settlements in the Madison Valley. Everts hoped to follow their routes and land in one of these communities where prospectors ripped the ground for gold.

BUT THAT night the wilderness struck at him again, assailing him with its most dreaded weapon: a forest fire!

He had camped farther down on the lake's long shore. With the fork he had dug more thistle roots, intending to eat them from the can which would also serve as his drinking vessel. Before sundown, he had managed to summon enough sparks to build a fire. Afterwards he settled down to sleep under a bower of pine boughs which he had constructed.

He was awakened by the hissing crackles and a tide of smoke inundating his nostrils. Everts rushed from his shelter to see the forest a high wall of flames. The wind had blown a spark from his fire to set ablaze this harsh country for miles around.

In one more miracle of survival, Everts escaped through the thousands of flaming, forked tongues. How he did it he could not relate coherently. His hair was singed closer than a barber would have trimmed it and his left hand was badly burned adding to the excruciating misery of his already seared leg.

During his flight he lost his crude knife, his fish hook and the tape line. He was deprived of all his makeshift tools.

Yet for days longer Truman Everts continued his terrible journey, an unconquerable wreck of a man. The supply of thistles ran out as he kept heading in what was the general direction of the Madison Range. But once in a forest opening, he found the fresh tip of a gull wing. He crushed the bones with a stone and from them made a half pint of broth, drunk from his can.

Once, at a spring poisoned by too much infusion of minerals, he scooped up a bunch of minnows with bare hands. Instinct told him not to eat the tiny fish. Hunger overruled caution. He swallowed a few of them only to writhe on the ground clutching his stomach. Had he swallowed more of the deadly catch, he would have been a goner.

Now his sick, addled mind began imagining all sorts of feasts eaten in grand restaurants of New York and Washington. He saw visions of immense tables spread with the most appetizing viands including the richest oyster stews and plumpest pies. But always the fantasies would dissolve before the grim reality of starvation.

His well-shaped body was emaciated after weeks of this ordeal. His face, so long untouched by a razor, was as woolly as a bear's. His clothes were tattered and stinking. Sparks from brands lighted by the sun had scorched his hands and turned his fingernails into brittle, crumbling fragments. But one thought still sustained him whenever he was tempted to take a way out that was obvious and easy.

"I will not perish in this wilderness," he kept repeating. That resolution — a triumph of mind over matter in the truest sense—kept him going through each day as his steps grew more faltering.

Through another accident, he broke his eyeglasses. Now travel was more difficult with the nearsightedness that had plagued him all his life. From the rims he fashioned another hook and line hoping to catch fish, but gave up the effort after spending half a day stumbling around, half blind, trying to catch a grasshopper for bait.

More calamity hit when he lost his opera glasses on which he depended for fire in the beginnings of another early and frigid Rocky Mountain winter. Everts tracked back five miles to find the lenses at the place where he had slept the night before. But one of his improvised slippers fell to pieces so he was now walking half-barefoot across country infested with poisonous snakes and insects. Everything that crawled or wriggled or walked in the Rockies was an enemy of man.

For five desperate days Everts went entirely without food. Then he discovered a clump of thistle. He wolfed the roots down raw, and put an extra supply in his pouches.

Snow was becoming an almost daily event. The wanderer began fearing that he might freeze while sleeping under one of his icy bowers. One night he crept into a hollow tree that had been appropriated by a bear. Slumber was warm because the bear didn't show up to claim his quarters.

FINALLY EVERTS reached Yellowstone Falls which he recognized. Three days more he staggered along. But as weary feet drew him nearer toward some outpost of mankind, life began ebbing. Why, he wondered now, why not accept death? Death was something no man could escape. Why struggle longer? Why suffer more?

Yet that imperious something in his character kept bidding him: "Struggle on."

Another storm was raging. Truman Everts was inching along a few yards at a time, then collapsing to rise feebly again on that morning when he looked up from the side of the hill to see suddenly a sharp reflection of burnished steel.

He made out the vague forms of what seemed to be two men. He heard a voice:

"Are you Mr. Everts?"

"Yes, all that is left of him."

"We have come for you."

"Who sent you?"

"Judge Lawrence and other friends."

Judge Lawrence was a Helena jurist, and a close friend of Truman Everts. The rescuers were two trappers and veteran mountain men, Jack Baronette and George A. Prichett. Two Crow Indians had also been in the party which had searched for the lost man over a period of two weeks. Bear Gulch was the name of the spot where he was found.

The trappers took the seriously sick man to their cabin on that day of late October, 1870. Two days afterward he was transferred to the cabin of two miners, twenty miles down the trail. These kindly frontiersmen dropped their shovels to kill game for their famished guest. Baronette and Prichett probably collected the $600 reward which Judge Lawrence had posted for his recovery.

Truman Everts was nursed back to health at the Army post of Fort Ellis, seventy miles from the place where he had been rescued. There he learned that he had not been totally abandoned, that several caches of food had been left for him by his partners when they camped at Lake Lewis. But he had not found them. And in the grimmest irony of that thirty-nine day horror, he had almost starved with food in reach.

Two years afterward, Congress created the Yellowstone region, the first of our great national parks. Millions of people have visited it to marvel at its wonders.

Understandably, Truman Everts never became one of its loudest boosters. ●

THE BILLION DOLLAR ANSWER

(Continued from page 5)

head. On what would it grow? With the gold gone from the placer streams, what else was there to build towns for, except farming, and the land was too hilly for farming.

McKnight rubbed his arms with his hands and realized the afternoon had turned chilly. It was October; the night would be crisp. He turned to George Crandel, a slender 17-year-old boy, just then peering into his sluice pan. "Well, I'm goin, home," McKnight told him. "I've got to pick up some pitch pine for my fire."

Crandel nodded. "This is my last pan. I'll be up the hill right after you."

"Don't get too rich," McKnight called, with a laugh.

"Not around here," Crandel replied disgustedly.

McKnight climbed up a pine-covered hump east of Boston Ravine and filled his arms with pitch pine. Then he turned toward his cabin on the hump the Wolf Creek miners optimistically, and with customary exaggeration, called Gold Hill.

As McKnight plodded toward his small, rough cabin he stubbed his toe against a ledge of rock hidden by a thick layer of pine needles, and kicked loose a chunk of odd-looking stone. Being an unexcitable man of orderly habits, he set his load down in a neat pile before he picked up the stone and rolled it in his hands. In the heart of the crystalline rock were thick yellow clumps. The stuff looked like gold, but who ever heard of gold imbedded in quartz? This was something new.

A few of the miners resting in front of their cabins came up and looked. McKnight handed the mineral around. The miners shook their heads and shrugged their shoulders. Maybe it's just a freak of nature, they said. No use getting upset about it. The real gold comes so you can wash it free. This stuff will never dissolve.

But one person there knew history in the making when he saw it.

George Crandel, attracted by the goings on of the older men, took one glimpse of the shining yellow and went tearing back down the slope to Boston Ravine, shouting "Gold Gold!"

The men in the camp did not stop to ask questions. Grabbing their picks and shovels, they ran in the direction Crandel pointed. By nightfall Gold Hill was aswarm with miners. Claims of 30 by 40 feet were staked off, and the frenzied prospecting began.

THE FIRST RESULTS were almost unbelievable. As deep as the men dug, the gold quartz was still visible.

One man paused long enough to throw his arm around McKnight and yell: "Why, this is a bigger discovery than Jim Marshall made at Sutter's Mill!"

But some of the miners began to worry.

"There's so much of it," they complained, "it won't be worth any more than iron."

This fear was overwhelmed by the excitement that spread up and down the state and over the land. Within a few days every manjack in the whole Mother Lode was seeking a rich vein of his own. Not a hammer nor an anvil, for 20 miles around Grass Valley, was used for anything but pounding the quartz to dust so as to remove the gold. There was a run on the drug stores for mortars and pestles. Every cabin near Gold Hill became a quartz mill.

Soon rich lode findings were reported along the whole length of the Mother

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Lode. Every day brought word of a new strike. Each hump of earth was explored by probing fingers, every suggestion of a vein was resolutely followed to its source.

To the hills of Grass Valley came a surge of placer miners, abandoning their long toms and rockers. This was big stuff. Not a creek bed that could be worked out in a few days or weeks, but gold that ran deep in the earth and grew richer with each foot of digging. Within a six mile radius of Grass Valley a hundred mines were dug.

Overnight, mining camps throughout the northern diggings sprang up like weeds. One day there was nothing but a man and his claim; the next day a community was being built. Within a year dozens of settlements had skyrocketed into existence.

Grass Valley mushroomed. In the spring of 1851, the 15 or 20 dwellings had grown to 150 buildings, several stores, a hotel, a number of saloons, and a dozen shops. In 1852 Nevada County could boast of 22,000 people, including 3,226 Indians and 3,886 Chinese.

As in placer diggings, few men made it rich at lode mining. There were a hundred heartaches for every success. Nature played coy tricks on the miners, exposing a small vein of gold and then abruptly breaking off the gold quartz and turning the ledge barren. Sometimes months and years would be required to trace the "lost" veins. And there were fierce struggles for claims, some ending in pitched battles where men were killed or wounded.

No sooner had lode mining begun than a problem arose—how to get the gold out of the quartz so that wealth could be realized. The primitive methods used by the first miners were time-consuming and unprofitable. A better way had to be found. Mexican arrestras, run by mule power, were used to grind the quartz, but this operation was also too slow. Quartz-reduction mills, employing giant stamps, were built, and after costly experimentation were developed to perfection.

When the mills were still in their infancy, a novel idea for freeing the gold from the rock was suggested by a "Dr. Rodgers," a worldly gentleman who rode into Nevada City from points unannounced. His proposal was the establishment of a smelting company—with himself as president, of course, since the secret formula was his.

In no time the good citizens of the area had put $80,000 into the shrewd doctor's enterprise. When all the money available had been gathered, a furnace was built, gold quartz put into the oven, and a fire started. From miles around the miners came to watch. Most of them camped by the smelter for the two days the fires burned, not daring to stroll off lest they miss the great moment.

At the end of the two days the fire had burned itself out and the stack cooled. To the accompaniment of whistling, shouting and banging of revolvers, Dr. Rodgers unlatched the iron flume door and surveyed his scientific achievement. Not a speck of gold was present—everything had been reduced to ashes!

"There must have been a slight error in my calculations," explained the doctor hastily. "I must go to my hotel to check my figures." He was never again seen in those parts. Whatever other unorthodox formulae he knew, the astute doctor adhered staunchly to the old standby that fly-by-nighters had been following since the first sucker was fleeced: get out while the chumps are still scratching their heads.

LONG AFTER the placer diggings were played out, the great mines of the Mother Lode were still booming. Of the $87 million taken from Columbia alone, the greatest part came from quartz. From Jackson to Plymouth, gold worth $160 million was dug from the ground. The richest takes, however, were from the mines near the site of Gold Hill. The Empire-Star mines yielded $120 million, the Idaho-Maryland more than $64 million. Gold Center, just a few blocks from Grass Valley's business district, was good for $2.5 million. In nearby Nevada City gold and silver worth $12 million was hauled out of the Lava Cap.

A month after McKnight stumbled onto gold quartz, some of the miners thought they had reached down as far as they could ever go; they had burrowed into the earth to the depth of 75 feet. The Empire Mine operations later reached a mile beneath the surface and the Kennedy, near Jackson, went even deeper. More than 75 miles of channels were cut inside the Empire alone.

McKnight's discovery led to a revolutionary change in the gold-mining industry. The pick gave way to the shaft, the sluice pan to the stamps. Small claims were combined into giant holdings. As the placer camps gave up, the lode-mining towns grew and stabilized themselves. The predominantly male settlements were replaced by family communities. The primitive techniques of individual production yielded to the more profitable methods of large-scale production. And the social organization of the mining towns, however simple and placid it appeared on the surface, grew as complex as the intricate mining machinery.

From the very first, Grass Valley was the cradle and laboratory of the industry. Here new ideas were born and tested; here equipment was tried and judged; here specialists received their practical training. A minor who could say he was once in Grass Valley—though to himself admitting he had spent only a night there—was sure of a job in any gold mine in the world. To have directed the operations in a Grass Valley mine was the highest distinction a mining engineer could receive. It was worth more in honor and prospects than the highest degree granted by any university.

One hundred and twelve years have come and gone since that October rush to Gold Hill. And what of McKnight, the forgotten man who started it all? Few books mention him. Only in the yellowing pages of obscure long-forgotten pioneer family histories are found the strands of evidence to weave a tale of what happened that October day. There is no record of how McKnight looked; not even a tiny portrait of him has ever been found. A plaque on Gold Hill is the only public reminder of him that exists. And—to show how little attention has been paid—his name on the plaque is misspelled, the "Mc" being omitted.

Gold Hill is a seldom visited mass of rubble now, and Boston Ravine is only a filling station and a one-man garage.

But Wolf Creek still flows, and all around Gold Hill there are small, simple cabins, some of them looking like the miners' shacks of sluice pan days. With a little imagination one can see McKnight in this setting, stubbing his toe, picking up the stone, curiously examining it, and wondering if it had any value.

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THE LEGEND OF LOTTIE DENO

(Continued from page 11)

went over with Texans. She might claim to be the daughter of some plantation family ruined by the damnyankees during the Civil War.

But Lottie was always silent on the subject of Lottie Deno. Probably it was this silence that started the wild speculation about her, which long ago mushroomed into the fantastic legend about this prostitute. It can be assumed that Lottie was a good publicity hound herself, knowing that her silence had started everybody talking and put her on a pedestal far above the other sisters.

For all the talk around buffalo camps and cavalry barracks, nobody knew much that was definite about Lottie. She had come to Fort Griffin from Jacksboro. At Jacksboro, she was said to have been a high-priced fancy woman for the officers at Fort Richardson. Some said that she'd come from Dallas, a choice incubator of prostitutes. Others claimed that she was a Louisiana French girl from New Orleans. The name Deno does have a French sound, but it might have been one that she assumed.

Few of the men who exchanged drooling gab about her could actually claim to have romped with her. Lottie was strictly a high-class tart who didn't compete with the other girls for the cheap trade. Speculation varied about her age. But from whatever chronology that can be pieced together, she must have been about 25 when she arrived to become Fort Griffin's woman of mystery.

Lottie seems to have prospered professionally during her three or four years in the Flat, as the civilian section of the town was called. Money was flowing like the waters of the Brazos in that place of gilded squalor. Fort Griffin was the leading outlet for buffalo hides and the smell they gave the community made strangers retch when the stench hit them.

Besides her paramour at the saloon, Lottie had one other close friend. That was Frank Conrad, owner of a store. His interest in Lottie was purely platonic. She would go to him for advice, and he seemed to have a real liking for the strange girl. Lottie's most bitter enemy was Old Madge Morgan, who operated a brothel and looked with envy on the beautiful redhead and the money she made.

Fort Griffin was also the main source of supply for cattle driving outfits going up the Plummer Trail to Kansas. On the monthly Army pay days, the soldiers from the Fort took the town apart. But they spent enough gambling and drinking for the operators to put it together after they'd gone back broke to the barracks.

According to the legend, Lottie witnessed many a deadly duel in a town whose two leading lawmen were little more than unhung trigger artists. However, she seems to have figured personally in only one lead spree and then in a very indirect sort of way.

FORT Griffin's top sport was a dark-hued Texan known as "Smokey Joe." Then a self-styled champion of Arizona who called himself "Monte Bill" blew into town. Trouble and poker were both in the cards when those two met in one or another dive to begin eyeing each other.

A championship match was called for. Local sports arranged it at the Wilson & Matthews Saloon which was one of Lottie's secondary hangouts. On the night of the game, the place was crowded with soldiers and skinners who came to watch the match. The two pros, and a few others joining in the game, were seated at a table with a high starting limit. At a smaller table, a few feet away, Lottie was running a game with a far lower ceiling.

Everybody but the two main contestants had dropped out of the big match shortly after it started. Flushed with hope and booze, Monte Bill dared Smokey Joe to raise the limit. His own honor, as well as the honor of Texas being at stake, Smokey immediately called the draw and bet his entire roll on the outcome.

The Arizonan slapped down three aces and a pair of queens. What followed was described in lurid lingo by Fort Griffin's homespun first historian, Edgar B. Rye.

Smokey Joe stared at that winning hand which had cleaned him out. Guns came out of leather and began to roar. The crowd raced for the swinging doors. Lottie didn't risk going that far with bullets whistling around her. She dove under a table and crouched there, out of line of the hissing lead.

When the guns stopped roaring, the two gamblers lay dead in pools of blood, each having fired in the same split second. Shackleford County Sheriff Henry Cruger arrived to identify and take charge of the corpses and to greet Lottie, who was an eyewitness. There wasn't much Lottie could tell him and he told her to get out of the saloon before the coroner took charge. Lottie went without a second suggestion.

Then into the picture stepped a stranger who was to become an integral part of the Lottie Deno legend. The thing is, we know more about him than we do about her. His name was Johnny Golden or Golding. From comparison of meager sources, the first spelling of his surname was the correct one. He may have been either an innocent tenderfoot or a wandering sharpie. Certainly he was not a Westerner by birth. His precise relationship to Lottie Deno cannot be spelled out because details are so flimsy.

Johnnie arrived in Fort Griffin during the final year of Lottie's stay in the town. That could have been either 1879 or 1880. This author favors the latter date, for, in that year, Lottie, by the files of the Fort Griffin *Echo,* paid a fine of $100 for running a house of ill repute.

The shanties of the sporting girls were the places where they usually received their paying guests. Each had to pay that annual fine which was nothing but a thinly disguised license to do business.

Lottie is supposed to have been "that way" about Johnny Golden who seems to have been about 22, a few years younger than Lottie. Her saloon keeper paramour, Pat Casey, became jealous and decided to rid himself of this formidable rival.

So, declares the legend, he hired two hawks with badges: Town Marshal Bill Gibson and Deputy Sheriff Jim Draper. $250 is believed to have been the agreed price for a killing.

These two seized Johnny on a charge of horse stealing. His retort to the pair of hard cases was that he'd never owned a horse, which, in that Western country, brands him either as a greenhorn yet to stride a saddle or an insolent young cockerel himself on a hunt for trouble.

We'll never know because the unfortunate Mr. Golden didn't live to tell his side of the story. These two star flashers started marching Johnny toward the military guardhouse at the fort instead of to the local jail which was only about 20 yards from the scene of the arrest.

And that was the last time any Fort Griffin resident ever saw the boy alive. A day or so later he turned up dead behind Hank Smith's wagon yard along the trail leading to the fort. Two conflicting stories are told about the alibis offered by Marshal Gibson and Deputy Draper.

It is said that they claimed Johnny Golden's death was accidental. By this account, a mob tried to take the prisoner away from them and Johnny was slain in the battle. That such a fight would have attracted the attention of the whole town is obvious.

In still another version, the lawmen slew Johnny when his "pal" or "pals" tried to rescue him. In 1929, half a century later, old buffalo hunter J. W. Stell told noted Southwestern historian Carl Coke Rister:

"I seen him (an unnamed local officer) kill John Golding (Golden) in the middle of the street."

No grand jury or coroner's investigation was made of what was undoubtedly cold-blooded murder perpetrated under the misused authority of lawmen Gibson, Draper, or both. Each, incidentally, would get his deserts some years later. One died in a gunfight at Sweetwater, Texas; the other hit the dirt out in Colorado.

Historian Rye declared in his book "Quirt and Spur" (published 1904) that letters found on Golden's corpse revealed him to be the dissolute son of a wealthy Boston family. Dr. Rister, a trained scholar, says in a more evenly done work "Fort Griffin on the Texas Frontier" that the young man came originally from Illinois. A strongly substantiated tradition says that the boy's father set out for Texas to investigate the slaying but got no farther than Fort Worth after having been warned to stay out of Fort Griffin.

AFTER the killing of Golden, Lottie is said to have started pining. Rumors evidently began circulating that he was her husband come to reclaim her. But since he was only 22, and probably new in the West, and Lottie must have been at least 28 when the boy died, this theory isn't very strong.

The probabilities are that they never saw each other before the young man hit this deadly town. No details are given in any of the accounts, written or oral, of their purported romance in Fort Griffin, or of where they met or how many times. Yet the legend has Lottie Deno shutting herself up in her cabin, and having all her supplies sent in.

About the only fact everybody agrees on is that enigmatic Lottie Deno did get out of Fort Griffin. Some versions of the tale have her leaving the place a few days after the gunning of Johnny Golden, leaving on the Jacksboro stage, mournfully taking with her the little black leather trunk.

But that kind of a story requires a tragically romantic ending. And nobody can beat Texans at being tragically romantic. We wear our hearts on our sleeves and our guns on our hips. So begins the alternate chapter which antedates all the modern true confession stories and is much more productive of tears.

By this account, people around Fort Griffin began worrying about Lottie. One might wonder why the saloon keeper couldn't supply the answer, but why puncture romantic legends with the scalpel of fact? Days passed without anybody seeing the lady at all. Her rent was paid up in advance. The only way to enter her cabin legally was to get hold of Sheriff Cruger at Albany, the new county seat destined to be

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the ruin of Fort Griffin, and have him open the premises.

Sheriff Cruger, it is alleged, went with others to the shanty. He is supposed to have found it "nicely furnished" which, if true, would have been in keeping with the tastes of its tenant. Lottie wasn't there, dead of grief, or otherwise present. But on her bed was a pinned note reading:

"Sell this outfit and give this money to someone in need of assistance." Whether her instructions were followed is something else about which we know nothing.

Years after Fort Griffin had been reclaimed by the ground owls and the prairie dogs its last surviving old lawman, ex-Deputy Henry B. Herron, was quoted as saying that:

"When she (Lottie Deno) went away it was afterwards reported that she left her furniture to the poor, but I know nothing of this." (West Texas Historical Association Yearbook, 1944.) Herron had known Lottie personally from her arrival at Fort Griffin in 1876 to the time she left.

All historians agree that Fort Griffin's boom period was from 1876, when Lottie made that celebrated entrance on the stagecoach, until 1879 when the shady community started falling apart. By that year, the hide industry was hitting bottom with the greedy, senseless destruction of the buffalo. With the last Comanches and Apaches expelled from Texas, the War Department in Washington was making serious plans to close down the fort itself. This would happen in 1881, and coyotes would breed in the quarters where soldiers had jumped to reveille.

There were no longer enough men around Fort Griffin to keep the roving girls eating. So the girls had to go.

Among them went Miss Lottie Deno. Temporarily she returned to Jacksboro. This much has been definitely established. There she is said to have set a record for generous acts of kindness and charity. Nobody could have ever accused her of lacking in individual generosity. But if she followed her usual profession, she must have found pickings slim, for Jack County's Fort Richardson had been shut down in 1879 and its woman-happy troopers dispersed.

Then years passed and nobody heard about Lottie, but with the passing years her legend grew like a rolling snowball down a mountainside. One story was that she had returned to Boston to rejoin her wealthy family and was the sparkling gem of New York and Boston society. Another story had her landing in France where she was a Countess somebody. Then there was the wild tale about her being a Dixie Belle and had been ruined by the defeat of the South. Other stories, as tall and as crazy and as improbable were spun around her legend.

Then in 1892 Lottie Deno suddenly became alive to the people of Texas. J. Wright Moar, the famous buffalo hunter, was walking down the main street of El Paso, Texas, when he was stopped by a middle-aged woman. On second glance he recognized Lottie Deno, whom he had known well at Fort Griffin.

There wasn't much mystery about Lottie or where she had been or what had happened to her. She had married a New Mexico rancher and lived on the ranch with him for years. She said she had been converted to religion and was closely affiliated with the Episcopal Church. She was still living on the ranch in New Mexico, and this was her first trip to Texas in many years.

She was Mrs. Thomas Thurmond and was one of Deming, New Mexico's most respected citizens. Lottie died in 1934 at the age of 80 and was buried as Mrs. Thurmond. That old leather trunk with its contents was sold at public auction with her personal belongings after her death. The trunk was purchased by a Methodist preacher who refused to part with it or tell its contents.

The Old West knew many sisters of sin just as good looking and with all of Lottie Deno's assets. But those women all boasted about who they had been.

Lottie Deno never opened her mouth about herself. So out of her silence grew the fantastic and absurd legend of Lottie Deno. ●

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SHANGHAI HELL (Continued from page 17)

the men who allowed themselves to be lured into such establishments were inexperienced. A good many of them were farm boys newly arrived in the city, more than a few being loggers with no inkling of what might happen to them if they took bed and board in one of the waterfront houses. Ironically, a sizeable number of the sailors who were shanghaied were not actually seamen.

As Edward C. Johnson, one of Portland's old-time waterfront characters put it: "I know one ship that went out of Portland which had two real seamen and 40 plowboys . . ."

Another ship was known to have sailed with a bull teamster serving as bo's'n, thanks to some eager crimp who had spirited him aboard under the influence.

TIMES were hard on the West Coast during the early 1890's, and there had to be a reason why it was necessary to force men to sign up for sea duty. Apparently, it was the long wait for cargoes that made crimping a necessary evil along Portland's waterfront. "Windjammers" coming into port from across the sea carried nothing but a ballast of sand and rocks in their holds. Upon arrival in the Willamette, they dumped the ballast, and waited at anchor for a cargo. Oftentimes, four or five months would pass from the time they sailed up the Willamette before they picked up a load of lumber, wheat or livestock. It was cheaper for a skipper to pay blood money for a new crew than it was to feed the old crew through this waiting period.

The crimps had their own syndicate, organized in the 1870's by James (Jim) Turk. The crimps' syndicate had become, by 1890, a powerful influence in the city, holding sway over police, prosecuting attorneys, judges and other high offices. Cash for hush money and bribes was extorted from the sea captains who were forced to buy new crews to replace the sailors who had been enticed from their ships by the runners. Blood money was also squeezed from the various saloons, brothels, gambling dives, and other hang-outs. Added to the funds gleaned from these sources was their income from drunk-rolling, robbery and even murder. The majority of these crimes never reached court or docket and, of course, went unpunished.

Jim Turk was one of the first men to recognize the possibilities of the shanghai business in Portland. Born in England, Turk had a taste for fine clothes, and never appeared in public without his gold-headed cane. Being a rather large man, 5 feet 11 inches tall and weighing about 200 pounds, he cut a fine figure, strolling along Portland's waterfront streets.

Before arrival in Portland, Turk had lived in Pendleton, Oregon, where he did a lucrative business selling liquor to the Indians. Upon his arrival in Portland, he set himself up as proprietor of a sailors' boardinghouse. This, of course, meant that he had gone into the crimping business. He prospered enough to bedeck three successive wives with king-sized diamonds.

It is said that Jim Turk shanghaied his own son, getting the boy drunk, and delivering him aboard a schooner, where he collected blood money from the skipper for another seaman.

"The boy was playing around with bad booze, bad women, and crooked cards," was the reason Turk gave for abducting his own flesh and blood. "A few months at sea will teach him a lesson."

Another famous figure of that wide-open era was Larry Sullivan, the most notorious of Portland's shanghaiers. Sullivan, born in the early 1860's, came to Astoria, as a young man, where he made a reputation for himself as a fighter. He then moved to Portland, where he took on the best scrapper in town. The fight lasted 75 rounds and was fought according to London prize ring rules, a round lasting until one man was down. Sullivan won this fight, but lost his next one, which took place before a big rowdy crowd in the city's largest pavilion.

With his heyday as a fighter brought to an abrupt end, Sullivan started a sailors' boardinghouse and took up crimping. His new enterprises proved to be a success, and during his next few years, more than one bark and schooner floated out of Portland harbor manned by a crew from "Larry's place."

Well established in his new business, Sullivan began to take an active interest in local politics. On one occasion he sat at a window on the second floor of his boardinghouse, cradling a shotgun across his knees, while he kept a watchful eye on the voting polls across the street.

"I want to make sure nobody makes off with the ballot box," he told his associates.

To insure a landslide for the candidate of his choice, Sullivan brought ashore the crew from a Dutch ship, none of whom could read or speak English, and paid them two dollars per head to cast votes.

In 1892, Sullivan married a 16-year-old girl, Mabel Hoars. He later divorced her to marry Lucille Ayers, said to be one of the most beautiful women in Portland. The new Mrs. Sullivan had run a "fancy house" in North Portland prior to her marriage.

Sullivan died in 1918, and was buried in a Portland cemetery.

JOSEPH "Bunco" Kelly, the only one of Portland's shanghai men to be arrested and tried for murder, operated out of Portland's North End. Kelly not only loaded the wooden Indian aboard a schooner, in lieu of a flesh and blood seaman, but it is also said that he succeeded in putting two women aboard a ship, on one occasion, by dressing them in men's clothing and collecting blood money for them.

Perhaps one of the wildest stories to come out of Portland's shanghai era revolves around this man Kelly. One night in the mid 1890's a group of 40 rowdy drinking men broke into a basement undertaking parlor, having assumed that it was the cellar of the saloon above. There was a keg of formaldehyde on the premises, and the men drank from this. 39 of them died as a result.

At the same time, there happened to be a schooner in harbor in need of 40 deck hands. The skipper contacted Bunco Kelly, asking him to round up a crew. Kelly, having knowledge of the 39 dead men laid out in the mortuary, recruited enough waterfront bums to help him load the corpses aboard the schooner.

"You owe me two dollars extra for this batch, skipper," he told the captain. "You said you would pay me $50 for each one, now I'm asking you to fork across $52. I dug into my own pocket to get this bunch drunk."

The captain paid Kelly the $2,028 he demanded, and the schooner got under way, with its grisly crew.

(Continued on page 66)

PORTUGEE PHILLIPS'

(Continued from page 24)

Among the women at Fort Phil Kearney was the young wife of Lieutenant George W. Grummond who had been among the Fetterman victims. She was utterly prostrated with grief over the awful death of her husband. "Portugee" Phillips knocked at the door of the quarters occupied by Mrs. Grummond and asked to see the bereaved woman, to whom he was an utter stranger. Over his arm he carried a choice wolf-robe which he had long cherished.

He said: "For your sake I am going to attempt to bring relief from Fort Laramie. I may not get through the Indian lines, but in case I fail, I want you to keep this robe as a slight remembrance of me."

Phillips then checked his arms and equipment, and stowed away in his saddlebags a supply of biscuits and a scant amount of feed for his horse. It was near midnight when he reported to Col. Carrington that he was ready to start. He shook the colonel's hand, mounted his horse as the commander himself unbarred and opened the sally-port gate.

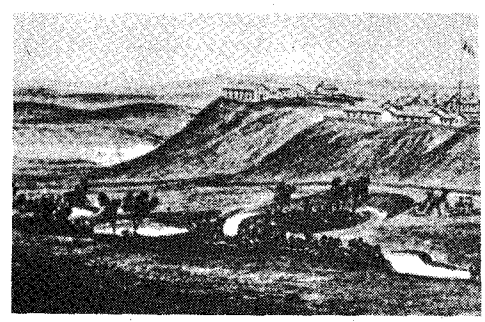
"May God help you," murmured Carrington as horse and rider slipped out into the storm. For several moments the colonel stood with his head bent, expecting at any moment to hear the dreaded war-whoop, but the only sound was the roar of the storm. Phillips was expected to file and send Carrington's dispatches of the massacre at Horseshoe Station, the first telegraph station, a good three days' ride from Fort Phil Kearney.

Phillips was a seasoned frontiersman. After leaving the fort, he almost immediately "steered clear of the trail," riding parallel to it sometimes at a distance of ten miles, knowing that the trail would be closely watched by the Indians. He made no attempt to travel during the daytime. When the first streaks of daylight appeared, Phillips would ride into a thicket where he could not be observed, and there spend the day until darkness again descended.

At Fort Reno, about 60 miles to the southeast, a headquarter's clerk was sleeping soundly in a bunk located in a room adjoining the adjutant's office. Suddenly he was awakened by hoof-beats and a shout from the sentry. Then he heard the hoof-beats fade away down the Bozeman Trail. John Phillips had reached and passed through Fort Reno.

"How did he ever get through Crazy Woman's Fork?" asked an officer in amazement. "The Indians must have been laying for him there."

"He didn't come through Crazy Woman's Fork," answered another officer who had talked briefly with Phillips. "He told me he left the trail at Buffalo Wallows



Fort Fetterman, Wyoming Territory,

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and came around five miles south of the Forks."

Phillips had now passed through the most dangerous part of his journey. But many death-filled miles remained. Just before he reached Horseshoe Station it looked as though his luck had run out when he was spotted by a large band of Indians. With a screech of fury, the war party whipped their ponies in pursuit. But with the superb charger belonging to Col. Carrington Phillips was able to outdistance the savages and gain a high hill. There he managed to stand the Indians off. Throughout the night Phillips remained on the hill, keeping a constant lookout against a surprise attack and ready to mount and flee at a moment's notice. With the first streaks of day, he "made a run for it," and miraculously galloped through the Indian lines unscathed.

AT HORSESHOE Station he filed Col. Carrington's two dispatches with the telegraph operator: one to the department commander at Omaha, and one to the post commander at Fort Laramie. Then, taking no chances that the messages would not get through, he pushed on through the blizzard to Ft. Laramie, 36 miles further down the trail.

It was about eleven o'clock on Christmas night when Phillips staggered through the gate at Ft. Laramie. A gay Christmas party was in full swing at "Bedlam," the large building at the post used as the officers' clubhouse where all the dances and festivities were held. The smartly dressed officers and ladies gasped in surprise as Phillips staggered into the room, a swaying, gigantic figure swathed in a buffalo-skin overcoat, with buffalo boots, gauntlets and cap. He was covered with snow, and his beard trailed icicles.

Gasping that he was a courier from Fort Phil Kearney with important dispatches for the commanding officer, he dropped senseless to the floor from the terrible exposure and exertion he had faced so bravely. The faithful horse which had carried him in safety through 236 miles of deep snow and zero weather, already was lying dead out on the parade ground. The exhausted animal had dropped the moment Phillips reeled from the saddle. Man and horse had been on the trail for four days.

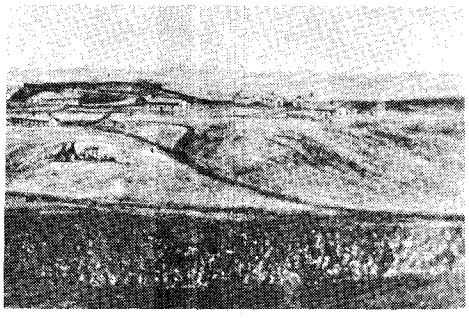
Troops were immediately dispatched from Ft. Laramie, and the garrison at Fort Phil Kearney was saved from almost certain annihilation. Not only had "Portugee" Phillips saved scores of men, women and children from being butchered, he had also saved the whole Powder River country from being overrun by Red Cloud and his savages.

Phillips neither asked nor expected any remuneration for his remarkable heroism, however. He said simply that it was his "duty." In the years following his ride, he was employed in various capacities and engaged in business in connection with government posts. He was continually hunted and harassed by the Sioux, who always looked upon him as the man who had wrested from their grasp the garrison at Fort Phil Kearney.

Once, he was lassoed by Indians in an attempt to capture him for torture, but managed to escape. At other times, his cattle were shot down, undoubtedly through pure wantonness on the part of vengeful warriors. In 1872 Phillips was engaged in hauling wood for the government at Fort Fetterman when a band of Indians, supposed to be Sioux and Cheyennes, drove off and killed a considerable amount of stock belonging to him.

Phillips died in Cheyenne, November 18, 1883, aged fifty-one years. Broken in health by the exposure and strain of his long and perilous ride, he died in the prime of life, leaving a widow and child in straitened circumstances.

It was 32 years after Phillips made his famous ride before the government took official recognition of the heroic act. About 1899 Senator F. E. Warren and Congressman F. W. Mondell succeeded in obtaining $5,000 for Mrs. Phillips as a partial recognition of the services of her husband on his hazardous ride, and as a settlement of claims for horses and cattle which were shot or run off by Sioux and Cheyenne raiders. ●



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A GOOD DAY FOR DYING

(Continued from page 29)

hideout singing and roistering in loud voices. Cherokee, sitting under a tree just outside the door in the semi-darkness, thus was warned of their arrival. He held his fire until they were within close range, then started shucking lead from his Winchester killing Sequoyah Houston, one of the posse. A hot fight ensued during which Jim Cook was wounded seven times.

After Cherokee dropped Houston, the sheriff and four of his posse decided they would rather be live cowards then dead heroes and lit a shuck for home. This left two men of the posse against the two Bills —Cherokee and Cook. It was a Mexican stand-off and both factions were glad to escape under the cover of darkness.

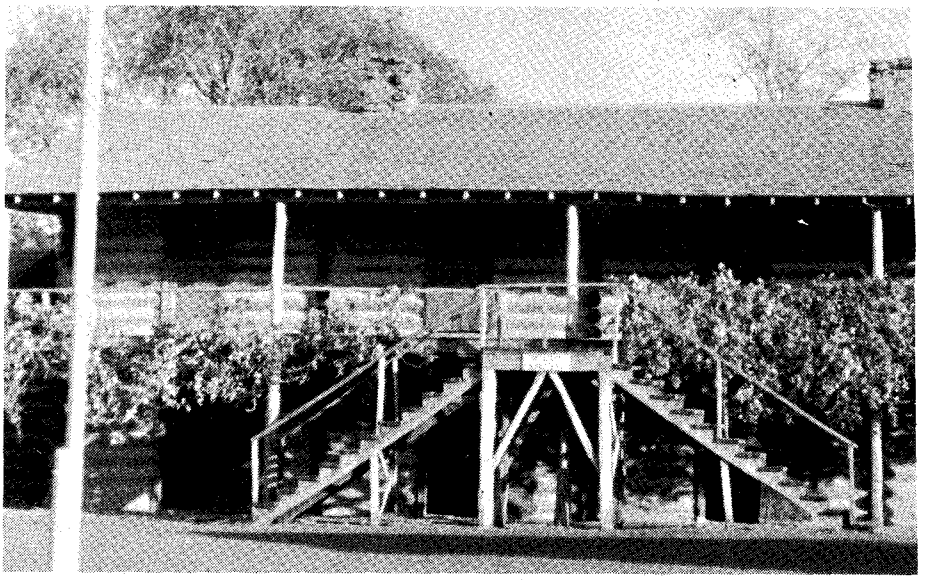
Cherokee and Bill Cook then took Jim to Fort Gibson and left him in care of a doctor where he recovered from his wounds. He was arrested and tried in the Cherokee Tribal Courts for the killing of Sequoyah Houston although Cherokee was the guilty one. Since this was fairly common knowledge, Jim Cook was only charged with manslaughter. This was probably because he was known to have been in the fight. He was found guilty and sentenced to eight years in the Cherokee prison.

SOON after this fight the infamous Cook gang was organized. The original band consisted of, besides the two Bills, Henry Munson, Curtis Dason, Chicken Lucas, Skeeter Baldwin and a man named Gordon. Later, Sam McWilliams, alias the Verdigris Kid and Jim French joined them. This was the nucleus of the gang. Others joined later.

Shortly after the gang was organized Cherokee, in company with another of the outlaws thought to be the Verdigris Kid, committed another murder. This took place during the robbery of Schufelt and Son's store at Lenapah, Indian Territory, a town about twenty miles south of Coffeyville, Kansas, on November 8, 1894. The two bandits rode up to the store and threw down on the owners with Winchesters. Cherokee went inside while the Kid remained outside to hurrah the town by firing an occasional volley up and down the street.

A small restaurant was separated from the Schufelt store by a vacant lot and at the sound of gun shots Ernest Melton, a paper hanger who was helping decorate the eating place, rushed to the side window to see what was happening. Cherokee glanced up and saw Melton looking at him. He swore a harsh oath as he threw his Winchester to his shoulder and blew the man's brains out with as little compunction as he would have blown out a candle. It was for this murder that he was finally captured and lodged in the Fort Smith jail where he committed still another murder—the one for which he was hanged.

Some of the heinous crimes Cherokee committed during his short, but gory, career were the killing of the railroad agent Richards at Nowata during a robbery in which he got only a few dollars; the killing of his sister's husband, George Brown; and the fiendish pumping of lead into the man's body until his Winchester was empty. This for no other reason than Brown's father, who owned a swine ranch, had given Bill's sister a few more hogs than he had given Bill. Then, of course, the senseless murder of Lawrence Keating in an abortive jail break.



Other crimes charged to him were the robberies of the Scales Store at Wetumka; a train robbery at Red Fork; Parkinson's Store at Okmulgee; an express office in Choteau and Schufelt's Store in Lenapah where he killed Melton.

It was nearly three months after the murder of Melton before Cherokee was captured, and then only through the betrayal by a man who lived chiefly off the desperado's generosity. This man was Issac "Ike" Rogers whose sole purpose in effecting the capture was personal gain—a portion of the $1,300 price on Cherokee's head. Rogers never had provided properly for his family who often would have gone hungry had not Cherokee brought them food. It was hinted that at times Ike had fingered jobs for Cherokee and shared in the loot.

Cherokee was in the habit of visiting the Rogers home frequently to court a relative of Ike's with whom the outlaw was much in love. She was Maggie Glass.

Rogers had at one time worked as a deputy for United States Marshal Crump. When Crump learned of the trysting place he had one of his deputies, a man named Smith, contact Rogers. Smith suggested to Rogers that he invite Maggie and the outlaw to visit him and then capture Cherokee when he was off guard.

Now loyalty was not one of Ike's weaknesses and he agreed to the plan with alacrity. Since Maggie was receptive to Bill's suit they accepted the invitation with pleasure even though they were beginning to suspect Rogers.

After they arrived at Roger's place Maggie became more and more suspicious of Ike's intentions and warned Cherokee to leave. But Cherokee was not one to run away from trouble. He told Maggie he would show Rogers how long it would take him to commit murder. He intended to let Rogers make the first move, then drop him in his tracks.

The marshals had given Rogers explicit instructions to take Cherokee alive, so Ike fairly dripped graciousness and friendship. But when he suggested to Cherokee that he lay aside his Winchester, Cherokee wasn't buying, "That is something I never do," Cherokee said darkly. Rogers then tried to get him to drink some whisky he had doped with morphine, but, like the hunted animal he had become, Cherokee was now fully alert to his danger and on his guard at all times. He refused the drink.

Come supper time Cherokee let the others sit down first then chose a place where he could keep his back to the wall and his Winchester across his knees. When the meal was finished Cherokee and Clint Scales, a neighbor of Rogers who was in cahoots with him to get the reward, played cards. Rogers kibitzed the game, watching for an opportunity to overpower Cherokee. But Cherokee never gave him the chance.

The card game lasted until four o'clock in the morning and when they retired Cherokee and his double-dealing host occupied the same bed, along with Cherokee's Winchester. Rogers lay awake hoping to catch the younger man asleep but whenever he moved Cherokee instantly raised up in bed with his Winchester in his hands.

AFTER breakfast the next morning Ike gave Maggie a dollar and sent her to a neighbor's house to get some chickens. This was to get her out of the way so she couldn't take a hand when they jumped Cherokee as they would have to do as soon as Cherokee started leaving.

While Scales, Rogers and Cherokee were sitting in front of the open fireplace talking Cherokee rolled a cigarette, and, not having a match, turned and stooped over the fireplace to light it. By turning his back for only an instant he gave Ike the opportunity he had so long awaited. Ike snatched up a stick of firewood and knocked Cherokee down. It was a blow that would have killed most men but it only dazed Cherokee and a savage fight took place.

Scales and Rogers both jumped on Cherokee before he could get up. Rogers' wife grabbed Cherokee's Winchester and jerked it out of his hands. The three men fought on the floor for a long time before two of Rogers' sons got a pair of handcuffs on the younger man.

Cherokee knew what was in store for him if he stood trial for his crimes, and because of the Indians' belief that death by strangulation would keep him from entering the Spirit World, Cherokee begged his captors to kill him. When they refused he offered them money and horses, all they wanted, to release him. But the two conspirators were beyond temptation. They turned him down cold. Well did they know their fate once Cherokee was free. They put him in a wagon and started to Nowata. Scales rode in the wagon and drove while Rogers followed on horseback with a shotgun across the pommel of his saddle.

In Nowata they turned Cherokee over to deputies Bill Smith and George Lawson who took him to Fort Smith. There he was held for trial before Judge Issac J. Parker, the hanging judge, who sentenced him to swing for the murder of Ernest Melton.

While awaiting execution Cherokee was kept in the Fort Smith jail along with some

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250 other desperate and hardened criminals. Among these were fifty-nine murderers under sentence of death. Cherokee could not see any future in a place like that and made a desperate attempt to break out but was stopped by Lawrence Keating, one of the guards who lost his life in the fight.

Using a pistol that had been smuggled to him through a window, Cherokee covered the guard and commanded, "Throw your hands up and give me that pistol."

Keating knew that if he complied with the prisoner's orders Cherokee would release all the other desperadoes and arm them from the arsenal in the jailer's office. He also knew what refusal meant. The thin threads of human destiny hung in the balance, but if Keating counted the cost it didn't keep him from digging his grave. He went for his gun. Cherokee gobbled like a turkey, the Indian sign of death, and shot Keating dead.

Feeling ran high over this killing. Even after things had quieted down, and Cherokee had given up his pistol, some of Keating's friend wanted to kill him right then and there. However cooler heads prevailed and talked them into saving him for the gibbet.

Cherokee's lawyer continued to fight hard to save his life but Cherokee's luck had run out. His bad God had stolen his medicine. Judge Parker sentenced him to be hanged. Before passing sentence Judge Parker excoriated him unmercifully:

"The crime you have committed (in murdering Lawrence Keating) is but another evidence of your wicked, lawless, bloody and murderous disposition. It is another evidence of your total disregard of human ilfe . . . that you revel in the destruction of human life. The many murders (some say as many as thirteen) you have committed, and your wanton character, show you to be a human monster from whom innocent people can expect no safety.

"All that you have done has been done in the interest of crime, in furtherance of a wicked criminal purpose. The jury has convicted you properly. . . . Your case is one where justice should not walk with leaden feet. It should be swift. It should be certain. As far as this court is concerned it shall be. . . .

"You will listen to the sentence of the law, which is, that you, Crawford Goldsby, alias Cherokee Bill, for the crime of murder committed by you . . . .and that you be therefore for the said crime against the laws of the United States be hanged by the neck until you are dead."

At 2 o'clock in the afternoon of March 17, 1896, one month and nine days after his twentieth birthday, the huge door of the Fort Smith jail swung open and Cherokee Bill took his last walk—to the gallows. He was pale, but walked steady and erect. He glanced at the crowd and said, "Hell, look at all the people. Something must be going to happen." Then, looking up at the sky, face stoic and inscrutible, he became all Indian. "This is about as good a day to die as any," he said as he moved over to stand on the trap door.

With the rope around his neck, the knot pulled snugly behind his left ear, one of the guards asked if he wanted to say anything.

"No," Cherokee replied, "I came here to die, not to make a speech."

A few minutes later jail guard Eoff, who had been in the fight when Keating was killed, pulled the lever that dropped Cherokee eight feet through the "Gates of Hell."

He died without a struggle. So ended the career of a youth who was terrible even in a land of desperate men. ●

GO WEST, YOUNG KILLER

(Continued from page 33)

inside, where he met intimately the most crooked crooks of the day, he picked up some new ideas. New ideas were important to crooks in that day, as they are today, and Charley knew that he would need them. For even when his hair had grown out evenly again and he had gotten a decently fitting suit, he knew that he was still a marked man, an ex-con who would be hounded by the police wherever he went.

One of the new ideas picked up by Charley dealt with the method of committing burglaries and robberies. While not entirely new, it was becoming more widely used by the smarter thieves of the time. It involved the use of chloroform instead of a club or a rock.

Knocking the victim out with a weapon of any sort was always messy and too often noisy. With nothing more noisy than the hoofs of horses in the dusty streets, and all buildings thinly constructed, even the slightest noise in the night carried a long way. This meant that a victim, if he cried out, or groaned very loudly, was sure to arouse help, leaving only time to grab whatever was handy and run. But dousing the victim with chloroform was silent and very effective. It gave plenty of time to dig into mattresses, poke into corners, lift up loose floor boards and generally search all the places where valuables were usually hidden.

Charley became highly proficient in the use of chloroform. Before long he was frequenting saloons and bawdy houses, with much more money than an ex-con should have. He became so engrossed in his ambition to become the slickest house burglar in San Francisco that he didn't bother to try to locate the redheaded Katie who had squealed.

Another smart idea which Charley had picked up in prison concerned the disposal of his loot. Selling watches, rings, guns, or anything which could be identified immediately after a job was pure stupidity. Charley started the idea of taking things down the peninsula and burying them until the job was forgotten. Then he dug them up and sold them across the bay in Oakland and the other towns which were beginning to line the shore.

Charley's whole plan worked exceptionally well. He even toyed with the idea of putting some gold aside for a trip back east to make Addie Putnam sorry that she hadn't married him. But the cost of Charley's high living kept increasing with his tastes and he never got around to saving anything.

Late in 1864 Charley entered the room of Charles L. Wiggins on Geary Street, gave him a dose of chloroform, and left with more than $1500 in money and jewelry. The jewelry included a handsomely engraved watch which bore "C. L. W." on the back. Charley liked the watch and really wanted to keep it for himself, but he knew it would be a dead giveaway if it were found on him.

However Charley did carry the watch in his pocket as he headed for San Jose, down in Santa Clara County, where he had already buried some jewelry. On the way he decided to stop along the Barbary Coast for a few hours of liquor and festivity.

When one of the girls noticed the watch Charley proudly displayed the timepiece and even pointed out his initials on the back. His name, he said, was Charles L. Waggoner. But the girl was smarter than

(Continued on page 58)

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GO WEST, YOUNG KILLER

(Continued from page 57)

Charley thought. She had heard a lot about chloroform jobs and she could still detect the odor of chloroform about Charley.

The girl would have forgotten all about the watch and the scent of chloroform if Charley hadn't got rough with her later in her room. He slapped the girl and started to walk out without paying her anything. The girl screamed her vengeance at him but Charley smacked her again across the mouth and stalked out.

The next day the girl had her revenge. She told the policeman who collected the graft in her section, and a week later when Charley returned to San Francisco he found officers waiting for him.

Although he denied his guilt and there was no direct evidence, the police held him while they investigated. Charley got scared. An ex-con in those days didn't have much chance in court, so he decided on a bold plan.

Charley called the sergeant to his cell and said that he wanted to confess, that he was terribly sorry for all the bad things he had done. After that he asked for a Bible and wanted someone to come and help him pray for his lost soul. He had at last, he said, seen the "light" from the dismal filth of his jail cell.

The sergeant was impressed. So were other officers, and the mission workers who came to help Charley pray. There was a growing movement in San Francisco to save criminals and this looked like a case of one who would reform. Charley not only confessed to the Wiggins robbery but added a few other jobs in with it.

Then Charley added his master stroke. He told them of the loot which he had buried down in Santa Clara County.

"I want to go down there and dig it up," he said with tears dropping into his soiled red beard. "I want that poor man to have his things back."

Special officer John Rose was so impressed by Charley's reformation that he volunteered to use his own time to take Charley down to San Jose for the loot. So a few days later Rose took Charley on the train to San Jose, where they hired a rig and drove out from the city.

About five miles out of town Charley indicated a bush-covered ravine. Rose halted the horses and they climbed down.

"I'm mighty glad you're doing this, Charley," Rose told him solemnly.

At a spot marked by a large stone and a small one, Charley pointed to freshly disturbed earth.

"Here," he said.

Rose, with complete confidence in his prisoner, dropped to his knees to examine the ground. It was the moment Charley had been expecting. He suddenly and without warning drove his heavy boot into the side of Rose's face. As Rose rolled over, he grabbed his gun and began clubbing him with the barrel of it.

Leaving Rose unconscious, Charley dug up his loot and drove the rig back to San Jose, where he abandoned it at the hitching post of a saloon. Charley then headed for Weaverville, more than 200 miles north in Trinity County.

Charley had first intended to throw Rose's gun away, but he kept it. He began to use it in robberies around Weaverville. But it was near election time and the sheriff was making things tough for small-time crooks. Charley wasn't aware of this.

CHARLEY wasn't fast enough with a gun anyway. An alert citizen drew faster than he after Charley tried to hold up a couple of miners on a trail. Charley was caught red-handed. Convicted of robbery in time to help the election speeches, Charley was sentenced to seven years in San Quentin.

Charley served his full seven years. They were bitter, hard years but they added the final seasoning which conditioned him for vicious crimes ahead.

Released early in 1872, Charley got back to San Francisco as quickly as he could. He had a special reason. This time, Charley was determined, women would pay. And he knew just where he was going to start. Just before leaving San Quentin he had met a fresh fish for the prison, a pasty-faced dope peddler who had told Charley about the girl he left behind. Charley wanted to get Carrie Spencer before someone else took her over.

He found Carrie, a blonde who was much prettier than she was bright, in a waterfront dance-hall. Carrie took him to her room and gave him money for some clothes. After a few days and nights in her arms, during which time he had strange fits of crying, he gave Carrie a good beating and put her to work in a house on Pike Street, now known as Waverly Place.

Being a procurer was a new role for Charley, and one which he really didn't like. Although the seven years in prison and his bitter experiences with women had made him seemingly calloused and ruthless, he was still the weak and frightened male in the presence of a lovely woman. Had Carrie been smart she would have understood the strange crying spells which preceded the beatings he gave her. But Carrie wasn't bright and she was doomed to be the first and only woman Charley ever dominated.

Being superior to one woman, and enjoying her earnings, gave Charley ideas of expanding. He thought of having a string of women, and he began looking around. In the same house where Carrie worked was Caroline Prenel, a frail, little girl with a wealth of long, black hair.

It was a strange scene that May night in the rear room of the Pike Street house when Charley, the big, red-bearded ex-con, told Caroline, the frail, pretty prostitute, that he was taking charge. Instead of being frightened of him, as he expected, she smiled and shook her head.

"No, Charley," she said. "I like you too much for that. I'm going to leave this wicked business. I'm going to stay just long enough to get some money so I can go back to Kansas where the people are good and decent."

Before he realized it, Charley was deeply touched and it made him angry.

"Caroline, I won't have it," he said. "I'm taking charge."

Without turning, she shook her head. "No, Charley."

Her tone as well as her words told him that her mind was made up. For a moment Charley stood staring at her. He felt the watery feeling in his knees. Then he heard Carrie's laughter as she went down the hallway with a customer. He stalked toward Caroline, his big hands opening and closing.

Only a gurgling sound escaped her lips as she clawed vainly at his powerful fingers around her slender throat, and kicked wildly. He almost lifted her from the chair with his grip. She stopped struggling and he dropped her to the floor.

Charley stood over her lifeless body and somehow he felt good about it, strong, powerful.

"Slut," he muttered. He reached down and slipped off her rings and pulled the roll of bills from beneath her garter, then he strode masterfully from the room.

Outside her door fear grabbed at him. Charley realized that he would have to get out of town fast. He rushed down to Carrie's room, ordered her customer out and told her to pack. They left by the back way and caught the morning boat for Sacramento.

Charley found things changed in Sacramento from what they had been in 1861, when he first arrived. The great development of the Sacramento Valley into an agricultural area and the rising importance of the capital city, had changed the character of the town. Gambling and prostitution were under strict control by the people who had the right political connections.

Until he had a chance to get acquainted with the new set-up, Charley had to be content with rolling drunks and taking men to the room he and Carrie shared in the Mechanics Exchange. With the police watching petty crime closely, both were dangerous and neither very profitable.

Mrs. Mary Shaw, a middle-aged, fiery, quick-tongued woman, operated a place on I Street. Known as Mrs. Gibson, Mary had come to Sacramento in 1851 and acquired title to considerable property by unconsidered methods. She had become widely known for her venemous opposition to the railroad when that company tried to appropriate some of her property for a right-of-way. Admired by the lower classes, de-

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spised by the upper crust, Mary enjoyed her reputation for doing what she wanted to do and of having the most objectionable establishment in the city, which she operated single-handedly.

When Charley learned all this he got a new idea. With Mary's money, political connections, and property he could start his own bawdy house. Although he had in the back of his mind the idea he would later take over the business, he was willing to be just her partner in the beginning.

The idea seemed a good one, and Charley, with Carrie, hung around the place most of the time. It seemed better when Mary took a liking to the handsome, red-bearded Charley. He made a few passing hints and Mary didn't indicate any objection.

On the night of September 19th, 1872, Charley sent Carrie back to the room early and he hung around until the last customer was pushed out the door after midnight. At his suggestion, they went back into Mary's quarters, in the rear. There, over a bottle of beer, he explained his idea to Mary.

But Mary was a shrewd, hard woman about business.

"No, Charley," she told him frankly. "You're not the type to run a business like this."

The words cut deeply into Charley's ego. Rage flared up in him and he lunged toward her, his hands reaching for her throat.

Like Caroline, Mary Shaw fought desperately. In her struggle she grabbed his heavy red beard and tore out a hunk of it. The pain added to Charley's fury. When she went limp, he snatched up a hunting knife which lay on a table and drove it into the side of her neck. Blood spurted over the bed and over Charley's clothing.

With Mary dead, Charley quickly tore three rings from her fingers, and reached beneath her flowing skirt to rip a wad of greenbacks from a pocket in her petticoat. He searched the room for other valuables. Finding none, he grabbed up several dresses and a coat because he remembered that Carrie needed clothes.

Charley went out the front door and neglected to fasten it. As he hurried through the darkened streets he ran smack into Officer Tom Harris, a lean, lanky patrolman who had just come on the force.

Thinking fast, Charley told him that he had been to a friend's house to get the clothing for his wife, and that two men had beat him in a robbery attempt.

Harris, who saw no reason to doubt him, said, "The scoundrels! Come, I'll see you safely home."

In his room, he woke Carrie up and showed her the clothing, the rings and the money and told her what had happened. Carrie began to cry and told Charley what a terrible thing he had done. Charley started to beat her but suddenly he changed his mind and he fell sobbing into her arms.

The next morning Chris Weiderholt, a citizen, saw the door of Mary's place open and no one around. He notified Officer Kent Wentworth who found Mary's body on the blood-soaked bed. Between her lifeless fingers was the hunk of red hair which she had torn from Charley's beard.

When the report of the murder and robbery reached police headquarters, Officer Harris remembered the red-bearded man he had escorted to the Mechanics Exchange. He went back and arrested Charley just as he was finishing shaving his face clean of his red beard.

With the evidence of the reddish hair in Mary's hand; the rings and money they found in Charley's pockets, the clothes in the room, and the blood on Charley's clothes, the Grand Jury promptly indicted him for murder. But he didn't give up hope, for Charley had an idea of beating the case.

IN HIS cell in the old stockade jail, Charley wrote out a set of facts which he wanted Carrie to say on the stand. It was a story which would have proven him innocent. He gave the sheets of paper to Carrie when she came to visit him, and she took them away. But Charley didn't know that Carrie had already told the police everything, or that she handed the things he wrote out to Jailor Manuel Cross as she went out.

She not only told about the murder of Mary Shaw but she also told about the murder of Caroline Prenel, and gave the police one of Caroline's rings which Charley had let her keep.

At his trial, on March 12th, 1872, Carrie Spencer repeated her story from the witness chair, and sealed Charley's fate. On March 29th he was sentenced to be hanged.

But before Charley was hanged a strange thing occurred. At one-thirty on the morning of April 16th, Jailer Cross heard the bell at the stockade gate ringing. It was a small clapper bell which was rung by jerking a leather string and used by outsiders to attract the attention of the jailor.

It was an unusual hour for visitors and Cross went out with his six-shooter in his hand. As he approached the gate he saw a man in the moonlight entering the gate. He was hatless, bare-footed and had his coat on wrong side out. As Cross came closer he saw that the man had a gun in his hand. When he saw the gun, Cross fired from the hip twice. Both shots struck the man, who dropped his gun and staggered into the jail and collapsed in front of Charley's cell.

When Cross examined the man he marvelled that he had moved after the two shots. One of them had struck him in the breast, and the other had struck him in the mouth. In the light, Cross recognized him as a young man who had the day before, under the name of Williams, called and asked about Charley.

Papers on the young man indicated that his name was W. M. Flinn. Charley was taken from his cell to the undertaking parlor where he identified the dead man as his 33-year-old brother whom he had not seen since he left New Hampshire.

Charley had not known that his brother had come to Sacramento with a foolhardy idea of rescuing Charley from the hangman's noose. But like Charley, he never should have tried to match draws with a man who had lived in the West.

Charley took full advantage of his kid brother's dramatic attempt to rescue him. He asked for and got a lock of his hair. Then, remembering he had been successful with an act in San Francisco, Charley pretended to go insane. He pretended that the lock of hair was actually his brother. He talked to it night and day, and when a fly, of which there were many swarming around the jail, came near the lock of hair, Charley would go into hysterics.

But the act didn't work and finally Charley gave it up. On May 15th, 1873, he climbed the thirteen steps to the scaffold in the jail yard without aid.

With the early morning wind whipping his red beard he said, "If I could lay my hands on that woman, she'd be sorry."

They slipped the black hood over his red beard then, and his 200 pounds dropped quickly through the trap door. ●

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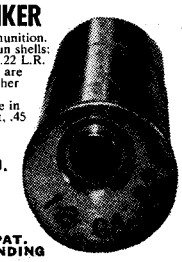

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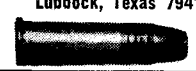

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MASTER CON MAN OF GOLDFIELD

(Continued from page 21)

Rice took it. With that deal done, the L. M. Sullivan Trust Company was on its way. The Vermilyea Lease was another capstone for the company but a curious combination of events pulled the string on Rice.

SULLIVAN began to believe that he was as big an operator as Rice kept telling him he was. While taking a group of investors to examine a property, he became expansive concerning the broad extent of the company's holdings and the development work going on at the time.

"Why even at this minute," Shanghai Larry said, "I've got a whole carload of winzes coming in to rush development work on at least a dozen properties."

While the egregious errors may not be readily apparent, it should be explained that a "winze" is a mining shaft dug from a lower mine level instead of the surface and certainly not a piece of machinery as Sullivan implied. Needless to say, confidence in the Sullivan Trust Company sagged, but Rice was equal to the situation. He was still riding high as a stork on a still, when a heavy snow blocked the Nevada trails in and out of Goldfield. Mail deliveries stopped and checks that had been floating and kiting, slowly settled down to the accounts where they were drawn. Rice had been manipulating funds so fast that probably he didn't know for sure what had happened. He did know he was now flatter than a salted snail. The L. M. Sullivan Trust Company went broke, taking several fine banking institutions down with it.

But George Graham Rice was as smart as he was unscrupulous. He managed to con the public into believing that he had gone broke trying to protect his investors. He was probably broke, but it was from draping some dolls with diamonds rather than any altruistic motives for protecting the public.

Rice's past was revealed, exposing him as an ex-convict and a swindler. Nevertheless, he organized *The Nevada Mining News* and resumed operations again, being careful now to remain discreetly in the background.

Though he had been stripped bare, Rice's fantastic luck threw a blanket around him again.

A flagging spirit had overtaken Goldfield when most of the mines had been merged into the Goldfield Consolidated Mines Company, squeezing out the small investors, controlling high-grading and puncturing most of the stock kiting schemes. Then came Rawhide, the last mad camp of that mad decade around the turn of the century.

"THIS CHURCH IS CLOSED. GOD HAS GONE TO RAWHIDE."

So read the legend that "Tex" Rickard had spread across the front of an abandoned church as Goldfield picked up its hind end and waddled across the desert, 100 miles northwest of Tonopah, to the new boom camp. Everyone was glad to go, though it is unlikely the four Grutt Brothers who located the Rawhide strike were equally glad to have them come. Some came because of the 1907 panic; others because new excitement and new money beckoned; others simply because they were tired of Goldfield and had no more roots than a tumbleweed anyway.

Tex Rickard, on his way to million dollar fight gates; Riley Grannan, one of the West's greatest gamblers; Zab Kendall, a prospector whose gold pan had often raised the wraith of gold; Nat Goodwin, the noted comedian; and, of course, George Graham Rice, all were there.

Rice moved behind the scenes again, using Goodwin as his front for promotion of the Rawhide Queen, the Rawhide Coalition and the Black Eagle mining properties. Nat not only enthused about the stocks and convinced others to buy, but he committed the con man's cardinal sin and bought some himself! It did lend an aura of confidence to the stocks "so good that Nat Goodwin bought some hisself" but it didn't add a peso to their values.

RICE DRAGGED out the very largest type in trumpeting his stocks and let out the gussets when Elinor Glyn, the *"Sex and the Single Girl"* authoress of that unenlightened age, came for a visit. Surely she would want to see the fallen angels.

habitués of the bawdy Stingaree Gulch, the raw life of Rawhide.

A 21 Champagne cork salute was given Mrs. Glyn when she arrived in Rawhide after a 38 hour journey by railroad and auto from San Francisco.

Rice immediately took Elinor in tow and suggested after dinner they view a real game of stud poker as played in the Wild West. Rice's verbatim account follows.

They entered a room. Six players were seated around a table. The men were coatless and grimy. Their unshaven faces, rough as nutmeg graters, were twisted into strange grimaces. All of them appeared the worse for liquor. Before each man was piled a mound of ivory chips of various hues, and alongside rested a six-shooter. Another gun protruded from the rear trousers' pocket of every player. Each man wore a belt filled with cartridges. Although an impromptu sort of game, it was well staged.

A man with bloodshot eyes shuffled and riffled the cards. Then he dealt a hand to each player.

"Bet you $10,000," loudly declared the first player.

"Call that and go you $15,000 better," shouted the second as he pushed a stack of yellows toward the center.

"Raise you!" cried two others, almost in unison.

Before the pot was complete $300,000 in chips had found its way to the center of the table and four men were standing up in their seats in a frenzy of bravado with the muzzles of their guns viciously pointed at one another. There was enough of the lurking devil in the eyes of the belligerents to give the onlookers a nervous shiver.

When the gunplay started, Mrs. Glyn (and her companions) cleared out.

As the door closed, the gamblers fired into the ceiling, several of them emitting desperate groans, accompanied by scuffling and scraping all designed to impress Mrs. Glyn with the fact that a desperate struggle was in progress.

Fifteen minutes later two "dead" gamblers were carried out and taken to the undertaker's shop. Mrs. Glyn, with head bowed, witnessed the dismal spectacle.

The murder and the high stake game which preceded it in the presence of the famous authoress made fine front page copy and Rawhide got reams of valuable publicity which couldn't have been purchased for any price.

The next night, Elinor Glyn, having sufficiently recovered from the shock of the murders, was escorted through Stingaree Gulch, a half-mile long street lined on both sides with cribs and brothels of every sort.

Rice didn't overlook a bet. He arranged a fake hold-up with masked men brandishing their guns and demanding the contents of the safe, a huge, steel box sporting what seemed to be polished handles. But that gag backfired twice. In the ensuing scuffle for the riches supposedly held in the safe one of the men fell against the side of the box and it caved in.

Someone had carefully fashioned the strong box of *papier mâché* to simulate a safe, which was about typical of Rawhide generally and Rice specifically. The badmen came back later and stole all the real cash on hand, which made it an expensive joke.

WHILE RICE was conducting Mrs. Glyn on a tour of the town, a pair of conspirators were sloshing down some shacks with kerosene, getting ready to put the torch whenever Rice gave the signal.

"Get back," Ken Wagner said as he threw a match toward the doused buildings. There was little need for the inflammable liquid since the buildings, long dried in the desert, were tinder anyway. The fire roared up, then a vagrant desert zephyr caught the blaze and it began to roar through other buildings. The fire department responded in the true tradition of the firemen of the early West, but it was apparent that the staged fire was now out of control.

"You boys outdid yourselves in this one," Rice said. "She's moving like a tidal wave."

The scene was soon crowded with all of the miners, riffraff and idlers as the fire raced without check. Water in that dry camp was too expensive for a fire.

The fire embraced all of the desert shacks and waste lumber at the foothills of one of the mines. The liberal use of kero-

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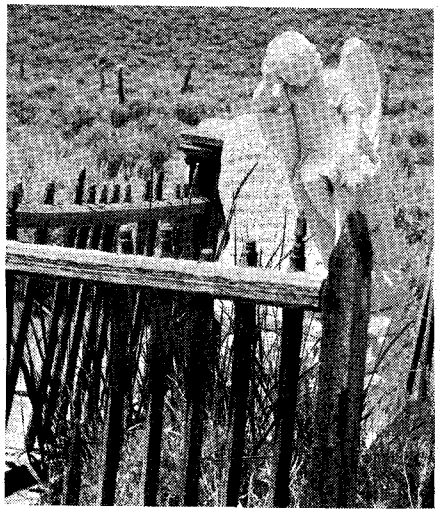

Cemetery on the outskirts of Goldfield.

sene and the brisk wind sent flames hundreds of feet into the air.

"Round up all the beer you can find," Rice shouted, once he saw how bad things really were.

"This ain't no time to celebrate, George," someone said.

"Celebrate, hell," Rice roared. "We'll use the beer to drown out the fire. It's cheaper than water and just as good."

Firemen, miners and other idlers rushed off to the near-by saloons and rolled back barrels of beer. After knocking in the heads of the casks and taking a draught or two for themselves they began ladling it off into the fire, and wetting down the other shacks in the path of the conflagration. It didn't seem to do much good, but everyone was having a great time.

"My girl. My Betsey's in thar," a wild-eyed miner shouted, as he broke through the crowd. "I gotta save her."

"No, no, it is certain death," Rice said sadly. "There is nothing that can be done."

But the man pushed away the restraining hands, and yelled, "Then it is better to die." With that, he rushed into the flames and was engulfed immediately.

Rice was anguished and tried to enter the flames but was driven back. "There's no way to help," he said. "No braver man than that ever lived."

Sadly, they watched the flames move along. In a few minutes, the miner reappeared, as miraculously as a phoenix, this time carrying a girl, carefully wrapped in wet clothing and coats. He laid her gently on the ground, then stood back.

"There, I think she'll survive," he said proudly. Others immediately whisked her away.

Like everything else Rice displayed, this was phony, too. Three feet past the blazing door of the shack into which the man had jumped, was a secret passage leading to shelter within a tunnel of an adjoining mine. The girl had waited, cool and prepared for the brief trip back through the flames with the miner. He had been carefully wetted down both ways, though Mrs. Glyn hadn't observed that.

"It was an act of daring heroism," she agreed breathlessly.

All the while Rice was pumping out great pieces of publicity, within which were plugs for the Rawhide enterprises and other blue-sky issues he was pushing. Needless to say, the world gobbled up the copy, along with Rice's stocks.

The Rawhide operation is considered by authorities to be one of the greatest publicity stunts in the entire annals of wildcat mining promotions. George Graham Rice was its prophet. He was to go on to other promotions, some in other parts of Nevada, Idaho, and other mining ventures, mostly in Eastern operations. He died in New York, broke, under ironic circumstances and with words which seemed to typify all of his life in Rawhide and other areas.

But before he died, Rice, through the agency of Nat Goodwin & Company, handled millions in stock ventures, some of the money rubbing off on his own sticky hands.

When Tex Rickard promoted the Nelson-Gans fight, Sullivan was pushed in ostensibly as one of the moving figures in the championship match. The fight, which ended after 41 rounds when Nelson fouled Gans, was the start of Rickard's fabulous career and came near the end of Rice's Nevada adventures. Sullivan contributed to the lack of confidence in Rice's future promotions by his public appearance and acting like an idiot incarnate.

Rawhide, Rice's schemes and Riley Grannan, the famed gambler, were all, in a manner of speaking, to occupy a common grave.

Rawhide, though a lusty infant, died as a youngster. The funeral eulogy which was said over Riley Grannan after he had died from a brief siege with black pneumonia, might have more properly been delivered over Rice's and Goodwin's company, and the town of Rawhide itself. For the body of Grannan had not yet turned to earth again when the town itself returned to the earth—ashes to scatter at the will of the desert winds.

Grannan was a creature of his times; a gambler known in every gambling house or race track across the nation. Though he moved mostly in the nether world of gamblers, women of easy virtue, and men of no virtue, Grannan was the open-handed type who was a normal part of the mining camps. It was natural that all of Rawhide paused to honor the dead gambler. Rice couldn't resist hamming it up when such a large audience was available. He located a defrocked preacher named W. H. Knickerbocker, gave him a double sawbuck to sing his best oration, then thoughtfully hired a court reporter to record every word for posterity. (The oration was printed and the pamphlet has gone through innumerable editions and is still available).

Old Knick cleared his throat and began:

"He was born in Paris, Kentucky, and he died in Rawhide, Nevada. . .

"He was a dead game sport. I say it not irreverently, but fill the phrase as full of human philosophy as it will hold, and I believe that when you say a man is a 'dead game sport' you have reached the climax of human philosophy. . .

"And now the time has come to say goodbye. The word farewell is the saddest in our language. And yet there are sentiments that sometimes refuse to be confined in that word. I will say, 'Goodbye Old Man.' We will try to exemplify the spirit manifested in your life in bearing the grief at our parting. Words fail me here. Let these flowers, Riley, with their petalled lips and perfumed breath, speak in beauty and fragrance the sentiments that are too tender for words.

"Goodbye, Grannan."

Many years later, Rice echoed Riley Grannan's last words at his own death, when he recalled the adventures with other people's money and took it lightheartedly even as death offered the final cup.

"It don't matter," he sighed. "It's all a joke anyway." ●

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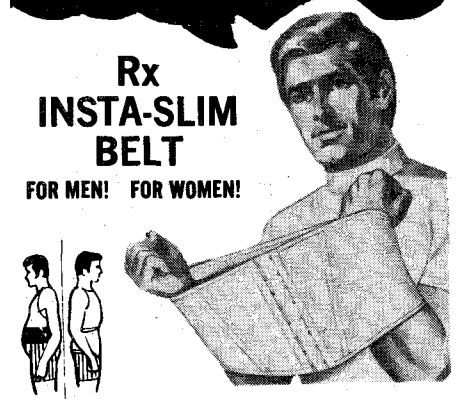

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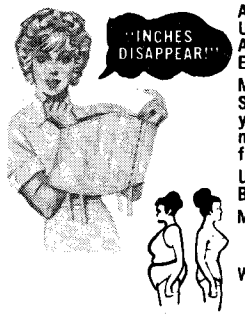

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EDWARD CREIGHTON SINGING WIRE CHIEF

(Continued from page 37)

Coast to Panama, ridden across the Isthmus on a mule, and boarded a boat on the Pacific side which took him to San Francisco.

California's industrious promoters opposed the idea of a telegraph line from the East. They felt it should be a West Coast project. Their own state telegraph already connected San Francisco with Sacramento. They had the capital, initiative, and construction skills as well as the East.

The matter was compromised and a plan of operation decided on. If Congress approved the line and funds were made available, this is how it would be done. A new firm, the Overland Telegraph Company, would be organized on the West Coast and it would have full charge of construction from California eastward. The Western Union would organize The Pacific Telegraph Company, a new unit with Ed Creighton at its head, to build the line from Julesburg, Colorado, westward. Julesburg was the farthest point west to which the eastern wire services extended. The starting date was July 4th at each end. The meeting point would be Salt Lake City. To stimulate rivalry the last company to arrive in Salt Lake City was to pay the winner a penalty of $50 per day for each 24 hours they were late.

The nation was at war when Creighton made his report to the War Department in Washington. Congress approved the line to California and appropriated $400,000 toward its immediate construction. California was informed by Pony Express. Brigham Young was ordered to start preparing poles according to Creighton's contract. 2000 miles of wire had to be transported to supply stations on the route. Ed Creighton was pressured to hire men, freighting outfits, new supplies, and equipment for the start of line construction on July 4th, 1861.

Once the work was started, Creighton's crews, inspired by patriotism, kept at their jobs from dawn till dark. Crews used from 22 to 25 poles per mile and averaged 10 to 12 miles per day. Materials, equipment, and camps moved along with the men. The line went to Denver, Fort Laramie, and on westward.

Where there was opposition there was investigation. After his experience in Dobytown, Creighton had no sympathy for men who resented telegraph service for unlawful reasons. If a camp bristled with resistance to the idea of a telegraph line, Creighton at the head of his crew met the challenge. Big Ed was ready to trade punches or trigger smoke whichever the opposition preferred. The Civil War was being fought and the crew worked harder when the Union lost a battle. They were also eager to win the race so Creighton would not have to pay the $50 per day penalty.

After a telegraph key was placed at Fort Bridger in western Wyoming, Ed wired Mrs. Creighton and Mr. Wade that the end was in sight.

On October 17th, 1861, the Pacific line touched off a celebration. When Creighton from the East reached Salt Lake City and shook hands with Brigham Young, his men had completed a line containing 25,000 telegraph poles. The Overland Company came in a week later and paid the penalties. With the lines hooked together at Salt Lake City the mayor of San Francisco wired the mayor of New York as follows:

"The Pacific to the Atlantic sends greetings. And may both oceans be dry before a foot of all the land that lies between them belongs to any other than our united country."

Creighton paid Brigham Young for the poles he had prepared. Young, in turn, bought the wagons and teams the construction crews brought to his town at the price Creighton had agreed to. Such equipment found further good use on the farms of Utah's settlers.

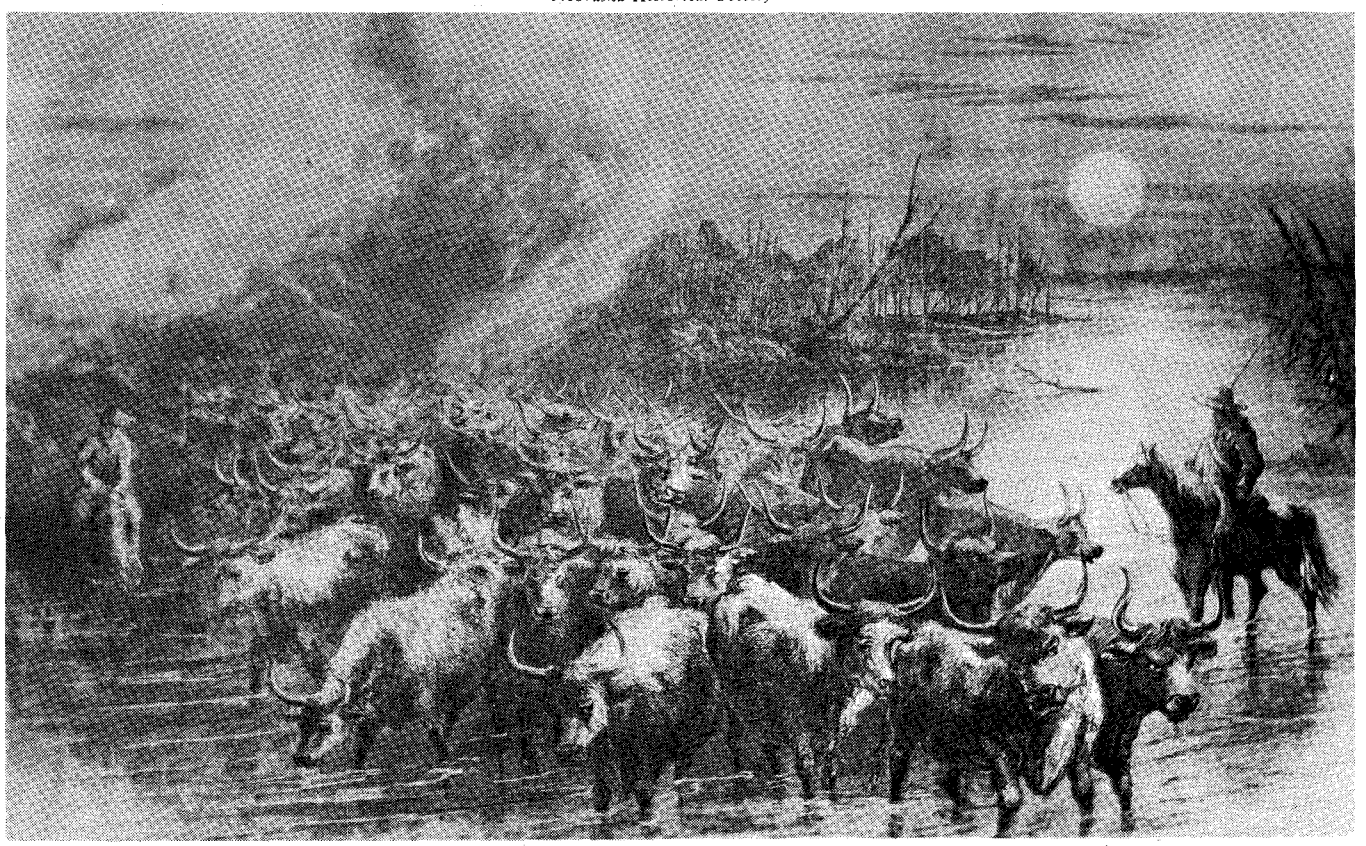
FOR A FEW years it was a problem maintaining service on the long line. Poles would be pulled down, wires cut, and damage occurred through fires and storms. Sometimes buffalo bulls would rub shoulders against the poles and push them over. Indians considered the "singing wire" an evil power. They told strange things about the white men's magic wire.

One band had ripped a half mile of wire off poles and had strung out to carry it to camp when a storm broke. A bolt of lightning hit the wire killing two Indians and stunning several others.

Peaceful magic was just as impressive. Creighton let a Sioux chief at Chimney Rock, Nebraska, send a message to another chief at Scott's Bluff. The message was received and transcribed to the chief. The chief who had received the message rode to meet the sender. By repeating the message, both chiefs were convinced the wire had a spirit voice that spoke through the clacking instrument.

Indians would watch linemen at work. Two white workers attached a battery to the wire which they handled with insulated

Nebraska Historical Society Photo



Thousands of longhorned cattle were trailed up from Texas and set to grazing on the free range in Wyoming and Nebraska.

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gloves. When the Indian touched the wire with bare hands the shock bounced them off the ground. They said the linemen possessed powerful medicine.

White men made trouble too. Their lariat loops would top a pole and a cowboy would pull it down. On occasion linemen on top of poles became targets for Indian and renegade snipers.

During the Civil War years, freighting was a big industry. Creighton sold some of his telegraph stock for $83,000 and bought a new 60 wagon freighting outfit which made money by hauling cargo over the Bozeman Trail into Alder Gulch, where strikes had been made around Helena, Montana. Later the wagons serviced the gold fields in Dakota's Black Hills.

The post war march of empire was westward with Omaha the gateway. Ed Creighton was influential in having President Lincoln designate Omaha as the eastern terminal of the proposed Pacific Railroad. When it was being built, a plan similar to that of line construction was adopted. The Union Pacific built west from Omaha and the Central Pacific east from the West Coast. Creighton contracted for the right of way grading on the railroad. His crews also built the Union Pacific's telegraph system on contract.

Ed Creighton was chairman of the "Golden Spike Ceremonies" when the east and west tracks were finally connected at Promontory Point, Utah, in 1869, giving America its first transcontinental railroad.

As the track was being graded across Wyoming, weather conditions forced a shutdown of the work. Creighton's crews worked with teams and ox-yokes. He ordered all the men and horses returned to winter quarters, and the oxen to be turned loose. Since buffalo herds drifted south in winter it was believed that the work cattle would not s ive the northern climate. The following spring Creighton returned with new cattle to fulfill his contract. Instead of finding dead oxen he found live cattle, healthy and fat. This proved that prairie grass was nutritious and that cattle could survive northern winters.

Creighton made stock growing a side line enterprise. He trailed in thousands of Texas longhorn cattle and set them grazing on the vast, free, range land. In 1867 his ranch was one of the earliest range operations in Wyoming.

Later he established a ranch in Nebraska on the Platte River and his cattle grazed on Pumpkin Seed Creek. After settlers swarmed in to homestead, the Creighton herds were moved north across the Sand Hills region into the Niobrara River valley. Today the seat of Knox County in that region is Creighton, Nebraska.

Ed Creighton was 50 years old when the Sioux and Cheyennes made war on the "singing wire." The chiefs knew it was a weapon in the hands of military leaders. The Indians chopped down poles, cut wires, and tried to destroy the service. The Army was ready to send out troops to punish the offenders but Creighton decided to try strategy first.

With a work crew Creighton toiled through the night to repair the damage. He padded the horses' hoofs and the men's feet. His crews worked in darkness and silence. By day they kept under cover. The Indians were amazed at this restoration of service. They saw no one and heard nothing. Big tracks left by men and horses around the poles aroused their suspicion. What evil genie opposed their work? Being naturally superstitious the Indians soon left the line alone.

THE CIVIL WAR had taken Creighton's mind off his grand plan to run the long wire over the top of the world to Europe. In 1867 when Cyrus W. Fields finally succeeded in laying a cable under the Atlantic, Creighton's dream came to an end. He spearheaded a railroad of his own, the Omaha & Northwestern from Omaha to Herman, Nebraska. The 47 mile road is now part of the Chicago & Northwestern system.

By 1870, Ed Creighton was considered Omaha's most prominent citizen. He had a fine home in Omaha and many investments. Mr. and Mrs. Creighton had only one child, Charles David, who died at the age of four.

Creighton's enterprises were partially supervised by members of his family. Brother John A. became his livestock growing partner. A cousin, Long Jim Creighton, managed the freighting business.

Ed himself, had the capacity for planning and supervision. Omaha became the hub of his world. Creighton money promoted projects, built stores, business blocks and hotels. Ed founded the First National Bank of Omaha and was its president as long as he lived.

Council Bluffs, Iowa, was Omaha's rival. The Bluff's *Evening Times*, May 2nd, 1870, stated editorially:

"Omaha visions herself a second Chicago. Its city airs are offset by dusty and muddy streets, steamboats stuck in mud at the levee and the rattrap housing of pioneer days."

An Englishman's letter to the *Times* added more color: "In Omaha whisky shops with faro banks run night and day. On Saturday evening the town is alive with open carriages occupied by questionable women representing 61 houses of ill fame. Squaws and Indian children beg for money and drinks on the street. Hotels are overrun with fortune hunters. Omaha's boom is linked with railroad, stage, and steamer services."

The *Kansas City Star* termed Omaha, "The Gem of the Prairies."

In family council Ed Creighton discussed future plans. His own limited schooling made him very education minded. His associate, Ezra Cornell, had founded a college and Creighton liked the idea. He often discussed a possible school with Bishop James O'Connor of Omaha. Church and charities were his special interests. Omaha needed a hospital, a livestock market, and other developments.

"You dreamer!" Mrs. Creighton often said, "You can't do everything, Ed."

"I'll do my part," he replied. "I'm not an old man yet."

At fifty-three Edward Creighton was dead. On the morning of November 3rd, while kneeling in prayer, he suffered a stroke which rendered him unconscious. He died two days later, November 5th, 1874.

Creighton's death was headlined throughout the nation. His wife, Lucretia, passed away 14 months later.

The Creighton Foundation, under family organization, saw many of Ed's plans put into practice. John A. Creighton was one of the sponsors of the Union Stock Yards. St. Joseph's Hospital thrived, and on September 7th, 1878, Creighton College opened with 120 students. Today Creighton University accomodates 3500 students.

Our generation was happy to nominate Edward Creighton for enduring honors in the National Cowboy Hall of Fame and Western Heritage Center at Oklahoma City, Oklahoma. ●

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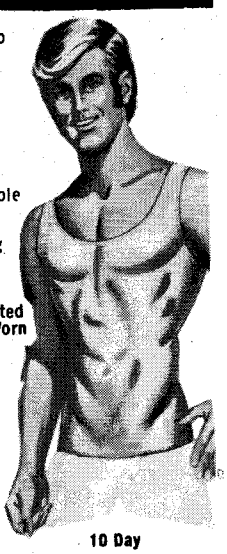

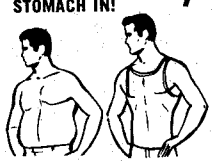

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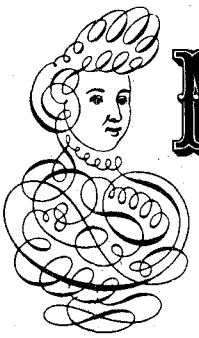


MINING CAMPS NAMED FOR THE LADIES

...Marietta...Belleville...Helen...
Ellendale...Adelaide...Bonnie Claire..
Maggie...Jean...Fay...Betty O'Neal...
Bernice...Lida...Aurora...Ruth...

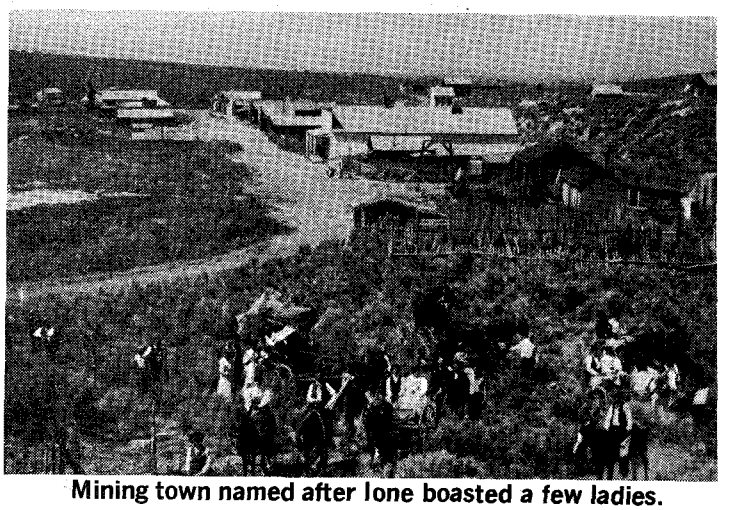
by Doris Cerveri

WOMEN PLAYED an important role in the development of the West and their presence was felt even in the promotion of mining towns, although they were often left behind by adventurous men who couldn't resist the lure of exploring a new frontier, or searching for an elusive ledge of gold.

Many mining districts and gold camps throughout Nevada were named for some sweetheart, wife, sister, or daughter. Some of these small communities have been almost forgotten. They flourished for only a short time and their names, locations and purpose have long since faded into obscurity.

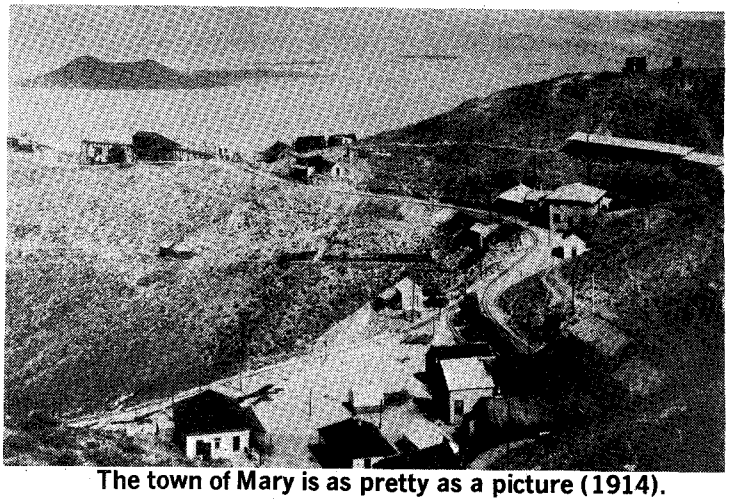
All that remains of Belleville's nine-year glory is the broken walls and crumbling foundation of its large mill, remnants of stone cabins, and a few graves. In 1873 it was a lively, rambunctious place, similar to Marietta, and not far from it. The only thing missing, and desperately needed, was water. To obtain water a pipeline had to be brought many miles across an inhospitable desert. Such an undertaking was too expensive and impractical.

"It is cheaper to drink whiskey," was the town's motto. However, hotel keeper Johnnie Nicholson did not share this opinion. He hired a well-digging crew to sink a shaft. While these well-meaning, perspiring diggers were eating lunch, practical jokers poured a barrel of water down the shaft. After lunch was over, down went the first man on the windlass bucket. Up came shouts, and loud splashes.



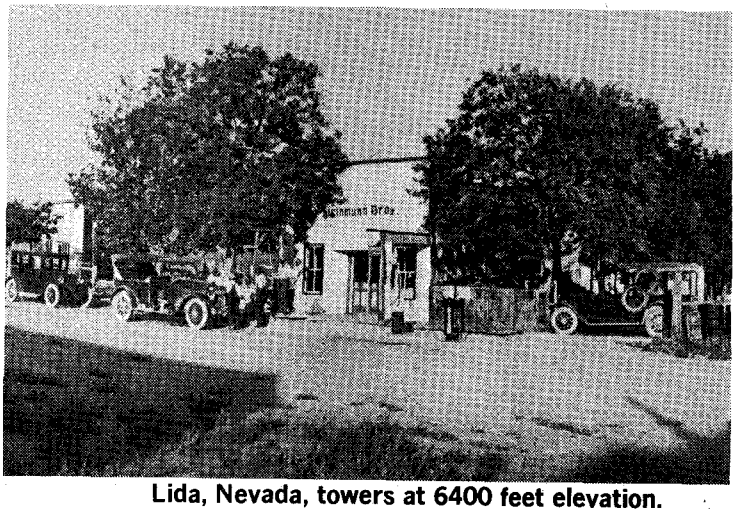
Mining town named after lone boasted a few ladies.

Photos: Nevada Hist. Soc.



The town of Mary is as pretty as a picture (1914).

No ghost town is Ruth, center of open mining activity.



Lida, Nevada, towers at 6400 feet elevation.

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"I'm drowning—get me out—there's water down here."

Townspeople immediately went wild. Chinamen exploded firecrackers, men beat on tin pans, and high-powered liquor was consumed by the barrelful. Belleville had itself the biggest, wettest drunk of any mining community in the entire state, and the next morning the biggest hangover and let-down. There was no water! Eventually, a pipeline was brought down from the mountains, but the community lost its milling business to nearby Candeleria.

Helene started out as a tent city in honor of Mrs. H. A. Cohn, wife of one of the prospectors digging in the Monkey Wrench District near Delmar in Lincoln County. Activity here was sporadic, and after a brief, hectic spurt, died down within a few months.

At a point 30 miles east of Tonopah, high grade gold float was discovered in 1909 by Ellen Clifford Nay, causing a mild stampede to stake out claims, and Ellendale flourished briefly. After producing $1,000,000 in bullion the camp died as swiftly as it was spawned. In 1951 only a single house marked its location.

There appears to be no record of Marietta's namesake, but this small community was one of a group of several that kicked up its heels in a vain attempt to become famous. Located at the southeastern border of Mineral County where it joins Esmeralda, Marietta was a heterogeneous lot of miners, promoters, and gamblers.

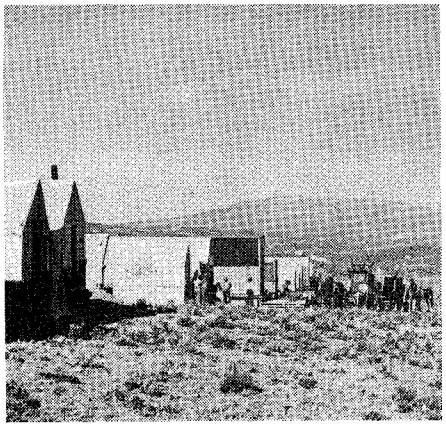
There was no civil authority to curb their lawlessness, and no preacher to turn to for guidance.

The best days of this he-man community occurred in 1873 when borax was discovered in Teel's Marsh by Borax Smith, who built a general store and large processing plant. Camels laboriously packed the borax all the way to the Comstock, and plodding pack mules transported it to the mills at Aurora. Nothing remains here, but it is still on most highway maps.

The small mining district of Adelaide, located south of Golconda in Humboldt County, on the eastern slope of the Sonoma Range, was named for an unknown woman in 1866.

The appellation of Bonnie Claire signifies beautiful, healthy, and plump. This tent town lying south of Goldfield might have become all this and more if railroad promoters had had sufficient financial backing to support their propaganda.

The small Bullfrog-Goldfield Railroad was built in the area in 1906, and an attempt made to construct another railroad from Bonnie Claire to the Gold Mountain Mines in the hills, but grandiose plans did not materialize. Financial problems, too, in the mills, forced the railroad company into receivership. There was very little actual mining in town per se, the important mines being located six miles to the west. In 1957 erection of the J. Lippincott Mill caused a temporary revival, but it, too, turned out to be a delusion. Today one building and some ruins still remain.



Main Street, Ellendale, 1909
—named for Ellen Nay.

The Maggie Creek district, nine miles northwest of Carlin, which produced rich ore until 1906, was named by an early emigrant for one of his three daughters.

Silica sand was mined at Jean, a spur on the Union Pacific Railroad southwest of Las Vegas, and named for Mrs. Jean Fayle, the only white woman there in 1905.

A. W. McCune, a major investor in a area located in eastern Lincoln County on the Utah border, named it for his daughter Fay. In its heydey this district produced gold, silver, and lead.

Another deserted mining camp included the Betty O'Neal mine. This area, 14 miles south of Battle Mountain, was busy as late as 1920. Today, however, ruins of its mill, boarding house, and a few shacks present evidence of early-day activity.

Bernice, located on the western slope of the Clan Alpine Range in northeastern Churchill County, 90 miles from Fallon, was named for an unknown miner's sweetheart. W. W. Van Reed was the first to ship antimony ore from the district and W. W. Williams worked a group of silver mines there in the 1880's and '90's.

Tangible pay dirt soon petered out and activity in Bernice came to an abrupt standstill. Just a few sundry ruins mark the site now.

The Nevada State Highway Maintenance Station is located at Lida, but numerous empty buildings, ruins of Little Mill and a trading post are all that's left of former mining activity. Called Alida after Dave Buell's wife, this community managed to hang on longer than most mining camps after discovery of high grade ore there in 1871.

From 1908 to 1921 it produced small quantities of gold, silver, copper, and lead. One factor hampering the town's development was its remoteness from the nearest railroad, and other towns. When silver was discovered at Tonopah and gold at Goldfield, Lida established a combination stage station for the Goldfield stage, exchange office, and shop for servicing automobiles.

(Continued)

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MINING CAMPS NAMED FOR LADIES

(Continued from page 65)

Goddess of Dawn—that was Aurora, founded by E. R. Hicks, J. M. Corey, and J. M. Braley. Aurora claimed two sources of fame in addition to the $30,000,000 in gold taken from its mines. It was the local seat of government for two counties at the same time—one in Nevada; the other in California because of a discrepancy in the original survey of the boundary line between the two states. It was proud, too, that Mark Twain lived there for a short time.

In spite of the severe winter, people continued to arrive by stage at the rate of 20-to-30 a day, pitching tents and holing up in dugouts and flimsy shacks. During the first two months, 357 mining locations were made and every ledge and outcropping was taken up. By 1864 Aurora had a population of 10,000 with 761 houses, 64 of which were constructed of brick. It boasted a jail, brick schoolhouse, 20 stores, a dozen or more hotels, and numerous boarding houses and saloons.

Its opera house attracted the best talent of the era, while a flourishing red light district accommodated the undesirables. Lodges and other civic organizations, as well as several literary and cultural societies, vied with neighboring Bodie on the fraternal and social side.

In spite of the great yield of bullion, Aurora depended on freight wagons, oxen and mule teams for its very existence. People needing supplies had to go 90 miles to Carson City and then across the Sierras to Sacramento. Hopes were high in 1862 that Aurora would become the gold capital of the world, but the deepest workings went down only 94 feet; other mines were a mere 50 feet below the ground. Gold bars were shipped out every day, and stage hold-ups a daily occurrence.

By 1869 early bonanzas became exhausted because of the shallowness of the veins, the expensive and inadequate methods of milling and because available pumps could not cope with water in the shafts. All these factors and others contributed to Aurora's decline. Her best years were over by 1870, although a few mines continued to produce some gold, silver, and chalcedony up to 1882.

Today the mill is gone. There are a few mute remains of brick buildings. The interior of the brick schoolhouse has been stripped down by vandals to bare walls, and trail-like streets lead to a few mounds here and there of tailings. Rock hounds and bottle hunters have demolished much of the town in their search for specimens. One might say only the graveyard remains.

Ruth, seven miles west of Ely, is one stable mining community that lays no claim to being a ghost town. Encompassed in the Robinson district where silver was found in 1868, there was no inkling after the first discoveries that copper instead of gold and silver would be the sustaining

"I'm drowning—get me out—there's water down here."

Townspeople immediately went wild. Chinamen exploded firecrackers, men beat on tin pans, and high-powered liquor was consumed by the barrelful. Belleville had itself the biggest, wettest drunk of any mining community in the entire state, and the next morning the biggest hangover and let-down. There was no water! Eventually, a pipeline was brought down from the mountains, but the community lost its milling business to nearby Candeleria.

Helene started out as a tent city in honor of Mrs. H. A. Cohn, wife of one of the prospectors digging in the Monkey Wrench District near Delmar in Lincoln County. Activity here was sporadic, and factor. Although Ed Grey and David Bartley, pioneers in the district, attempted to develop their copper claims, they experienced difficulty in getting ore to market. In 1902 Mark Requa solved this problem by forming the White Pine Copper Company, which later became the Nevada Consolidated Copper Company. This organization ran a railroad from the mine to Cobre and built a mill, power plant and smelter at McGill about 20 miles distant.

In 1907 when open pit copper mining started in the area, it was estimated the mine would be exhausted in thirteen years. This, of course, has proved to be untrue, as extensive mining operations continue to be an important and integral part of Nevada's over-all economy.

Kennecott Copper Corporation acquired full control of Nevada Consolidated in 1933 and changed the name to Nevada Consolidated Copper Corporation. This was again changed to Kennecott Copper Corporation, Nevada Mines Division, on January 1, 1943. Most recent development was the acquisition by Kennecott on January 31, 1958 of the contiguous property of Consolidated Coppermine Corporation. Personnel of Kennecott are skilled in the strenuous business of taking raw low-grade ore from the earth and converting it into giant slabs of copper.

Ore bodies occur at an elevation of 7000 feet and cover an area approximately six miles in an east-west direction covering four pits, the Liberty Pit, the Tripp Pit, the Veteran Pit, and the Deep Ruth underground workings. Since 1959 all mining has been consolidated at the Liberty Pit, with development of the others to follow on a planned schedule.

In the future, should new rich strikes be made at some remote spot in Nevada, no doubt they, too, will follow tradition, and be named for some woman. ●

SHANGHAI HELL

(Continued from page 54)

There is no definite proof that this fantastic tale is true, but it is typical of the stories which grew out of the most lurid chapter in Portland's history.

Of the several women who became involved in shanghai activities, perhaps Liverpool Liz is the most famous. Liz's real name was Elizabeth Smith, and her trademark was the gold necklace around her plump neck, from which dangled a cluster of diamonds.

Born in Liverpool, England, Liz migrated to Portland at an early age. During her first years there, she operated a whisky barge on the Willamette River. However, it wasn't until she became proprietress of the Senate Saloon that she became known to sailors the world over. What Liz lacked in looks—she was short, squat and weighed nearly 200 pounds—she made up for in kindness.

Her saloon became a favorite hang-out for seamen, with an accordian player and a piano "professor" to furnish music, and girls upstairs to entertain them. Many a sailor considered the entertainment worth the risk of being shanghaied out of the place, for Liz's establishment was no exception, when it came to the crimping game.

Nevertheless, it is a well known fact that Liz had a soft place in her heart for down-and-outers. She paid overdue grocery bills anonymously, and provided the makings for many a feast on Thanksgiving and Christmas. When an epidemic broke out in Portland's North End, during the 1890's, Liz assumed the role of Florence Nightingale, visiting as many homes as possible with supplies and medical care.

When Liverpool Liz died, she was laid to rest in Portland's Lone Fir Cemetery where her grave can still be seen, near that of Jim Turk.

Nancy Boggs, another female character out of Portland's questionable past, also began her career aboard a whisky scow on the Willamette, around 1880. Sometime in 1881, or 1882, local law enforcement officials embarked on a moral crusade, with the intention of ridding the harbor of Nancy Boggs' evil influence.

The notorious Miss Boggs got wind of their intent, and rigged a boiler and pump device aboard her scow. When the police came close enough, she turned the boiling water on them and sent them scampering. They returned to shore for reinforcements, and rowed back to the scow. This time, they succeeded in cutting the hawser. The Willamette, being at high water stage, swept Nancy Boggs' scow away.

Somehow, Miss Boggs managed to get a rowboat over the side and made it to shore, where she chartered a sternwheeler to go after her fast disappearing craft. Inside of two hours, the scow was back, tied up near the Burnside Bridge, and doing business as usual.

It was a simple matter during those wide-open days on Portland's waterfront for a man carrying a grudge to rid himself of an enemy. All he had to do was contact a crimp's runner, hand over a few coins, and point out his adversary.

Reform, following in the wake of new laws, and the forming of organizations for the protection of seamen, brought an end to shanghai activities around the turn of the century. But the flavor of Portland's lurid past still exists in stories told along the waterfront about bygone days when all a man needed to set himself up in a lucrative business was a good, strong stomach, a bottle of knockout drops, and a supply of genuine rotgut. ●

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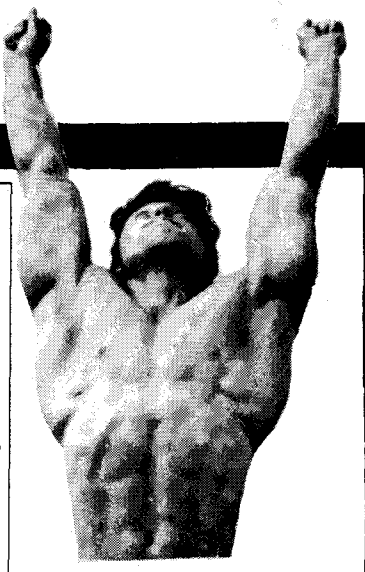

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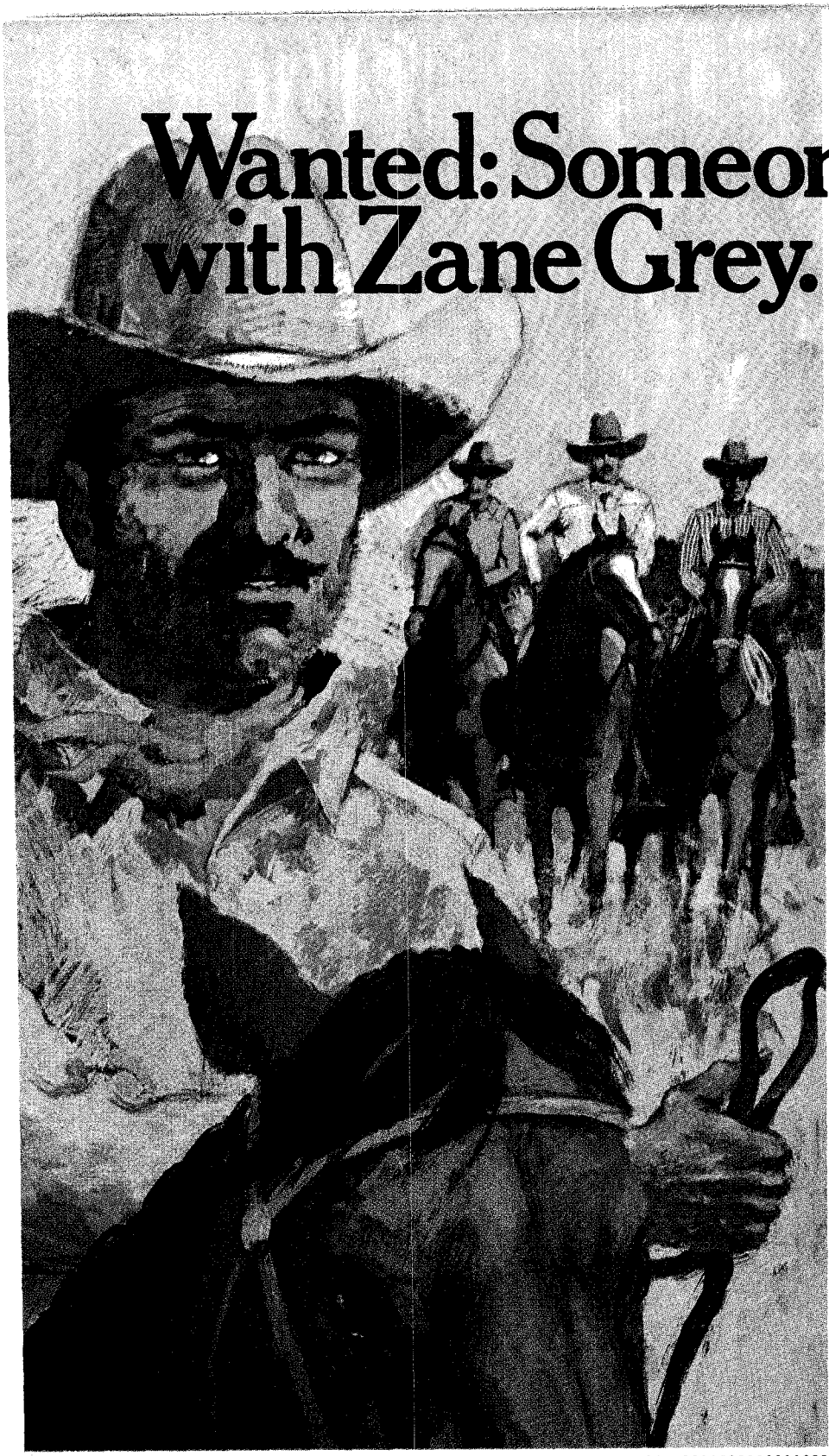

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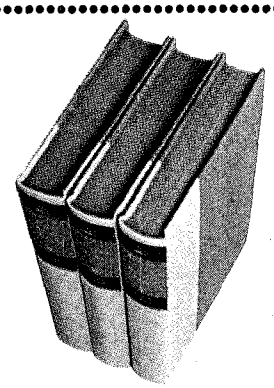

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